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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By IDA M. TARBELL.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes.

FOURTH PAPER.—NAPOLEON THE KING-MAKER. 1803–1807.

RUPTURE OF THE TREATY OF AMIENS.

IN the spring of 1803 the treaty of Amiens, which a year before had ended the long war with England, was broken. Both countries had many reasons for complaint. Napoleon was angry at the failure to evacuate Malta. The perfect freedom allowed the press in England gave the pamphleteers and caricaturists of the country opportunity to criticise and ridicule him. He complained bitterly to the English ambassadors of this free press, an institution in his eyes impractical and idealistic. He complained, too, of the hostile *emigrés* allowed to collect in Jersey; of the presence in England of such notorious enemies of his as Georges Cadoudal; and of the sympathy and money the Bourbon princes and many nobles of the old regime received in London society. Then, too, he regarded the country as his natural and inevitable enemy. England to Napoleon was only a little island which, like Corsica and Elba, naturally belonged to France, and he considered it part of his business to get possession of her.

England, on the other hand, looked with distrust at the extension of Napoleon's influence on the Continent. Northern Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Parma, Elba, were under his protectorate. She had been deeply offended by a report published in Paris, on the condition of the Orient, in which the author declared that with six thousand men the French could reconquer Egypt; and she resented the violent articles in the official press of Paris in answer to those of the free press of England. Her aristocratic spirit, too, was irritated by Napoleon's success. She despised this *parvenu*, this "Corsican scoundrel," as Nelson called him, who had had the hardihood to rise so high by other than the conventional methods for getting on in the world which she sanctioned.

Real and fancied aggressions continued throughout the year of the peace; and when the break finally came, though both nations persisted in declaring that they did not want war, both were in a thoroughly warlike mood.

THE DESCENT ON ENGLAND.

Napoleon's preparations against England form one of the most picturesque military movements in his career. Unable to cope with his enemy at sea, he conceived the audacious notion of invading the island, and laying siege to London itself. The plan briefly was this—to gather a great army on the north shore of France, and in some port a flotilla sufficient to transport it to Great Britain. In order to prevent interference with this expedition, he would

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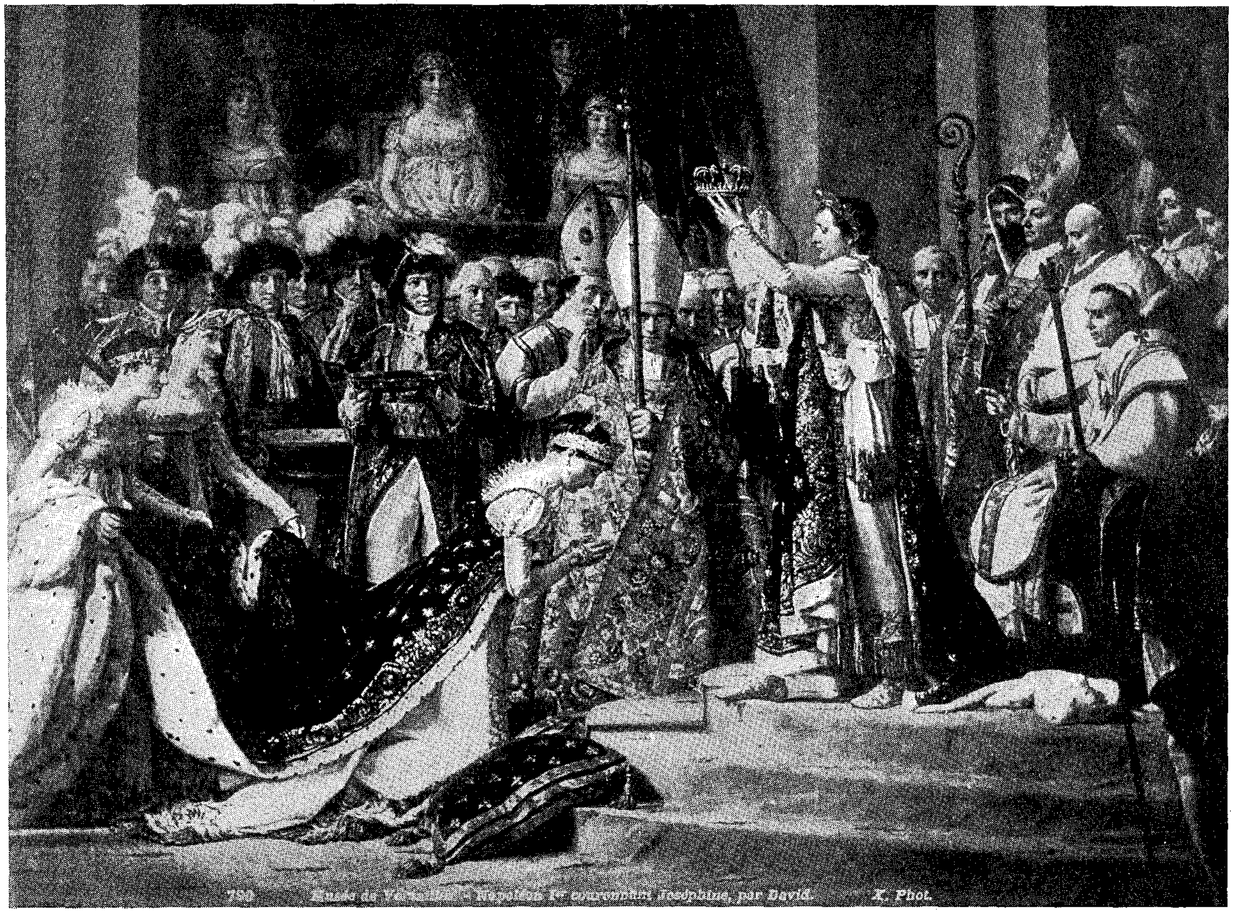
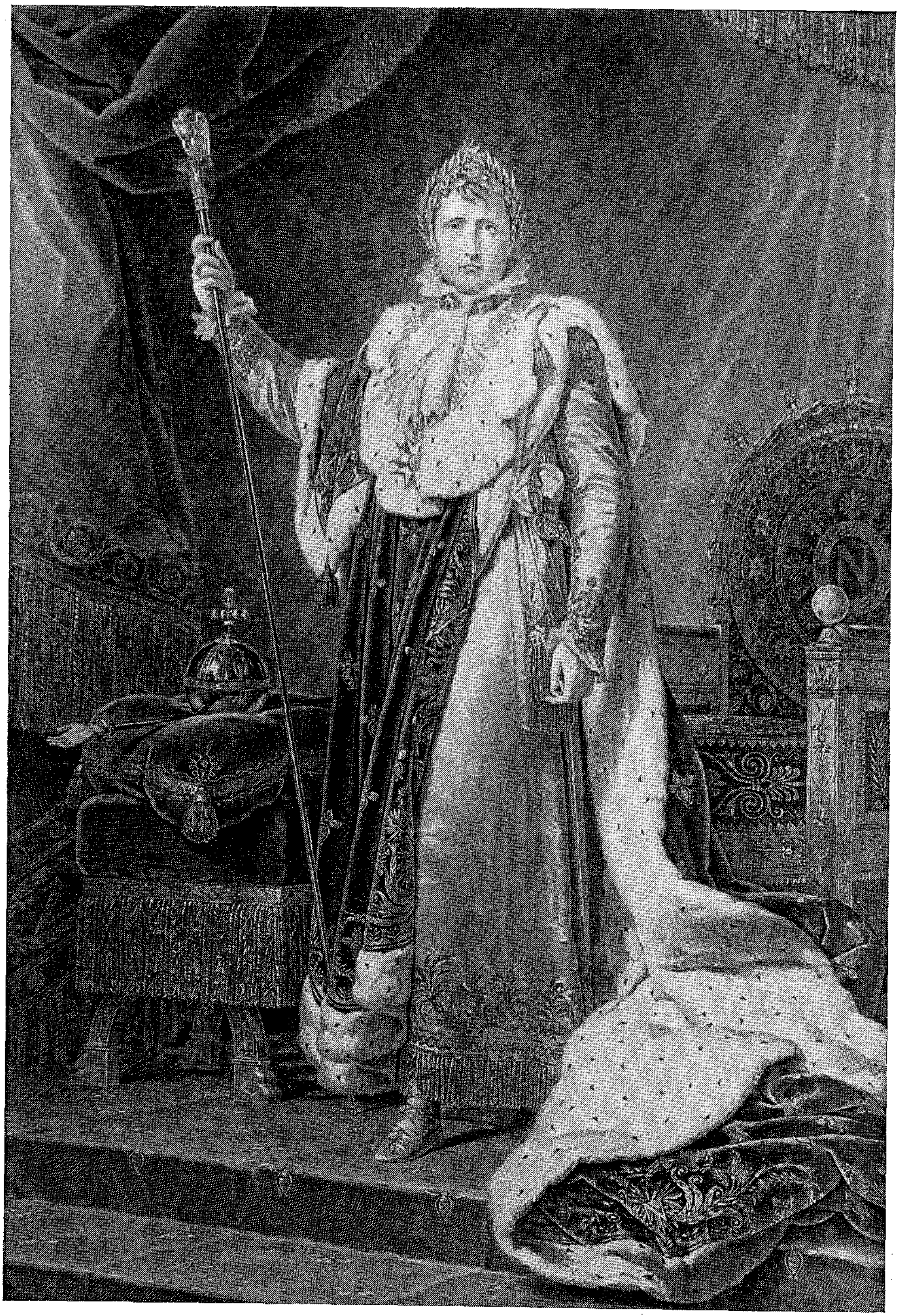

790 Musée de Versailles — Napoléon Ier couronnant Joséphine, par David. X. Phot.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I. BESTOWING THE CROWN OF EMPRESS ON JOSEPHINE. 1805.

From a painting by David.



NAPOLEON THE GREAT ("NAPOLEON LE GRAND") IN CORONATION ROBES. 1805.

Painted and engraved by order of the emperor. Engraved by Desnoyers, after portrait painted by Gérard in 1805.

keep the English fleet occupied in the Mediterranean, or in the Atlantic, until the critical moment. Then, leading it by stratagem in the wrong direction, he would call his own fleet to the Channel to protect his passage. He counted to be in London, and to have compelled the English to peace, before Nelson could return from the chase he would have led him.

The preparations began at once. The

port chosen for the flotilla was Boulogne; but the whole coast from Antwerp to the mouth of the Seine bristled with iron and bronze. Between Calais and Boulogne, at Cape Gris Nez, where the navigation was the most dangerous, the batteries literally touched one another. Fifty thousand men were put to work at the stupendous excavations necessary to make the ports large enough to receive the flotilla. Large numbers of troops were brought rapidly into the neighborhood: fifty thousand men to Boulogne, under Soult; thirty thousand to Etaples, under Ney; thirty thousand to Ostend, under Davoust; reserves to Arras, Amiens, Saint-Omer.

The work of preparing the flat-bottomed boats, or walnut-shells, as the English called them, which were to carry over the army, went on in all the ports of Holland and France, as well as in interior towns situated on rivers leading to the sea. The troops were taught to row, each soldier being obliged to practise two hours a day, so that the rivers of all the north of France were dotted with land-lubbers handling the oar, the most of them for the first time.

In the summer of 1803, Napoleon went to the north to look after the work. His trip was one long ovation. *Le Chemin d'Angleterre* was the inscription the people of Amiens put on the triumphal arch erected to his honor, and town vied with town in showing its joy at the proposed descent on the old-time enemy.

Such was the interest of the people, that a thousand projects were suggested to help on the armament, some of them most amusing. In a learned and thoroughly serious memorial, one genius proposed that while the flotilla was preparing, the sailors be employed in catching dolphins, which should be shut up in the ports, tamed, and taught to wear a harness, so as to be driven, in the water, of course, as horses are on land. This novel cavalry was to transport the French to the opposite side of the Channel.

Napoleon not only occupied himself with the preparations at Boulogne and with keeping Nelson busy elsewhere. He had his eye on every point of the earth where he might be weak, or where he might weaken his enemy. Louisiana he sold to the United States. It gave him twelve million dollars to carry on his war, and removed a weak spot where England was sure to harass him if hostilities were prolonged. He took possession of Hanover. The Irish were promised aid in their efforts for freedom. "Provided that twenty thousand united Irishmen join the French army on its landing," France is to give them in return twenty-five thousand men, forty thousand muskets, with artillery and ammunition, and a promise that the French government will not make peace with England until the independence of Ireland has been proclaimed.

An attack on India was planned, his hope being that the princes of India would welcome an invader who would aid them in throwing off the English yoke. To strengthen himself in the Orient, he sought by letters and envoys to win the confidence, as well as to inspire the awe, of the rulers of Turkey and Persia.

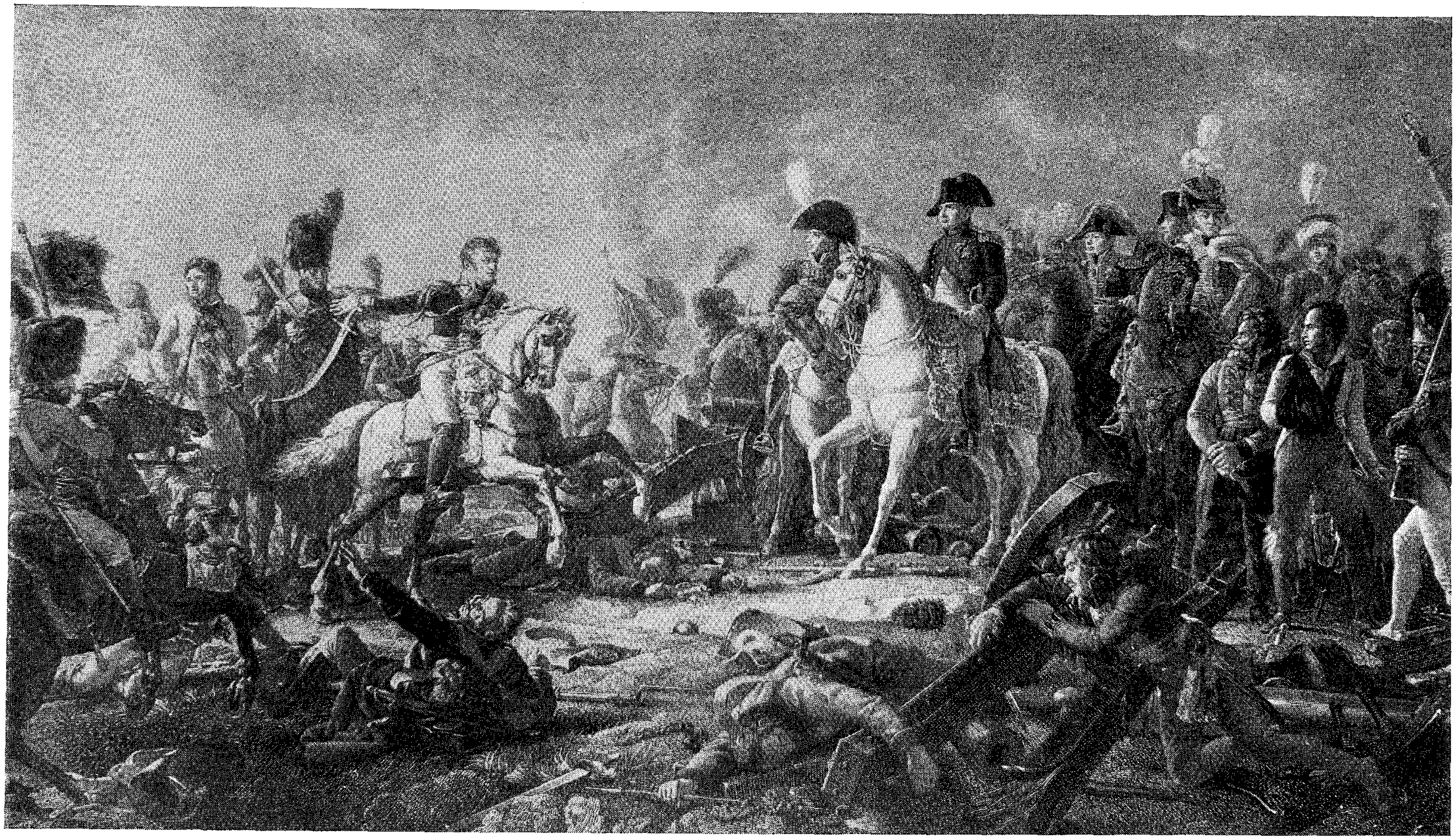
PLOT AGAINST THE FIRST CONSUL.

While the preparation for the invasion was going on, the feeling against England was intensified by the discovery of a plot against the life of the First Consul. Georges Cadoudal, a fanatical royalist, who had directed the plot of the 3d Nivôse, and who had since been in England, had formed a gigantic conspiracy, having as its object nothing less than the assassination of Napoleon in broad daylight, in the streets of Paris.

He had secured powerful aid to carry out his plan. The Bourbon princes supported him, and one of them was to land on the north coast to put himself at the head of the royalist sympathizers as soon as the First Consul was killed. In this plot was associated Pichegru, who had been connected with the 18th Fructidor. General Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, was suspected of knowing something of it.

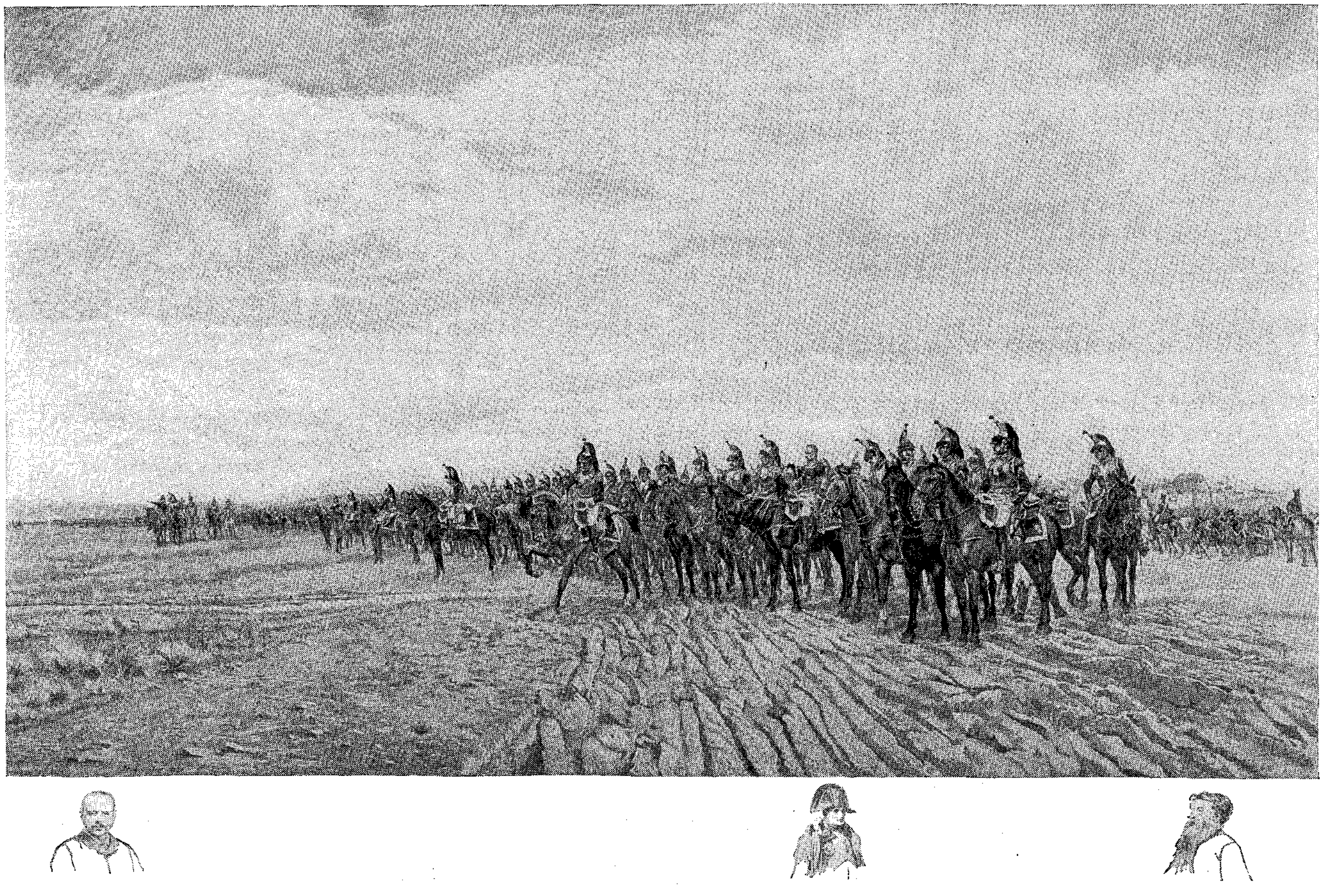
It came to light in time, and a general arrest was made of those suspected of being privy to it. The first to be tried and punished was the Duc d'Enghien, who had been seized in Ettenheim, in Baden, a short distance from the French frontier, on the supposition that he had been coming secretly to Paris to be present at the meetings of the conspirators. His trial at Vincennes was short, his execution immediate. There is good reason to believe that Napoleon had no suspicion that the Duc d'Enghien would be executed so soon as he was, and even to suppose that he would have lightened the sentence if the punishment had not been pushed on with an irregularity and inhumanity that recalls the days of the Terror.

The execution was a severe blow to Napoleon's popularity, both at home and



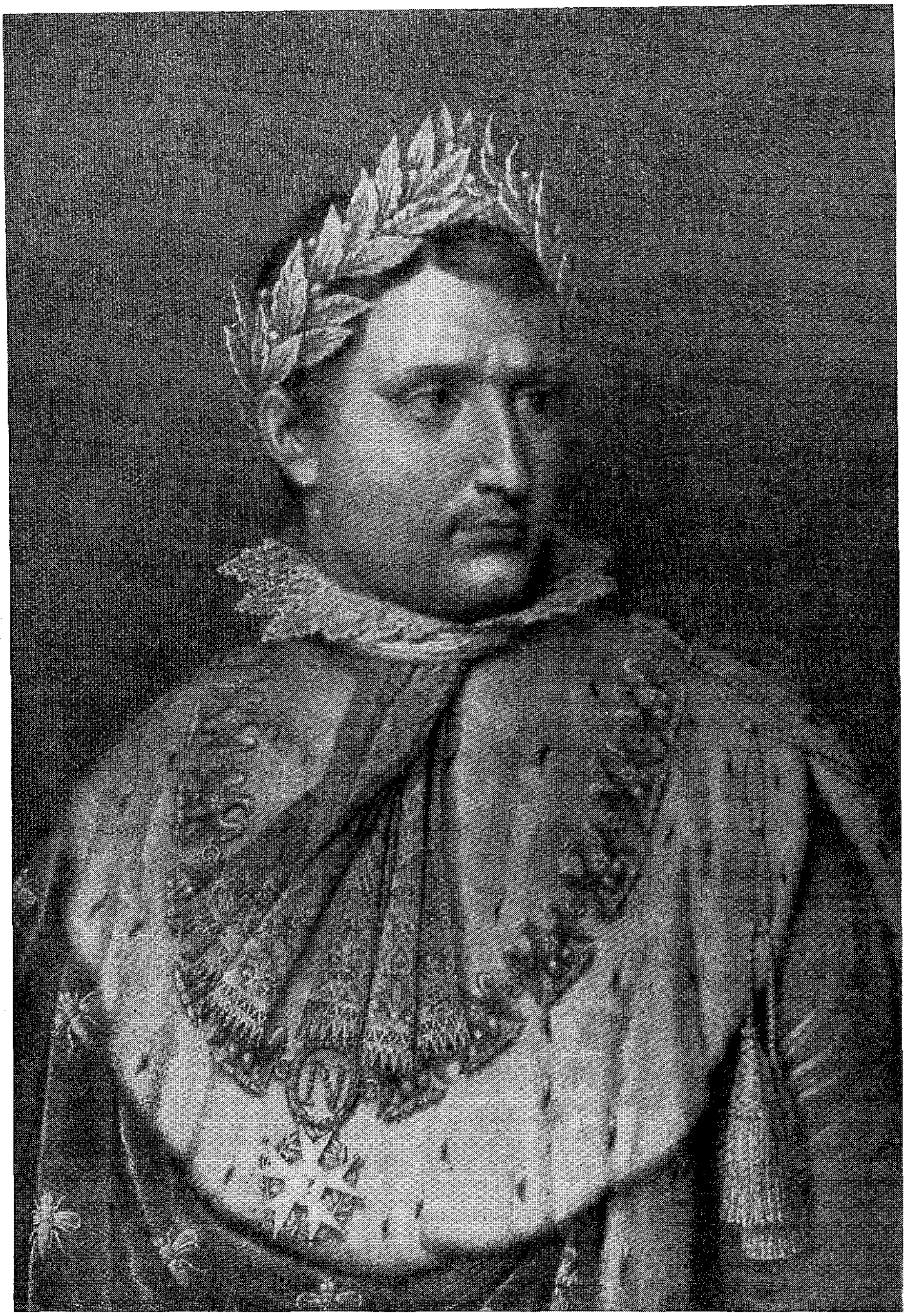
THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ, DECEMBER 2, 1805.

Engraved by Godefroy in 1813, after a painting by Gérard made in 1810. Gérard chose for this picture the moment in the battle when the Russian Imperial Guard fled towards Austerlitz. Rapp, his head bare and forehead bleeding, announces the victory to Napoleon. Behind the emperor are grouped the staff officers, and Russian officers taken prisoner. The picture was painted for the ceiling of the hall of the Council of State in the Tuileries. It was taken from the palace at the Restoration, and went again to Gérard, who refused to sell it to the Duke of Wellington. It is now in the historical gallery of Versailles.



NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ. 1805.

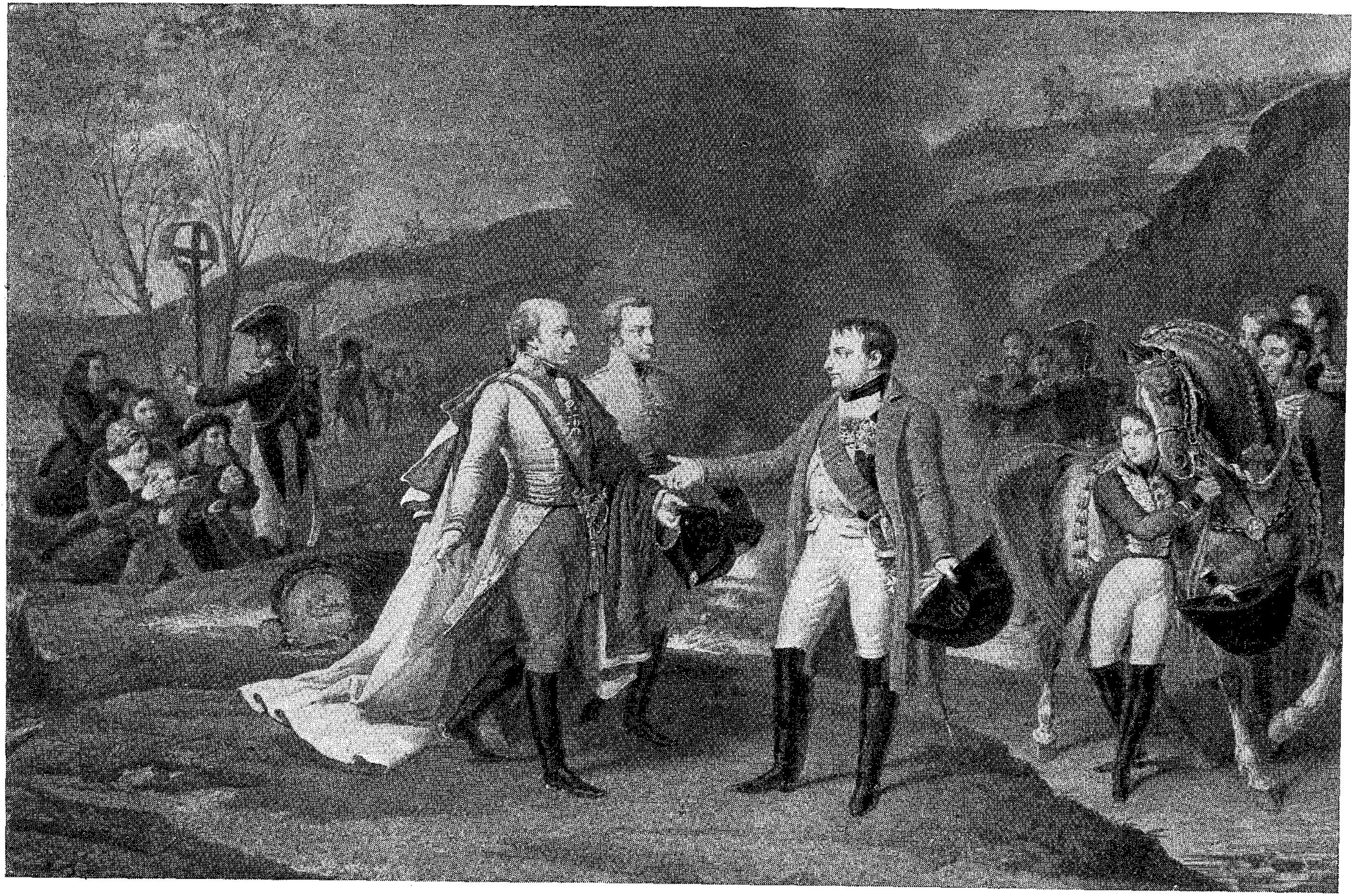
From a copyrighted etching by Jacquet, after Meissonier: reproduced by the kind permission of Mr. C. Klackner, owner of the etching. Meissonier constructed his composition from tactical descriptions of the battle. The foreground is occupied by a regiment of cuirassiers, while the emperor and his staff occupy a position in the middle ground. The original picture, which forms part of the collection of the Duc d'Aumale, at Chantilly, is the second upon this subject which Meissonier painted, the first having been accidentally destroyed by fire shortly after it was completed.



NAPOLEON. 1805.

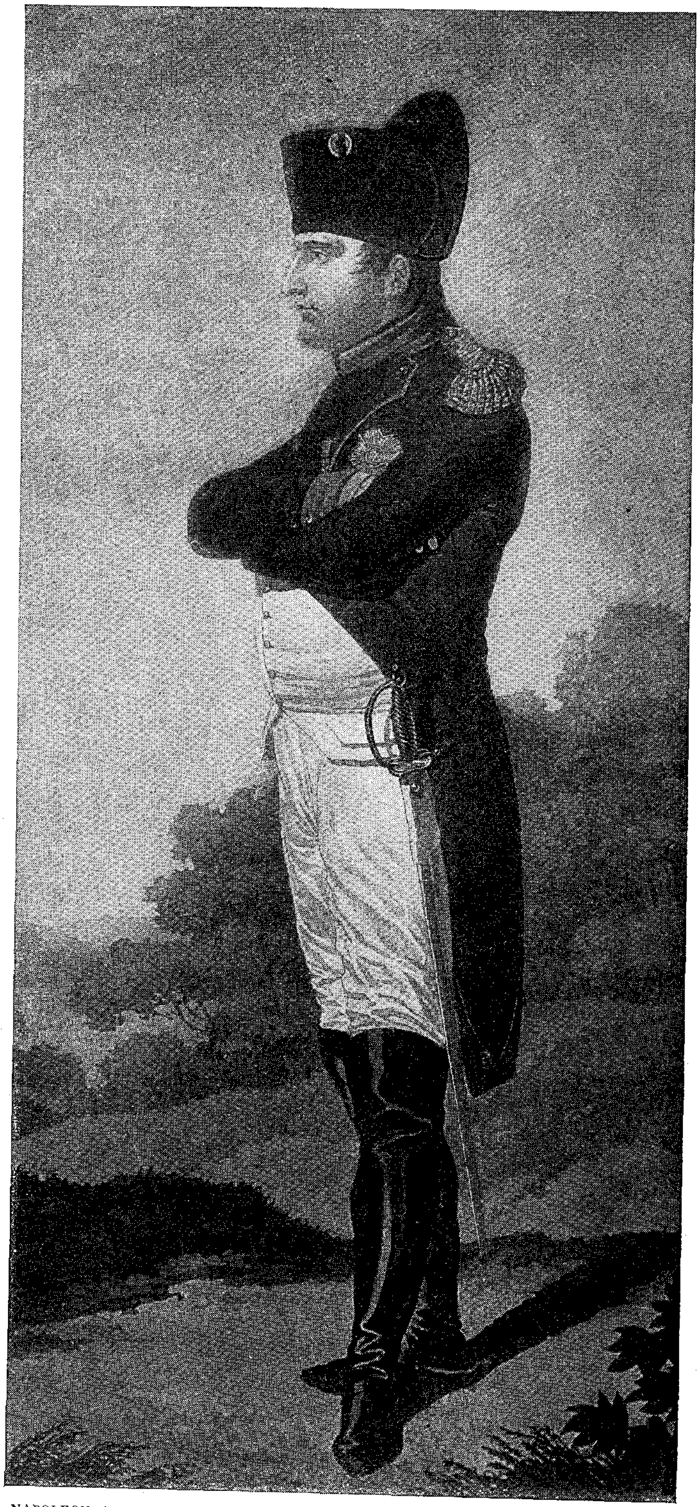
Engraved by Morghen, after Gérard, in 1807. Napoleon wrote a letter thanking Morghen for the beauty of this engraving, and subsequently decorated him with the Legion of Honor.

abroad. Fouché's cynical remark was just: "The death of the Duc d'Enghien is worse than a crime; it is a blunder." Chateaubriand, who had accepted a foreign embassy, resigned at once, and a number of the old aristocracy, such as Pasquier and Molé, who had been saying among themselves that it was their duty to support Napoleon's splendid work of reorganization, went back into obscurity. In society the effect was distressing. The members of Napoleon's own household met him with averted faces and sad countenances, and Josephine wept until he



MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND FRANCIS II., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, AFTER THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ, DECEMBER, 1805.

Engraved by Delauny, after Gros. Pointing to the nearest watchfire, Napoleon said: "I must receive your majesty in the only palace I have inhabited for two months." The emperor replied: "You make so good use of it that you must find it very pleasant."



NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND KING OF ITALY ("NAPOLÉON, EMPÉREUR DES FRANÇAIS, ROI D'ITALIE"). 1806.

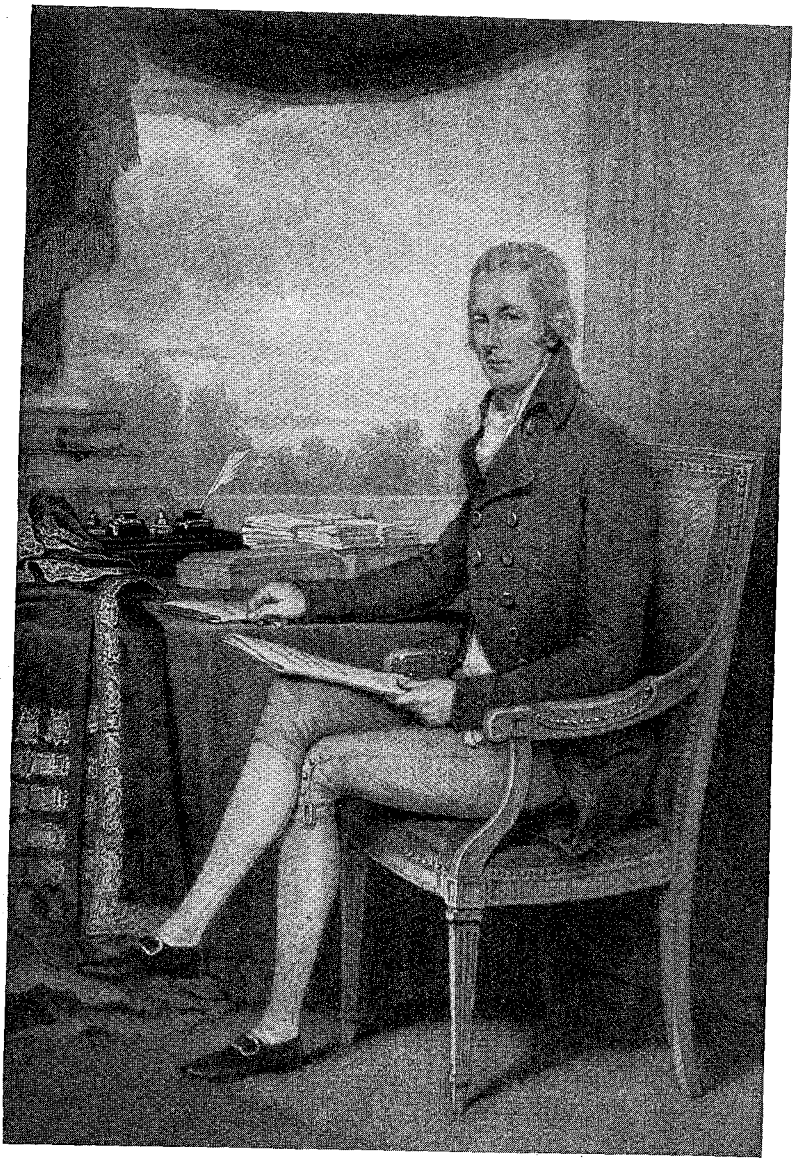
Engraved by Arnold, after Dähling. It was at Berlin, at the time of the entry of the French army, that Dähling saw the emperor and made his portrait in colors. Masson says that all the representations of Napoleon from 1806 to 1815 were copied after this design of Dähling.

called her a child who understood nothing of politics. Abroad there was a revulsion of sympathy, particularly in the cabinets of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

The trial of Cadoudal and Moreau followed. The former with several of his accomplices was executed. Moreau was exiled for two years. Pichegru committed suicide in the Temple.

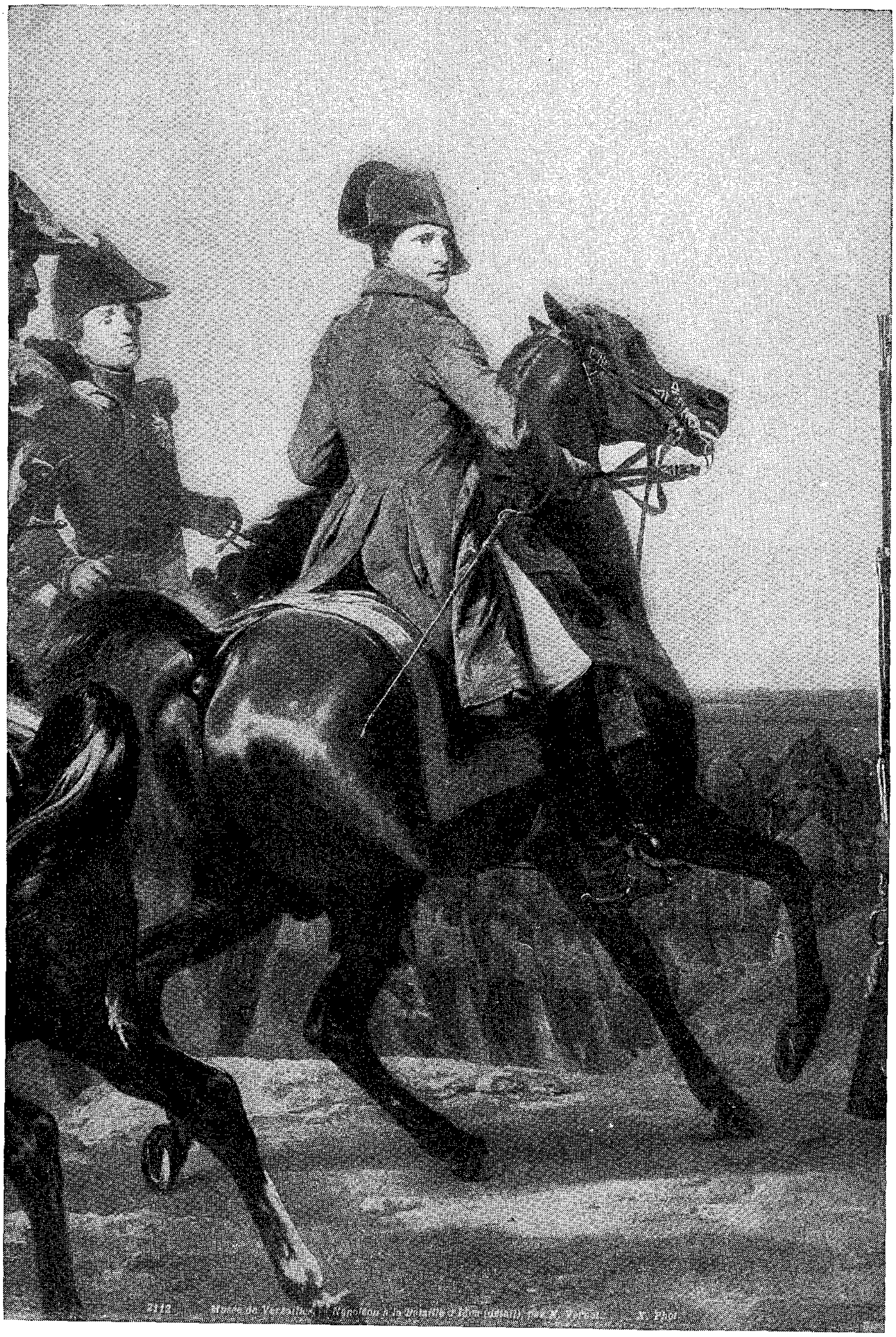
EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

This plot showed Napoleon and his friends that a Jacobin or royalist fanatic might any day end the life upon which the scheme of reorganization depended. It is true he had already been made First Consul for life by a practically unanimous vote, but there was need of strengthening his position and providing a succession. In March, six days after the death of the Duc d'Enghien, the Senate proposed to him that he complete his work and take the throne. In April the Council of State and the Tribunate took up the discussion. The opinion of the majority was voiced by Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angély: "It is a long time since all reasonable men, all true friends of their country, have wished that the First Consul would make himself emperor, and reëstablish, in favor of his family, the old principles of hereditary succession. It is the only means of securing permanency to the old fortune, and to the men whom merit has raised to high offices. The Republic, which I loved passionately, while I detested the crimes of the Revolution,



THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT. 1801.

Engraved by Cardon, after Eldridge, 1801. Pitt, born May 28, 1759, was the second son of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Before he was fifteen, sent to Cambridge, where he made a remarkable record in mathematics and the classics. He studied law in Lincoln's Inn, and at the age of twenty-one became member of Parliament. His first speech, in favor of economical reform, made a great impression. At twenty-three he was made a member of the cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. At twenty-four he became Premier, with an opposition including Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North. His courage and determination were such, on the East India Company bill, that when Parliament was dissolved, and the country appealed to, he was supported as no minister in England had been for generations. He secured the passage of several important bills, and practically did away with the opposition. When the French Revolution came on, he at first endorsed it, but was revolted by its atrocities. He tried to avoid war with France, and was only driven into it by public opinion; but his military administration was feeble. The king, George III., refusing to second his plans for Irish relief, Pitt resigned in 1801, after eighteen years of nearly absolute power. When the treaty of Amiens was broken in 1803, he appeared in Parliament again, in favor of war, and the next year was recalled to the premiership. He had great difficulty, however, with his cabinet, and Napoleon's train of victories alarmed him. At last he fell sick from his anxiety. Trafalgar aroused him, but Austerlitz struck him a blow from which he could not rally, and he died January 23, 1806. He was honored with a public funeral, and his remains were placed in Westminster Abbey.

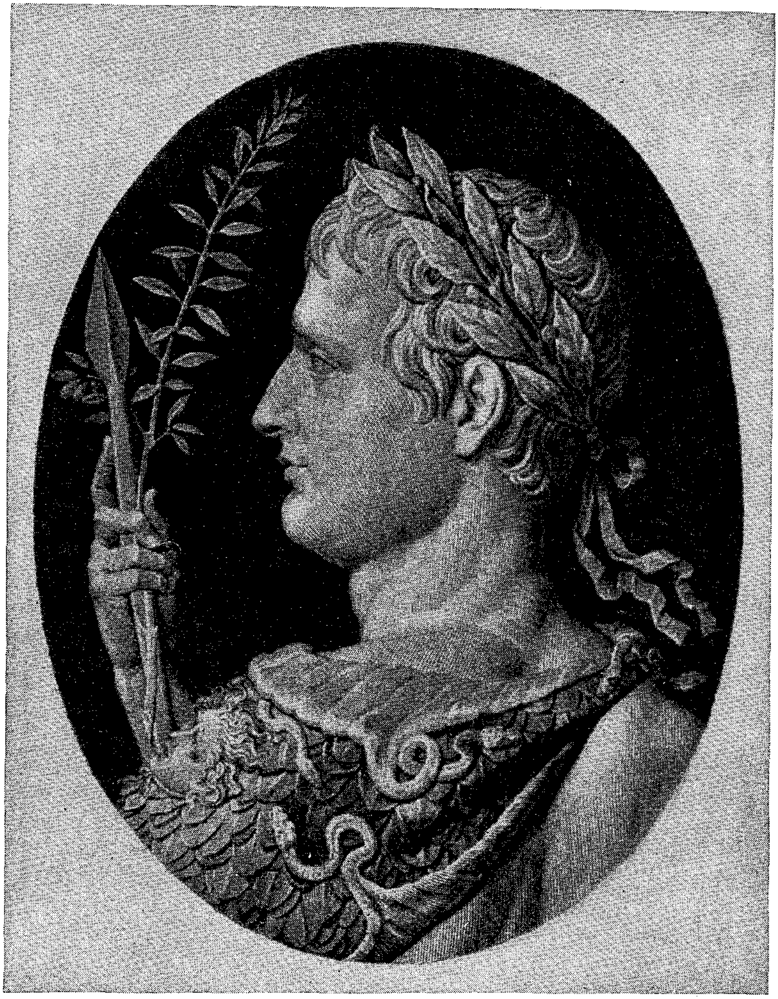


NAPOLEON AT JENA. 1806.

After Horace Vernet. This picture of Napoleon is a fragment of a great canvas representing the battle *of Jena, found in the Hall* of Battles at Versailles. Vernet was commissioned by Louis Philippe to paint the great battles of France when he first conceived the idea of converting the château into an historical museum. This particular picture is one of a series, including the battles of Friedland, Jena, and Wagram. It appeared in the *salon* of 1836.

is now in my eyes a mere Utopia. The First Consul has convinced me that he wishes to possess supreme power only to render France great, free, and happy, and to protect her against the fury of factions."

The Senate soon after proceeded in a body to the Tuileries. "You have ex-



NAPOLEON. 1805.

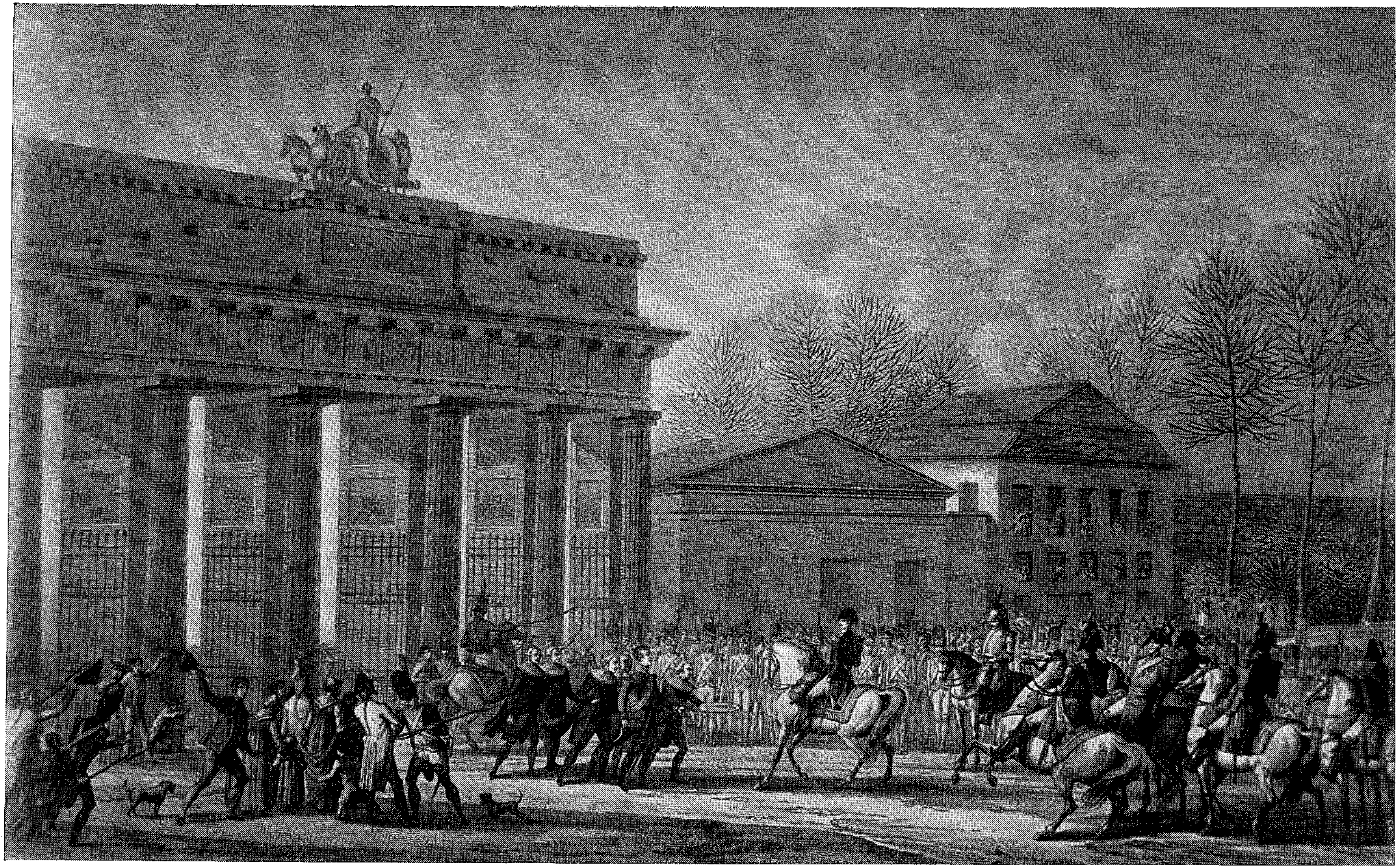
Engraved in 1812 by Massard, after Bouillon.

tricated us from the chaos of the past," said the spokesman, "you enable us to enjoy the blessings of the present; guarantee to us the future." On the 18th of May, 1804, when thirty-five years old, Napoleon was first addressed as "sire," and congratulated on his elevation to the throne of the French people.

IMPERIAL HONORS AND ETIQUETTE.

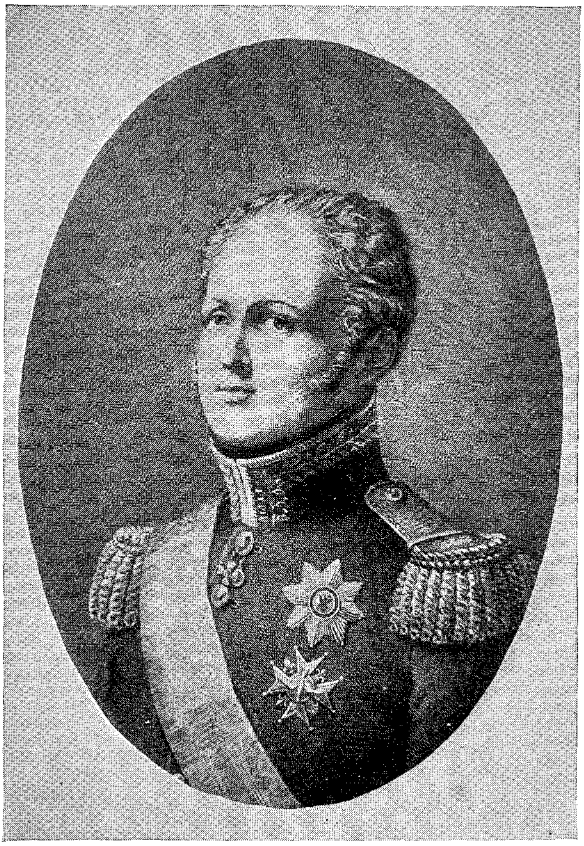
Immediately his household took on the forms of royalty. His mother was Madame Mère; Joseph, Grand-Elector, with the title of Imperial Highness; Louis, Constable, with the same title; his sisters were Imperial Highnesses. Titles were given to all officials; the ministers were excellencies; Cambacérès and Le Brun, the Second and Third Consuls, became Arch Chancellor and Arch Treasurer of the Empire. Of his old generals, Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Masséna, Augureau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, and Bessières were made marshals. The red button of the Legion of Honor was scattered in profusion. The title of *citoyen*, which had been consecrated by the Revolution, was dropped, and hereafter everybody was called *monsieur*.

Two of Napoleon's brothers, unhappily, had no part in these honors. Jerome, who had been serving as lieutenant in the navy, had, in 1803, while in the United States, married a Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore. Napoleon forbade the recording of the marriage, and declared it void. As Jerome had not as yet given up his wife, he had no share in the imperial rewards. Lucien was likewise omitted, and for a



ENTRANCE OF THE FRENCH INTO BERLIN, OCTOBER 27, 1806.

Engraved by Bovinet, after Swebach.



ALEXANDER I. OF RUSSIA. 1805.

Alexander I. of Russia was born at St. Petersburg in 1777; ascended the throne in 1801, after the murder of his father. His first acts were remarkably liberal. He recalled the banished, opened prisons, abolished the censorship, the torture, the public sale of serfs; founded schools, reformed the code, and did much to put Russia in the line of progress Western Europe was following. He entered into the first coalition against Napoleon in 1805, and suffered a defeat at Austerlitz in December of that year. The next year the battles of Eylau and Friedland drove him to make peace with Napoleon. The negotiations of Tilsit, where this peace was signed, were the beginning of a warm personal friendship between the two emperors, and Alexander consented to aid Napoleon in his vast scheme for conquering England. The fundamental part of this scheme, the continental blockade, at last bore too heavily on the Russians, and Napoleon's occupation of Oldenburg dissatisfied Alexander. The peace was broken in 1812, and Napoleon undertook the invasion of Russia. Alexander refused to come to any terms with his former friend, and in 1813 called Europe to arm itself against France. This coalition was fatal to Napoleon, who was driven to abdicate in 1814; and Alexander, who had pleased the Parisians by his mild treatment of them, was the main instrument in the recall of the Bourbons. At the Congress of Vienna which followed, he succeeded in obtaining assent to his confiscation of Poland. After Waterloo Alexander returned with his troops to Paris, and consented to the rigorous measures taken against the country, but opposed its dismemberment. On leaving Paris he signed the Holy Alliance with Prussia and Austria, which had as its real object opposition to the liberal principles of the Revolution. Alexander fell under new influences afterwards—English and Protestant. He closed the French theatres and opened Bible societies; became, under Madame Krüdener's influence, a devout follower of her mysticism, and received a deputation of Quakers, with whom he prayed and wept. Later he became severe and suspicious. He died in 1825.

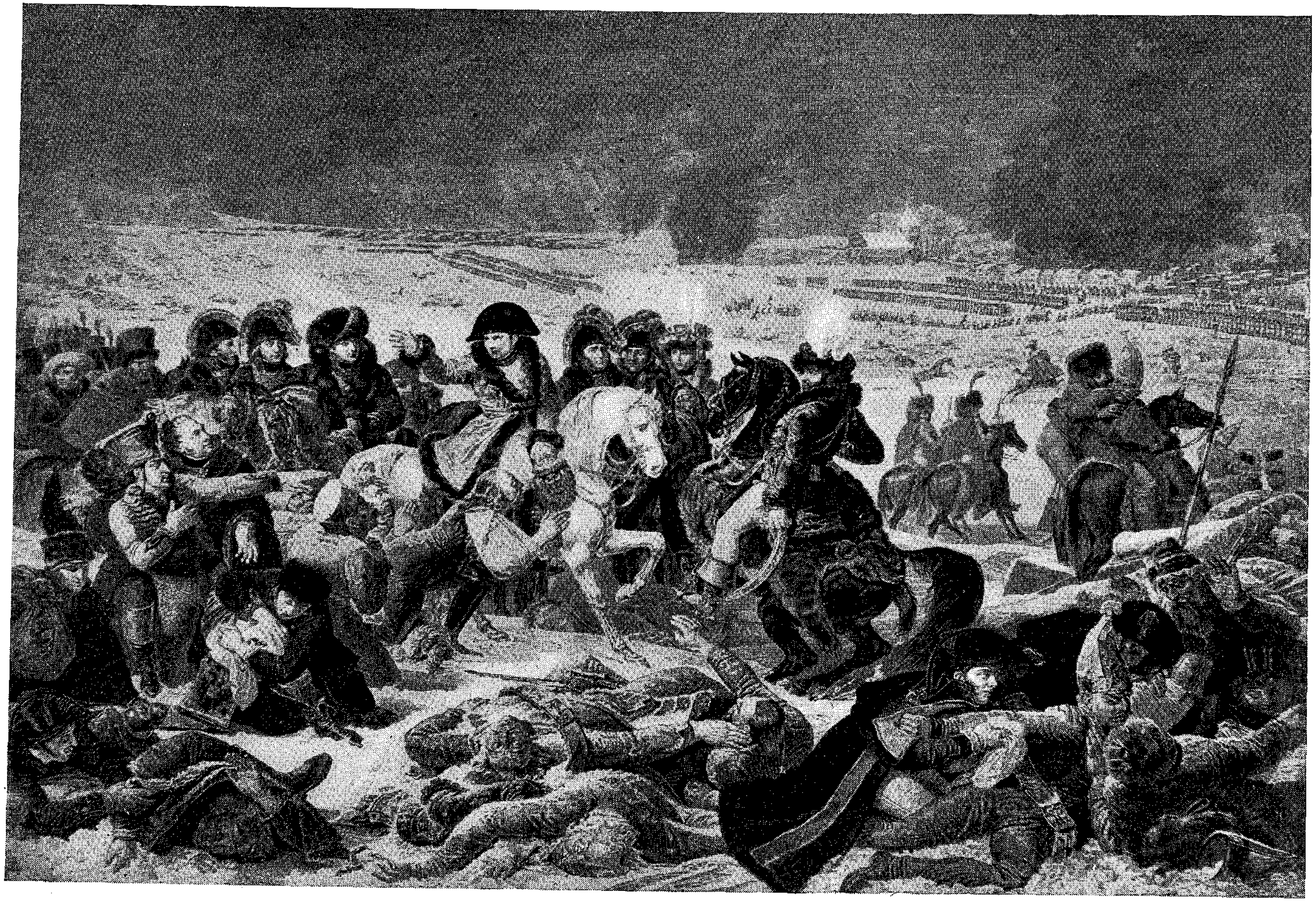
similar reason. His first wife had died in 1801, and much against Napoleon's wishes he had married a Madame Jouberthon, to whom he was deeply attached; nothing could induce him to renounce his wife and take the Queen of Etruria, as Napoleon wished. The result of his refusal was a violent quarrel between the brothers, and Lucien left France.

This rupture was certainly a grief to Napoleon. Madame de Rémusat draws a pathetic little picture of the effect upon him of the last interview with Lucien:

> "It was near midnight when Bonaparte came into the room; he was deeply dejected, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, he exclaimed in a troubled voice, 'It is all over! I have broken with Lucien, and ordered him from my presence.' Madame Bonaparte began to expostulate. 'You are a good woman,' he said, 'to plead for him.' Then he rose from his chair, took his wife in his arms, and laid her head softly on his shoulder, and with his hand still resting on the beautiful head, which formed a contrast to the sad, set countenance so near it, he told us that Lucien had resisted all his entreaties, and that he had resorted equally in vain to both threats and persuasion. 'It is hard, though,' he added, 'to find in one's own family such stubborn opposition to interests of such magnitude. Must I, then, isolate myself from every one? Must I rely on myself alone? Well! I will suffice to myself; and you, Josephine—you will be my comfort always.'"

A fever of etiquette seized on all the inhabitants of the imperial palace of Saint Cloud. The ponderous regulations of Louis XIV. were taken down from the shelves in the library, and from them a code began to be compiled. Madame Campan, who had been First Bed-chamber Woman to Marie Antoinette, was summoned to interpret the solemn law, and to describe costumes and customs. Monsieur de Talleyrand, who had been made Grand Chamberlain, was an authority who was consulted on everything.

"We all felt ourselves more or less elevated," says Madame de Rémusat. "Vanity is ingenious in its expectations, and ours were unlimited. Sometimes it was disenchanting, for a moment, to observe the almost ridiculous effect that this agitation produced upon



BATTLE OF EYLAU, FEBRUARY 8, 1807.

Etched by Vallot, after Gros. Napoleon appears mounted on a light bay horse, and in the dress he wore on the day of the battle. On the right are Soult, Davoust, and Murat; on the left, Berthier, Bessières, and General Caulaincourt. Soon after the battle of Eylau a contest was opened for a picture of Napoleon visiting the battle-field. Gros did not wish to contest, but Denon forced him to it, and his sketch was successful. The order was given him, and the emperor sent him the hat and overcoat which he wore during the battle. This picture was in the *salon* of 1808, and is now in the Louvre.

certain classes of society. Those who had nothing to do with our brand new dignities said with Montaigne, 'Let us avenge ourselves by railing at them.' Jests, more or less witty, and puns, more or less ingenious, were lavished on these new-made princes, and somewhat disturbed our brilliant visions; but the number of those who dare to censure success is small, and flattery was much more common than criticism."

No one was more severe in matters of etiquette than Napoleon himself. He studied the subject with the same attention that he did the civil code, and in much the same way. "In concert with M. de Ségur," he wrote De Champagny, "you must write me a report as to the way in which ministers and ambassadors should be received. . . . It will be well for you to enlighten me as to what was the practice at Versailles, and what is done at Vienna and St. Petersburg. Once my regulations adopted, everyone must conform to them. I am master, to establish what rules I like in France."

He had some difficulty with his old comrades-in-arms, who were accustomed to addressing him in the familiar second singular, and calling him Bonaparte, and who persisted, occasionally, even after he was "sire," in using the language of easy intimacy. Lannes was even removed for some time from his place near the emperor for an indiscretion of this kind.

THE FÊTE OF BOULOGNE.

In August, 1804, the new emperor visited Boulogne to receive the congratulations of his army and distribute decorations. His visit was celebrated by a magnificent *fête*. Those who know the locality of Boulogne, remember, north of the town, an amphitheatre-like plain, in the centre of which is a hill. In this plain sixty thousand men were camped. On the elevation was erected a throne. Here stood the chair of Dagobert; behind it the armor of Francis I.; and around rose scores of blood-stained, bullet-shot flags, the trophies of Italy and Egypt. Beside the emperor was the helmet of Bayard, filled with the decorations to be distributed. Up and down the coast were the French batteries; in the port lay the flotilla; to the right and left stretched the splendid army.

Just as the ceremonies were finished, a fleet of over a thousand boats came sailing into the harbor to join those already there, while out in the Channel English officers and sailors, with levelled glasses, watched from their vessels the splendid armament, which was celebrating its approaching descent on their shores.

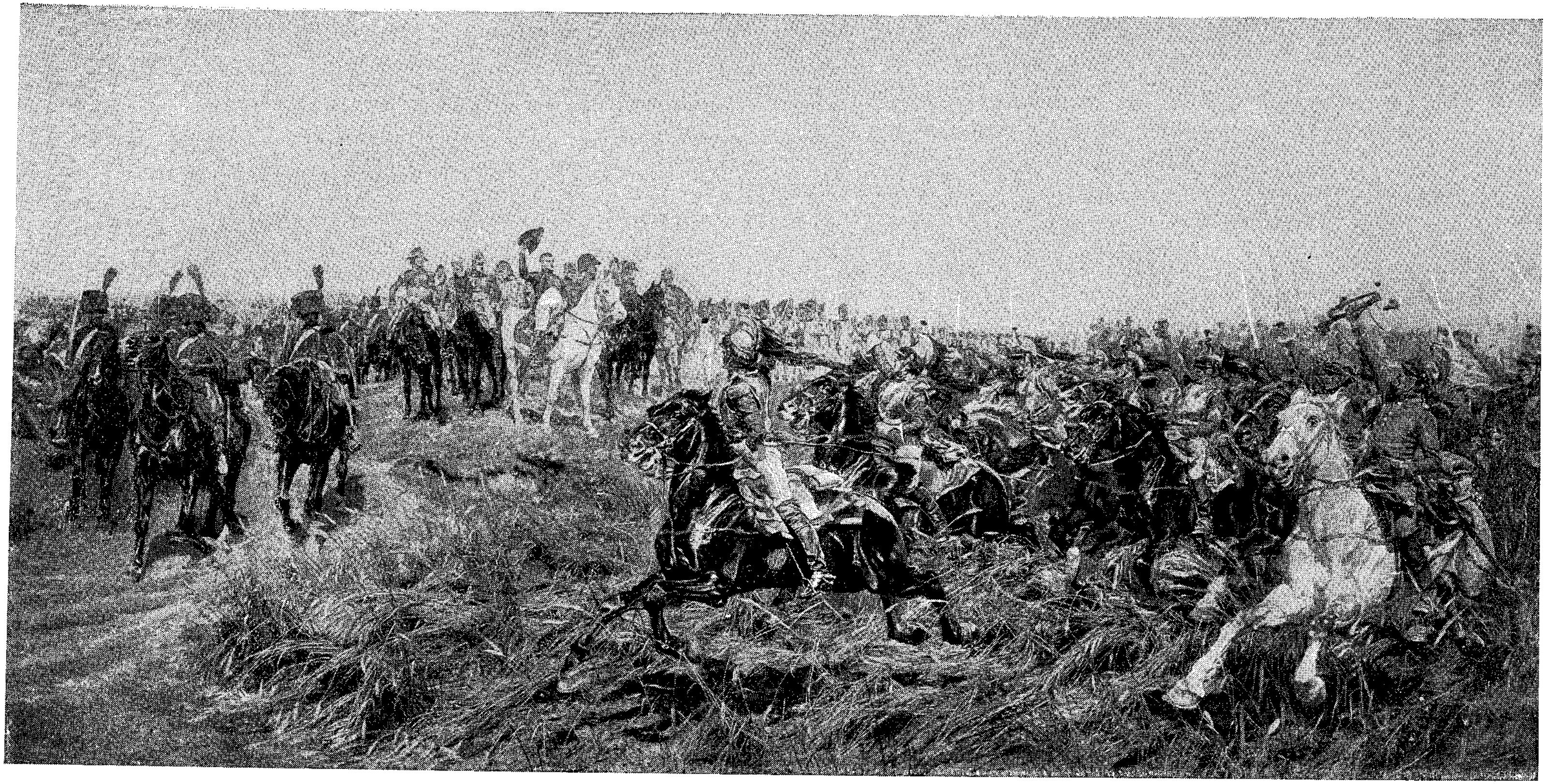
CORONATION OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

On December 1st the Senate presented the emperor the result of the vote taken among the people as to whether hereditary succession should be adopted. There were two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine votes against; three million five hundred and seventy-five thousand for—a vote more nearly unanimous than that for the life consulate, there being something like nine thousand against him then.

The next day Napoleon was crowned at Notre Dame. The ceremony was prepared with the greatest care. Grand Master of Ceremonies de Ségur, aided by the painter David, drew up the plan and trained the court with great severity in the etiquette of the occasion. He had the widest liberty, it even being provided that "if it be indispensable, in order that the cortege may arrive at Notre Dame with greater facility, to pull down some houses," it should be done. By a master stroke of diplomacy Napoleon had persuaded Pope Pius VII. to cross the Alps to perform for him the solemn and ancient service of coronation.

Of this ceremony we have no better description than that of Madame Junot:

> "Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendor the spectacle exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof reëchoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the ancient walls covered with magnificent tapestry were ranged, according to their rank, the different bodies of the state, the deputies from every city; in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, counsellors of state and tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is only seen in Paris;—altogether presented a picture which has, perhaps, rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.
>
> "The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the Cathedral, the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long, the firing of a cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceeding



" 1807." NAPOLEON AFTER FRIEDLAND.

Photographed from the original painting by Meissonier ; a companion piece to Meissonier's "1814." The original painting is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The emperor, on a rising ground, is surrounded by his staff, amongst whom are his Marshals Bessières, Duroc, and Berthier. On his left and rear Nansouty is waiting with his division for the signal to defile ; farther back are seen the "Old Guard," with their grenadier caps and white breeches. Meissonier is said to have worked upon this picture for fifteen years. He modelled all the horses in wax, and *every* figure was drawn from the life. The painting was sold to Mr. A. T. Stewart of New York for about three hundred thousand francs (sixty thousand dollars).

unfavorable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined it. But, as if by the especial favor of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the Cathedral, enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

"On his arrival at Notre Dame, Napoleon ascended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with a view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on his head and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance, that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at that moment. During the ceremony of anointing, the Holy Father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words: 'Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, *we this day anoint emperor, in your name.*' Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, *called* the Crown of Charlemagne, from the altar, Napoleon seized it, and placed it on his own head. At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea.

"He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was, perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on, rendered him perfectly handsome.

"When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne and advanced towards the altar, where the emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honor of being presented to many *real princesses*, to use the phrase of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty. In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the empress as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down, when the tears, which she could not repress, fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon, both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The emperor performed, with peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable: after receiving the small crown, surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the empress. When the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly."

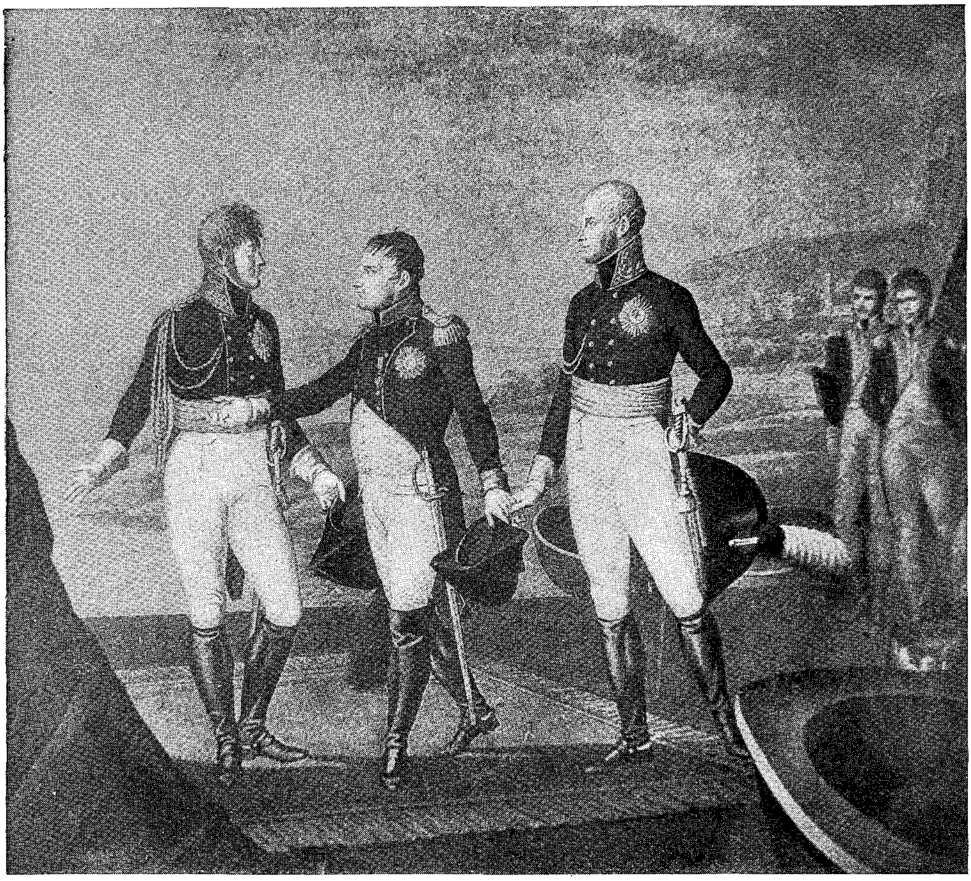
In May, 1805, Napoleon took the iron crown of Lombardy in Milan. The coronation was followed by a thorough reconstruction of this part of Italy. The new institutions of France replaced the complicated feudal arrangements which had harassed the people. Prince Eugene was made viceroy of Italy.

WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

Austria looked with jealousy on this accession of power, and particularly on this change in the institutions of her neighbor. In assuming control of the Italian and Germanic States, Napoleon gave the people his code and his methods; personal liberty, equality before the law, religious toleration, took the place of the injustice and narrowness which animated all feudal institutions. These new ideas were quite as hateful to Austria as the disturbance in the balance of power, and more dangerous to her system. Russia and Prussia felt the same suspicion of Napoleon as Austria did. All three powers were constantly incited to action against France by England, who offered unlimited gold if they would but combine with her. In the summer of 1805 Austria joined England and Russia in a coalition against France. Prussia was not yet willing to commit herself.

The great army which for so many months had been gathered around Boulogne for the descent on England, waited anxiously for the arrival of the French fleet to cover its passage. But the fleet did not come; and, though hoping until the last that his plan would still be carried out, Napoleon quietly and swiftly transferred the army of England into the Grand Army, and turned its march against his continental enemies.

Never was his great war rule, "Time is everything," more thoroughly carried out. "Austria will employ fine phrases in order to gain time," he wrote Talleyrand, "and to prevent me accomplishing anything this



MEETING OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III., KING OF PRUSSIA, NAPOLEON, AND ALEXANDER I., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AT TILSIT. THE FIGURE ON THE LEFT IS FREDERICK WILLIAM; THAT ON THE RIGHT IS ALEXANDER.

Engraved by Gügel, after a drawing by Wolff. The meeting occurred June 26, 1807, in the pavilion which had been erected for that purpose on the River Nieman. After Friedland the Russians crossed the Nieman; the French camped on the banks opposite them. The first interview on the raft was between the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon alone on June 25th. The two emperors, accompanied by their staffs, started from the opposite banks at the same time; Napoleon arrived first, passed through the tent and met Alexander. The two embraced heartily in sight of the two armies, who cheered them loudly. A second interview took place the next day, to which the Emperor Alexander brought the King of Prussia. During the time that the sovereigns at Tilsit were negotiating, the two armies kept their positions, and friendly relations grew up between them.

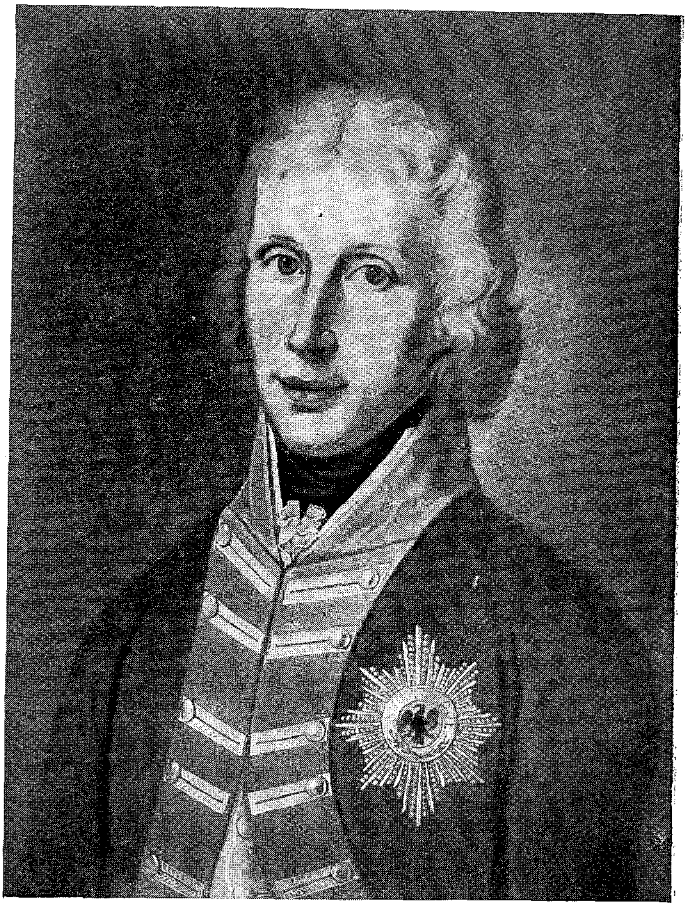
year; . . . and in April I shall find one hundred thousand Russians in Poland, fed by England, twenty thousand English at Malta, and fifteen thousand Russians at Corfu. I should then be in a critical position. My mind is made up." His orders flew from Boulogne to Paris, to the German States, to Italy, to his generals, to his naval commanders. By the 28th of August the whole army had moved. A month later it had crossed the Rhine, and Napoleon was at its head.

The force which he commanded was in every way an extraordinary one. Marmont's enthusiastic description was in no way an exaggeration:

"This army, the most beautiful that was ever seen, was less redoubtable from the number of its soldiers than from their nature. Almost all of them had carried on war and had won victories. There still existed among them something of the enthusiasm and exaltation of the Revolutionary campaigns; but this enthusiasm was systematized. From the supreme chief down—the chiefs of the army corps, the division commanders, the common officers and soldiers—everybody was hardened to war. The eighteen months in splendid camps had produced a training, an *ensemble*, which has never existed since to the same degree, and a boundless confidence. This army was probably the best and the most redoubtable that modern times have seen."

The force responded to the imperious genius of its commander with a beautiful precision which amazes and dazzles one who follows its march. So perfectly had all been arranged, so exactly did every corps and officer respond, that nine days after the passage of the Rhine, the army was in Bavaria, several marches in the rear of the enemy. The weather was terrible, but nothing checked them. The emperor himself set the example. Day and night he was on horseback in the midst of his troops; once for a week he did not take off his boots. When they lagged, or the enemy harassed them, he would gather each regiment into a circle, explain to it the position of the enemy, the imminence of a great battle, and his confidence in his troops. These harangues sometimes took place in driving snowstorms, the soldiers standing up to their knees in icy slush. By October 13th, such was the extraordinary march they had made, the emperor was able to issue this address to the army :

> "Soldiers, a month ago we were encamped on the shores of the ocean, opposite England, when an impious league forced us to fly to the Rhine. Not a fortnight ago that river was passed; and the Alps, the Neckar, the Danube, and the Lech, the celebrated barriers of Germany, have not for a minute delayed our march. . . . The enemy, deceived by our manœuvres and the rapidity of our movements, is entirely turned. . . . But for the army before you, we should be in London to-day, have avenged six centuries of insult, and have liberated the sea.
>
> "Remember to-morrow that you are fighting against the allies of England. . . .
>
> "NAPOLEON."

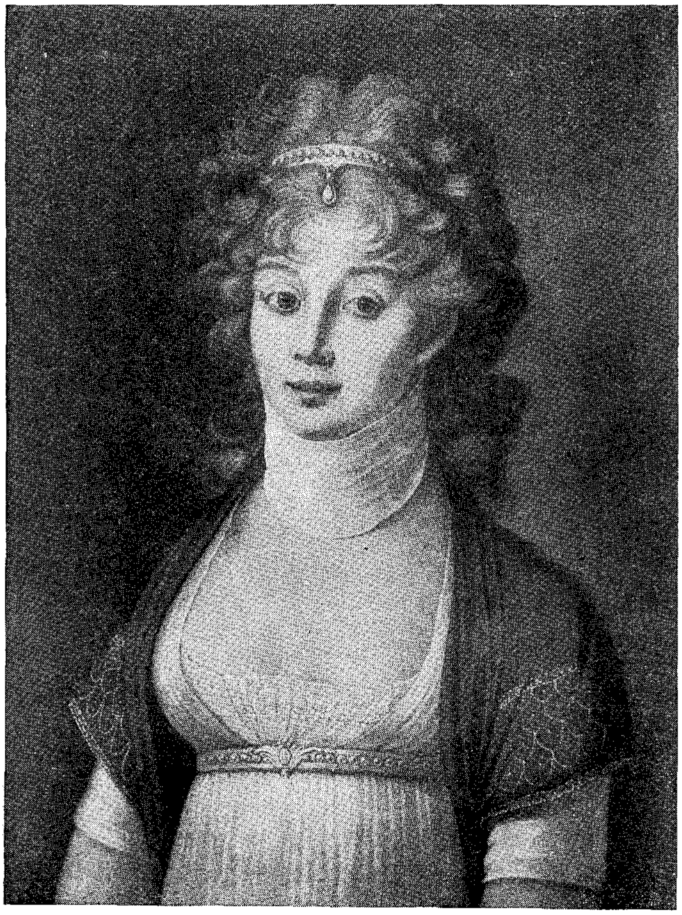


FREDERICK WILLIAM III., KING OF PRUSSIA. 1798.

Engraved by Dickenson, after a portrait painted in 1798 by Lauer. Frederick William III., born August 3, 1770, was the eldest son of Frederick William II., was trained by his granduncle Frederick the Great, and succeeded to his father's throne in 1797. Public affairs were in a bad condition at that moment, but Frederick, who, although rather slow and stupid, had an honest desire to govern well, called able ministers to his aid. When the treaty of Lunéville ended the war with France in 1801, he was obliged to give up his territory on the left bank of the Rhine. He remained at peace with Napoleon until frightened by the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806. The war which followed, ending in the treaty of Tilsit, drove him from Berlin, and took away half his kingdom. But he nevertheless continued his efforts to reorganize his state. Frederick joined Napoleon for the Russian campaign, but joined the coalition of 1813. After Waterloo, he continued to improve his kingdom, though he never gave it the liberal constitution he had promised, and opposed the liberal ideas which were abroad in his later years. He died June 7, 1840.

Four days after this address came the capitulation of Ulm—a "new Caudine Forks," as Marmont called it. It was, as Napoleon said, a victory won by legs, instead of by arms. The great fatigue and the forced marches which the army had undergone had gained them sixty thousand prisoners, one hundred and twenty guns, ninety colors, more than thirty generals, at a cost of but fifteen hundred men, two-thirds of them but slightly wounded.

But there was no rest for the army. Before the middle of November it had so surrounded Vienna that the emperor and his court had fled to Brünn, seventy or eighty miles north of Vienna, to meet the Russians, who, under Alexander I., were coming from Berlin. Thither Napoleon followed them, but the Austrians retreated eastward, joining the Russians at Olmütz.



LOUISE, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA. 1798.

Engraved by Dickenson, after a portrait painted in 1798 by Lauer. Louise, Queen of Prussia, was born March 10, 1776, in Hanover. Her father was the Duke Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and her mother a princess of Hesse-Darmstadt. In 1793 she met King Frederick William III. at Frankfort. He was so enamored of her beauty and her nobility of character that he made her his wife. Queen Louise's dignity and sweetness under the reverses her kingdom suffered in the war with France, won her the love and respect of her people, and have given her a place among the most lovable and admirable women of history. She died July 19, 1810, and was buried at Charlottenburg, where a beautiful mausoleum by Rauch has been erected. In 1814 her husband instituted the Order of Louise in her honor. On March 10, 1876, the Prussians celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth.

The combined force of the allies was now some ninety thousand men. They had a strong reserve, and the Prussian army was about to join them. Napoleon at Brünn had only some seventy or eighty thousand men, and was in the heart of the enemy's country. Alexander, flattered by his aides, and confident that he was able to defeat the French, resolved to leave his strong position at Olmütz and seek battle with Napoleon.

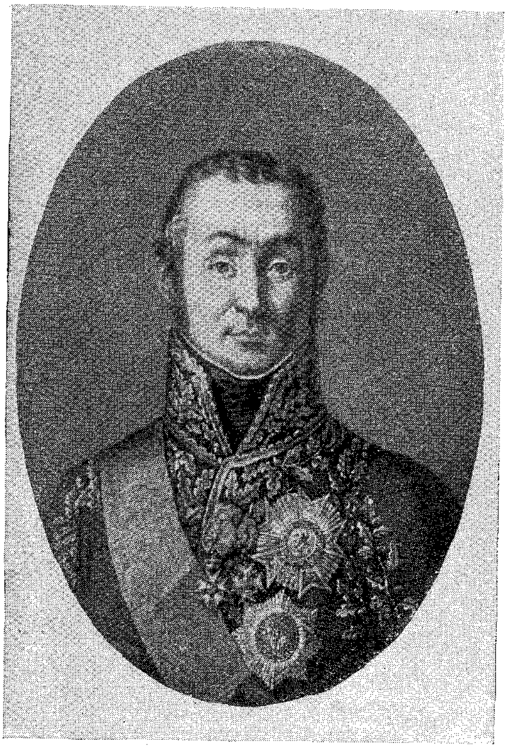
The position the French occupied can be understood if one draws a rough diagram of a right-angled triangle, Brünn being at the right angle formed by two roads, one running south to Vienna, by which Napoleon had come, and the other running eastward to Olmütz. The hypothenuse of this angle, running from northeast to southwest, is formed by Napoleon's army.

When the allies decided to leave Olmütz their plan was to march southwestward in face of Napoleon's line, and get between him and Vienna, thus cutting off what they supposed was his base of supplies (in this they were mistaken, for Napoleon had, unknown to them, changed his base from Vienna to Bohemia), separating him from his Italian army, and driving him, routed, into Bohemia.

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

On the 27th of November the allies advanced, and their first encounter with a small French advance guard was successful. It gave them confidence, and they continued their march on the 28th, 29th, and 30th, gradually extending a long line facing westward and parallel with Napoleon's line. The French emperor, while this movement was going on, was rapidly calling up his reserves and strengthening his position. By the first day of December Napoleon saw clearly what the allies intended to do, and had formed his plan. The events of that day confirmed his ideas. By nine o'clock in the evening he was so certain of the plan of the coming battle that he rode the length of his line, explaining to his troops the tactics of the allies, and what he himself proposed to do.

Napoleon's appearance before the troops, his confident assurance of victory, called out a brilliant demonstration from the army. The divisions of infantry raised



N. C. OUDINOT, DUC DE REGGIO. 1811.

Engraved by Foster, after Lefevre. Oudinot, Nicolas Charles, was born at Bar-le-duc in 1767, son of a merchant. Left commerce for the army, and so distinguished himself that 1791 he was made chief of battalion, and three years later general of brigade. The same year he received five wounds and was taken prisoner, remaining captive until 1796. He next served under Moreau, and in 1799 was sent to the army of Helvetia, where he distinguished himself in the battle of Zurich. Oudinot was with Masséna in the siege of Genoa (1800), and in 1803 was commander of a division of the camp of Bruges. In 1805 he received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. In the campaign of 1805 he greatly distinguished himself at the head of ten thousand grenadiers, called the *grenadiers* Oudinot. For his services in the campaign of 1806-1807 he was made count, and in 1808 governor of Erfurt, where Napoleon presented him to Alexander I. as the *Bayard of the army*. The baton of marshal and the title of Duke of Reggio were given him after Wagram. Oudinot was wounded early in the Russian campaign, but on hearing of the disasters returned to his command, and at the terrible passage of the Beresina he performed prodigies of valor. Throughout the campaign of 1813 and the invasion the next year he was active, and only laid down arms after Napoleon's abdication. He joined Louis XVIII., and refused to leave him during the hundred days. In 1823 he served in the Spanish campaign. He was made governor of the *Invalides* in 1842, a post he held until his death in 1847.

bundles of blazing straw on the ends of long poles, giving him an illumination as imposing as it was novel. It was a happy thought, for the day was the anniversary of his coronation.

The emperor remained in bivouac all night. At four o'clock of the morning of the 2d of December he was in the saddle. When the gray fog lifted he saw the enemy's divisions arranged exactly as he had divined. Three corps faced his right—the southwest part of the hypothenuse. These corps had left a splendid position facing his centre, the heights of Pratzen.

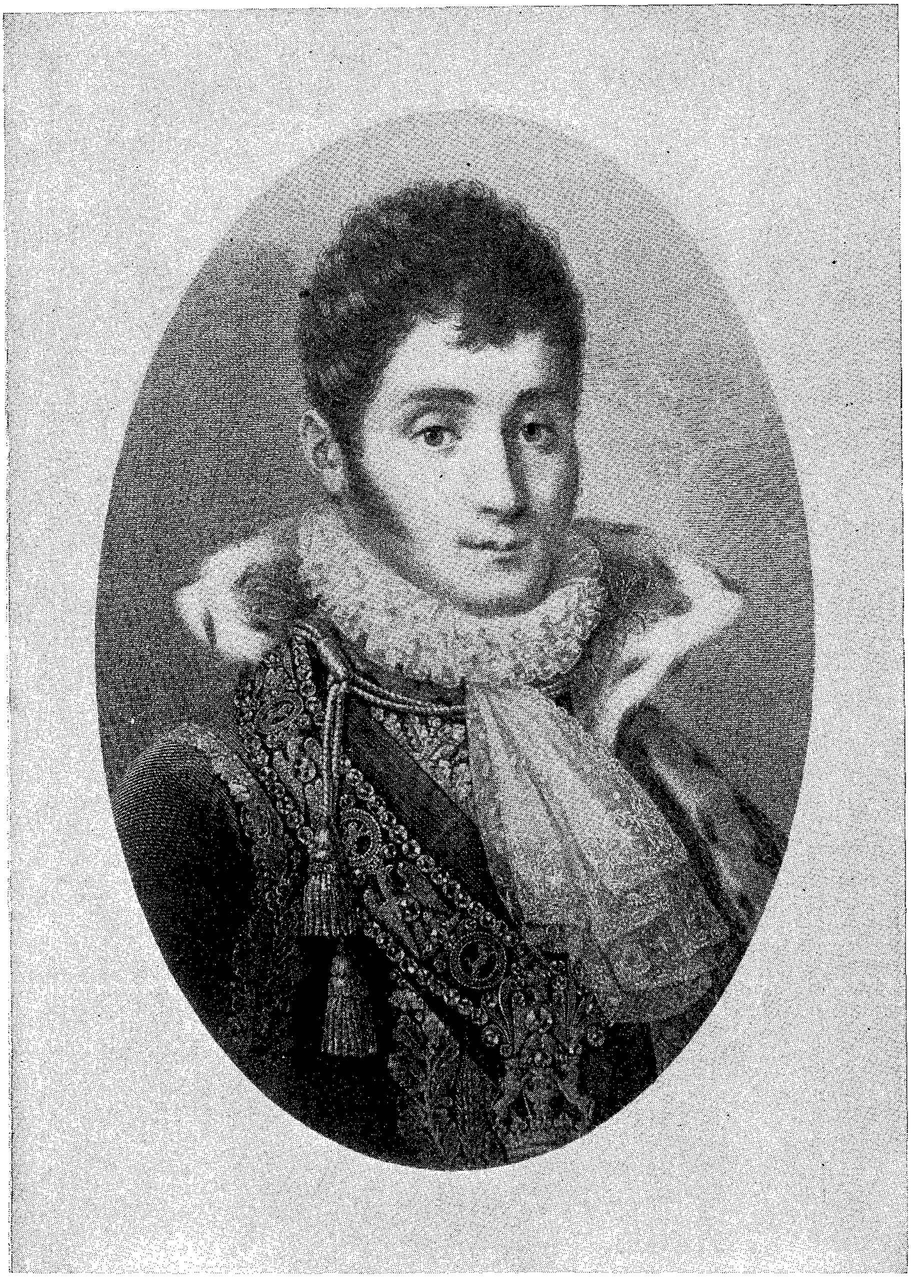
This advance of the enemy had left their centre weak and unprotected, and had separated the body of the army from its right, facing Napoleon's left. The enemy was in exactly the position Napoleon wished for the attack he had planned.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the emperor galloped up his line, proclaiming to the army that the enemy had exposed himself, and crying out: "Close the campaign with a clap of thunder." The generals rode to their positions, and at once the battle opened. Soult, who commanded the French centre, attacked the allies' centre so unexpectedly that it was driven into retreat. The Emperor Alexander and his headquarters were in this part of the army, and though the young czar did his best to rouse his forces, it was a hopeless task. The Russian centre was defeated and the wings divided. At the same time the allies' left, where the bulk of their army was massed in a marshy country of which they knew little, was engaged and held in check by Davoust, and their right was overcome by Lannes, Murat, and Bernadotte. As soon as the centre and right of the allies had been driven into retreat, Napoleon concentrated his forces on the left, the strongest part of his enemy. In a very short time the allies were driven back into the canals and lakes of the country, and many men and nearly all their artillery lost. Before night the routed enemy had fallen back to Austerlitz.

Of all Napoleon's battles Austerlitz was the one of which he was the proudest. It was here that he showed best the "divine side of war."

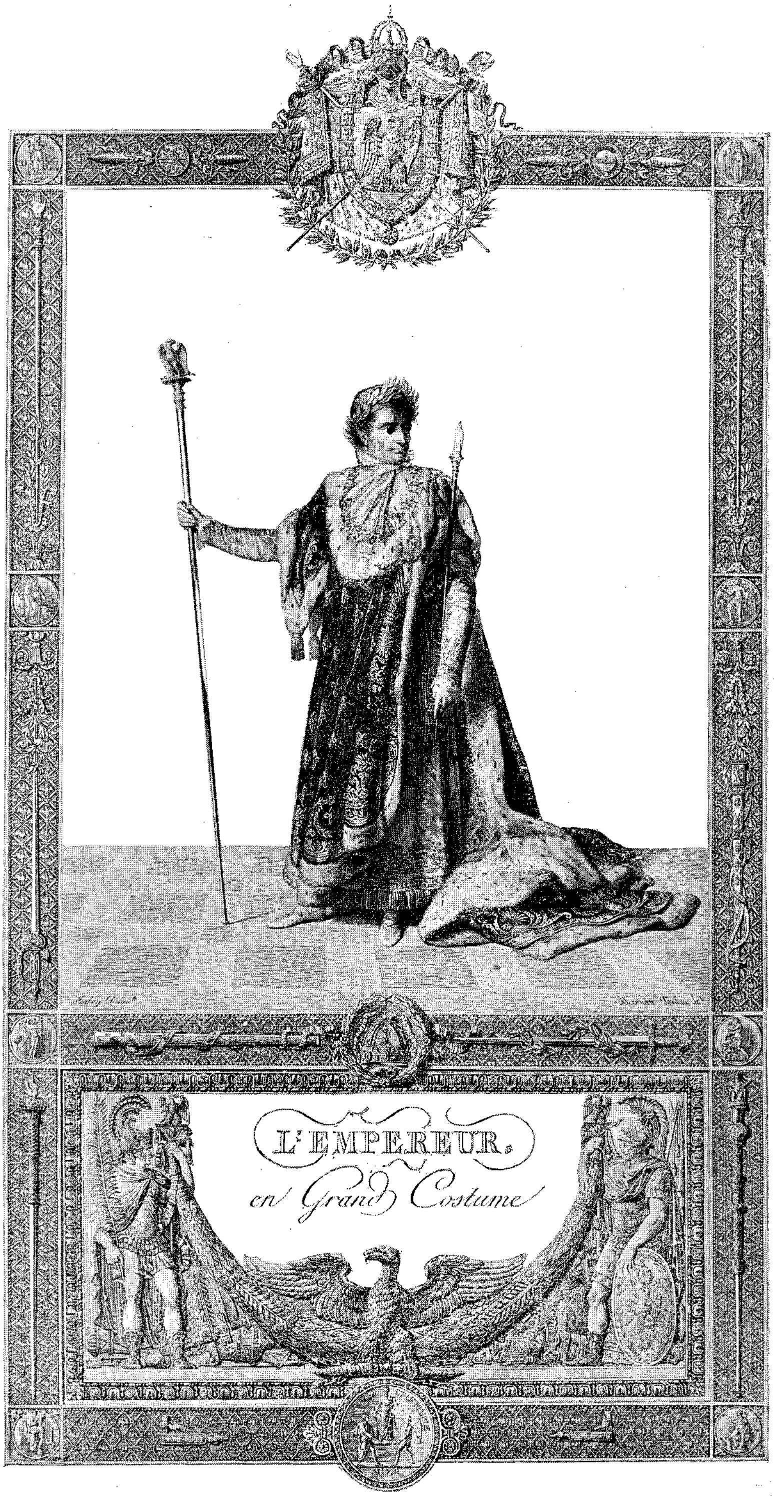
The familiar note in which Napoleon announced to his brother Joseph the result of the battle, is a curious contrast to the oratorical bulletins which for some days flowed to Paris. His letter is dated Austerlitz, December 3, 1805:

> "After manœuvring for a few days I fought a decisive battle yesterday. I defeated the combined armies commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Germany. Their force consisted of eighty thousand Russians and thirty thousand Austrians. I have made forty thousand prisoners, taken forty flags, one hundred guns, and all the standards of the Russian Imperial Guard. . . . Although I have bivouacked



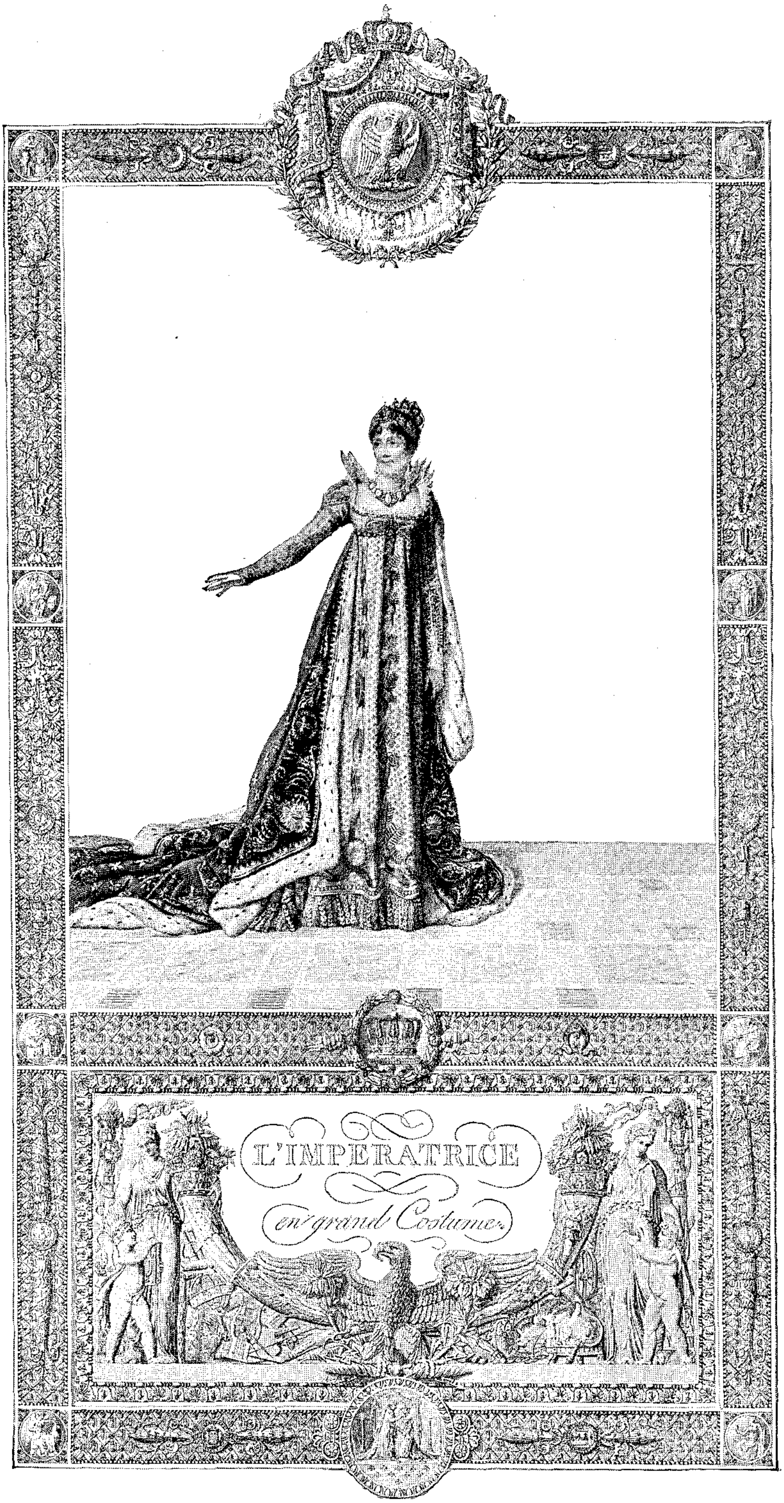
JEROME BONAPARTE. 1808.

"Engraved by I. G. Müller, knight, and Frederich Müller, son, engravers to his majesty the King of Würtemberg. After a design made at Cassel by Madame Kinson." Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon, was born in Ajaccio, 1784; died near Paris in 1860. Entered the navy at sixteen, and in 1801 was sent on the expedition to Santo Domingo. On his return went to the United States, where, in 1803, he married Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore. Napoleon refused to recognize this marriage, and when Jerome brought his wife to Europe in 1805, they were forbidden France. Jerome continued in the navy, and his wife went to England. In 1806 he left naval for military service, was recognized as a French prince, and made successor to the throne in event of Napoleon's leaving no male heirs. After Tilsit, Jerome was made King of Westphalia, a new kingdom having its capital at Cassel, and was married to Catherine, daughter of the King of Würtemberg. The campaign of 1813 drove him to Paris. During the Hundred Days he sat in the chamber of peers. After the second restoration of Louis XVIII. Jerome lived in various parts of Europe, suffering at one time serious financial embarrassment, until, in 1847, he was allowed to return to Paris. After the Revolution of 1848 he was made governor of the *Invalides* and marshal. In 1852 he was president of the imperial senate. Later the right of succession was given him and his son.



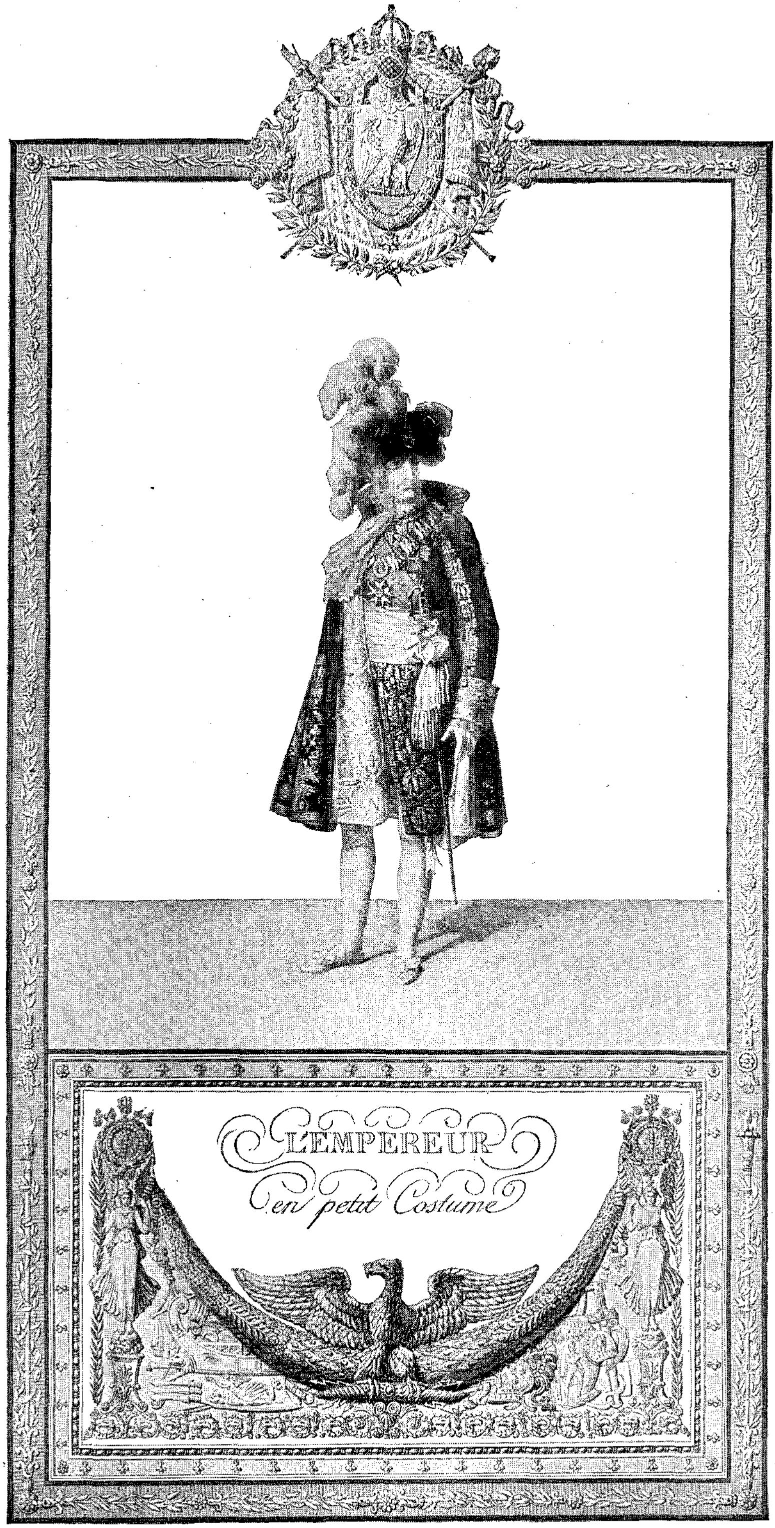
THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN STATE COSTUME (L'EMPEREUR EN GRAND COSTUME"). 1805.

Engraved by Tardieu, after Isabey. Title piece engraved by Malbeste, after Percier. Isabey became intimate with the Bonapartes during the Consulate through Hortense, whose drawing-master he had been. It was then he executed his portraits of Bonaparte at Malmaison, and the Review of the Consular Guard. He enjoyed Napoleon's favor throughout the Empire, and was charged by him to execute a series of thirty-two designs to commemorate his coronation. He was afterwards Marie Louise's drawing-master.


L'IMPERATRICE
en grand Costume

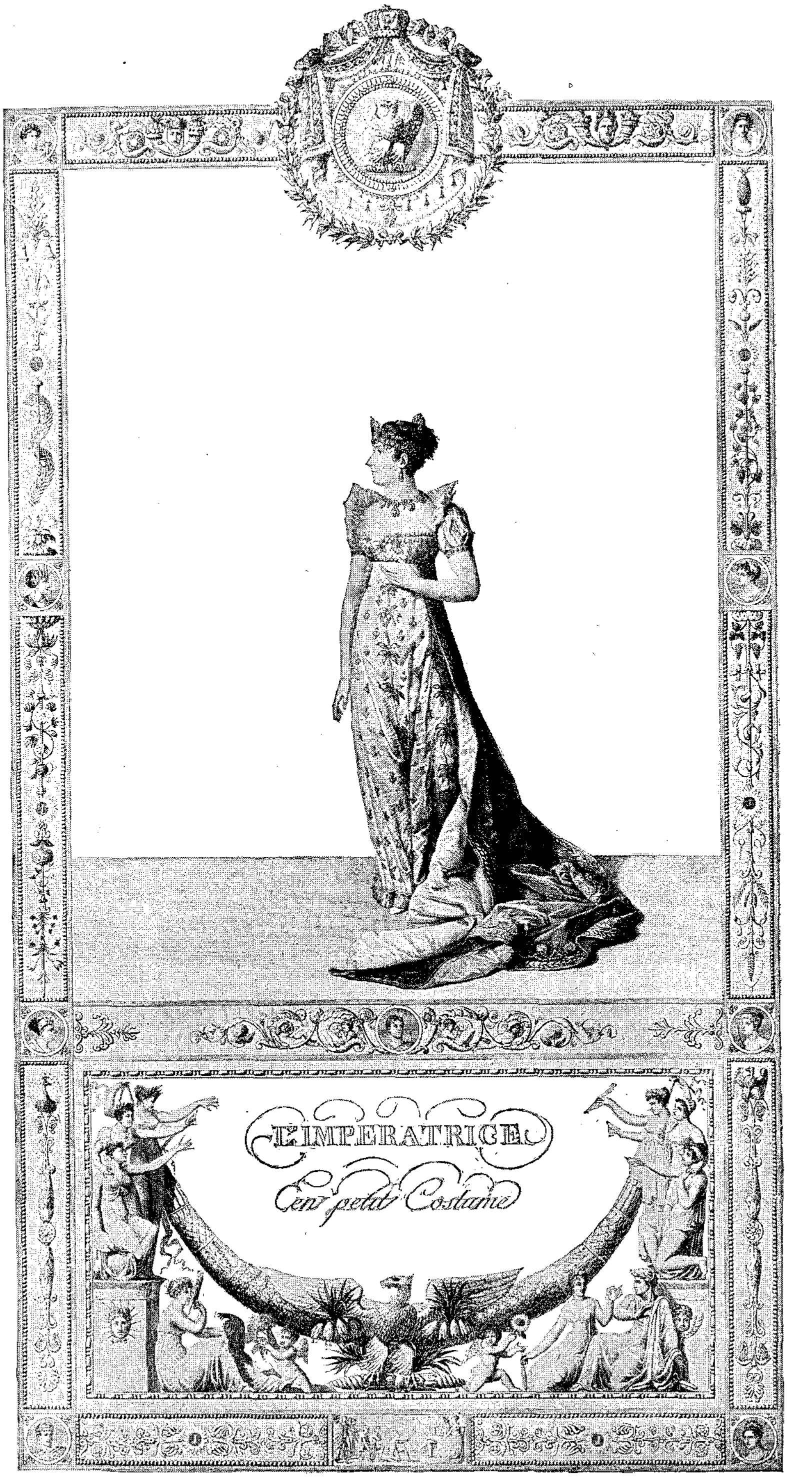
THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE IN STATE COSTUME ("L'IMPERATRICE EN GRAND COSTUME"). 1805.

Engraved by Audouin, after a design by Isabey and Percier.


L'EMPEREUR
en petit Costume

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN ORDINARY COURT COSTUME ("*L'EMPEREUR EN PETIT COSTUME*"). 1805.

Engraved by Ribault, after a design by Isabey and Percier.


L'IMPERATRICE
en petit Costume

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE IN ORDINARY COURT COSTUME ("L'IMPERATRICE EN PETIT COSTUME"). 1805.

Engraved by Ribault, after a design by Isabey and Percier.

in the open air for a week, my health is good. This evening I am in bed in the beautiful castle of M. de Kaunitz, and have changed my shirt for the first time in eight days."

The battle of Austerlitz obliged Austria to make peace (the treaty was signed at Presburg on December 27, 1805), compelled Russia to retire disabled from the field, transformed the haughty Prussian *ultimatum* which had just been presented into humble submission, and changed the rejoicings of England over the magnificent naval victory of Trafalgar (October 21) into despair. It even killed Pitt. It enabled Napoleon, too, to make enormous strides in establishing a kingdom of the West. Naples was given to Joseph, the Batavian Republic was made a kingdom for Louis, and the states between the Lahn, the Rhine, and the Upper Danube were formed into a league, called the Confederation of the Rhine, and Napoleon was made Protector.

WAR WITH PRUSSIA AND RUSSIA.

At the beginning of 1806 Napoleon was again in Paris. He had been absent but three months. Eight months of this year were spent in fruitless negotiations with England and in an irritating correspondence with Prussia. The latter country had many grievances against Napoleon, the sum of them all being that "French politics had been the scourge of humanity for the last fifteen years," and that an "insatiable ambition was still the ruling passion of France." By the end of September war was declared, and Napoleon, whose preparations had been conducted secretly, it being given out that he was going to Compiègne to hunt, suddenly joined his army.

The first week of October the grand army advanced from southern Germany towards the valley of the Saale. This movement brought them on the flanks of the Prussians, who were scattered along the upper Saale. The unexpected appearance of the French army, which was larger and much better organized than the Prussian, caused the latter to retreat towards the Elbe. The retreating army was in two divisions; the first crossing the Saale to Jena, the second falling back towards the Unstrut. As soon as Napoleon understood these movements he despatched part of his force under Davoust and Bernadotte to cut off the retreat of the second Prussian division, while he himself hurried on to Jena to force battle on the first. The Prussians were encamped at the foot of a height known as the Landgrafenberg. To command this height was to command the Prussian forces. By a series of determined and repeated efforts Napoleon reached the position desired, and by the morning of the 14th of October had his foes in his power. Advancing from the Landgrafenberg in three divisions, he turned the Prussian flanks at the same moment that he attacked their centre. The Prussians never fought better, perhaps, than at Jena. The movements of their cavalry awakened even Napoleon's admiration, but they were surrounded and outnumbered, and the army was speedily broken into pieces and driven into a retreat.

While Napoleon was fighting at Jena, to the right at Auerstadt, Davoust was engaging Brunswick and his seventy thousand men with a force of twenty-seven thousand. In spite of the great difference in numbers the Prussians were unable to make any impression on the French; and Brunswick falling, they began to retreat towards Jena, expecting to join the other division of the army, of whose route they were ignorant. The result was frightful. The two flying armies suddenly encountered each other, and, pursued by the French on either side, were driven in confusion towards the Elbe.

THE ENTRY INTO BERLIN—JENA, EYLAU, AND FRIEDLAND.

The entry into Berlin was one of the great spectacles of the war. One particularly touching incident of it was the visit paid to Napoleon by the Protestant and Calvinist French clergy. There were at that time twelve thousand French refugees in Berlin, owing to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They were received with kindness by Napoleon, who told them they had good right to protection, and that their privileges and worship should be respected.

Jena brought Napoleon something like one hundred and sixty million francs in money, an enormous number of prisoners, guns, and standards, the glory of the entry of Berlin, a great number of interesting articles for the Napoleon Museum of Paris, among them the column from the field of Rosbach, the sword, the ribbon of the black eagle, and the general's sash of Friedrich the Great, and the flags carried by his guards during the Seven Years' War. But it did not secure him peace. The King of Prussia threw himself into the arms of Russia, and Napoleon advanced boldly into Poland to meet his enemy.

The Poles welcomed the French with joy. They hoped to find in Napoleon the liberator of their country, and they poured forth money and soldiers to reënforce him. "Our entry into Varsovia," wrote Napoleon, "was a triumph, and the sentiments that the Poles of all classes show since our arrival cannot be expressed. Love of country and the national sentiment are not only entirely conserved in the heart of the people, but it has been intensified by misfortune. Their first passion, their first desire, is again to become a nation. The rich come from their *châteaux*, praying for the reëstablishment of the nation, and offering their children, their fortunes, and their influence." Everything was done during the months the French remained in Poland to flatter and aid the army.

The campaign against the Russians was carried on in Old Prussia, to the southeast of the Gulf of Dantzic, and its main engagements were, the battle of Eylau on February 8, 1807, the closest drawn and most expensive battle the emperor had so far fought; the siege of Dantzic, which capitulated in May; and the battle of Friedland, fought on June 14th. This battle, the anniversary of Marengo, was won largely by Napoleon's taking advantage of a blunder of his opponent. The French and the Russian armies were on the opposite banks of the Alle. Benningsen, the Russian commander, was marching towards Königsberg by the eastern bank. Napoleon was pursuing by the western bank. The French forces, however, were scattered; and Benningsen, thinking that he could engage and easily rout a portion of the army by crossing the river at Friedland, suddenly led his army across to the western bank. Napoleon utilized this unwise movement with splendid skill. Calling up his reënforcements he attacked the enemy solidly. As soon as the Russian centre was broken, defeat was inevitable, for the retreating army was driven into the river, and thousands lost. Many of those who did get across were pursued through the streets of Friedland by the French, and slaughtered. The battle was hardly over when Napoleon wrote to Josephine:

"FRIEDLAND, 15th *June*, 1807.

"MY FRIEND: I write you only a few words, for I am very tired. I have been bivouacking for several days. My children have worthily celebrated the anniversary of Marengo. The battle of Friedland will be just as celebrated and as glorious for my people. The whole Russian army routed, eighty guns captured, thirty thousand men taken prisoners or killed, with twenty-five generals; the Russian guard annihilated; it is the worthy sister of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. The bulletin will tell you the rest. My loss is not large. I successfully out-manœuvred the enemy.

"NAPOLEON."

PEACE OF TILSIT.

Friedland ended the war. Directly after the battle Napoleon went to Tilsit, which for the time was made neutral ground, and here he met the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and the map of Europe was made over.

The relations between the royal parties seem to have been for the most part amiable. Napoleon became, in fact, very fond of Alexander I. "Were he a woman I think I should make love to him," he wrote Josephine once. Alexander, young and enthusiastic, had a deep admiration for Napoleon's genius, and the two became good comrades. The King of Prussia, overcome by his losses, was a sorrowful figure in their company. It was their habit to go out every day at Tilsit on horseback, but the king was awkward, always crowding against Napoleon, beside whom he rode, and making his two companions wait for him to climb from the saddle when they returned.

Their dinners together were dull, and the emperors, very much in the style of two careless, fun-loving youths, bored by a solemn elderly relative, were accustomed after dinner to make excuses to go home early; but later they met at the apartments of one or the other, and often talked together until midnight.

Just before the negotiations were completed, Queen Louise arrived, and tried to use her influence with Napoleon to obtain at least Magdeburg. Napoleon accused the queen to Las Cases of trying to win him at first by a scene of high tragedy, but when they came to meet at dinner, her policy was quite another. "The Queen of Prussia dined with me to-day," wrote Napoleon to the empress on July 7th. "I had to defend myself against being obliged to make some further concessions to her husband; . . . " and the next day, "The Queen of Prussia is really charming; she is full of *coquetterie* towards me. But do not be jealous; I am an oilcloth, off which all that runs. It would cost me too dear to play the *galant*."

The intercessions of the queen really hurried on the treaty. When she learned that it had been signed, and her wishes not granted, she was indignant, wept bitterly, and refused to go to the second dinner to which Napoleon had invited her.

Alexander was obliged to go himself to decide her. After the dinner, when she withdrew, Napoleon accompanied her. On the staircase she stopped.

"Can it be," she said, "that after I have had the happiness of seeing so near me the man of the age and of history, I am not to have the liberty and satisfaction of assuring him that he has attached me for life? . . . "

"Madame, I am to be pitied," said the emperor gravely. "It is my evil star."

By the treaty of Tilsit the face of the continent was transformed. Prussia lost half her territory. Dantzic was made a free town. Magdeburg went to France. Hesse-Cassel and the Prussian possessions west of the Elbe went to form the kingdom of Westphalia. The King of Saxony received the grand duchy of Warsaw. Finland and the Danubian principalities were to go to Alexander in exchange for certain Ionian islands and the Gulf of Cattaro in Dalmatia.

Of far more importance than this change of boundaries was the secret treaty of Tilsit, wherein the two emperors pledged themselves to each other for nothing less than driving the Bourbons from Spain and the Braganzas from Portugal, and replacing them by Bonapartes; for giving Russia, Turkey in Europe, and as much of Asia as she wanted; for ending the temporal power of the Pope; for placing France in Egypt; for shutting the English from the Mediterranean; and for undertaking several other similar enterprises.

KING OF KINGS.

Napoleon's influence in Europe was now at its zenith. He was literally "king of kings," as he was popularly called, and the Bonaparte family was rapidly displacing the Bourbon. Joseph had been made King of Naples in 1806. Eliza was Princess of Lucques and Piombino. Louis, married to Hortense, had been King of Holland since 1806. Pauline had been the Princess Borghese since 1803; Caroline, the wife of Murat, was Grand Duchess of Cleves and Berg; Jerome was King of Westphalia; Eugene de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, was married to a princess of Bavaria.

The members of Napoleon's family were elevated only on condition that they rule strictly in accordance with his plans. The interior affairs of their kingdoms were in reality centralized in his hands as perfectly as those of France. He watched the private and public conduct of his kings and nobles, and criticised them with absolute frankness and extraordinary common sense. The ground on which he protected them is well explained in the following letter, written in January, 1806, to Count Miot de Melito:

> "You are going to rejoin my brother. You will tell him that I have made him King of Naples; that he will continue to be Grand Elector, and that nothing will be changed as regards his relations with France. But impress upon him that the least hesitation, the slightest wavering, will ruin him entirely. I have another person in my mind who will replace him should he refuse. . . . At present all feelings of affection yield to state reasons. I recognize only those who serve me as relations. My fortune is not attached to the name of Bonaparte, but to that of Napoleon. It is with my fingers and with my pen that I make children. To-day I can love only those whom I esteem. Joseph must forget all our ties of childhood. Let him make himself esteemed. Let him acquire glory. Let him have a leg broken in battle. Then I shall esteem him. Let him give up his old ideas. Let him not dread fatigue. Look at me; the campaign I have just terminated, the movement, the excitement, have made me stout. I believe that if all the kings of Europe were to coalesce against me, I should have a ridiculous paunch."

Joseph, bent on being a great king, boasted now and then to Napoleon of his position in Naples. His brother never failed to silence him with the truth, if it was blunt and hard to digest.

> "When you talk about the fifty thousand enemies of the queen you make me laugh. . . . You exaggerate the degree of hatred which the queen has left behind at Naples: you do not know mankind. There are not twenty persons who hate her as you suppose, and there are not twenty persons who would not surrender to one of her smiles. The strongest feeling of hatred on the part of a nation is that inspired by another nation. Your fifty thousand men are the enemies of the French."

With Jerome, Napoleon had been particularly incensed because of his marriage with Miss Patterson. In 1804 he wrote of that affair:

> ". . . Jerome is wrong to think that he will be able to count upon any weakness on my part, for, not having the rights of a father, I cannot entertain for him the feeling of a father; a father allows himself to be blinded, and it pleases him to be blinded because he identifies his son with himself. . . . But what am I to Jerome? Sole instrument of my destiny, I owe nothing to my brothers. They have made an abundant harvest out of what I have accomplished in the way of glory; but, for all that, they must not abandon the field and deprive me of the aid I have a right to expect from them. They will cease to be anything for me, directly they take a road opposed to mine. If I exact so much from my brothers who have already rendered many services, if I have abandoned the one who, in mature age (Lucien), refused to follow my advice, what must not Jerome, who is still young, and who is known only for his neglect of duty, expect? If he

does nothing for me, I shall see in this the decree of destiny, which has decided that I shall do nothing for him. . . ."

Jerome yielded later to his brother's wishes, and in 1807 was rewarded with the new kingdom of Westphalia. Napoleon kept close watch of him, however, and his letters are full of admirable counsels. The following is particularly valuable, showing, as it does, that Napoleon believed a government would be popular and enduring only in proportion to the liberty and prosperity it allowed the citizens.

"What the German peoples desire with impatience [he told Jerome], is that persons who are not of noble birth, and who have talents, shall have an equal right to your consideration and to public employment (with those who are of noble birth); that every sort of servitude and of intermediate obligations between the sovereign and the lowest class of the people should be entirely abolished. The benefits of the Code Napoleon, the publicity of legal procedure, the establishment of the jury system, will be the distinctive characteristics of your monarchy. . . . I count more on the effect of these benefits for the extension and strengthening of your kingdom, than upon the result of the greatest victories. Your people ought to enjoy a liberty, an equality, a well-being, unknown to the German peoples. . . . What people would wish to return to the arbitrary government of Prussia, when it has tasted the benefits of a wise and liberal administration? The peoples of Germany, France, Italy, Spain, desire equality, and demand that liberal ideas should prevail. . . . Be a constitutional king."

Louis in Holland was never a king to Napoleon's mind. He especially disliked his quarrels with his wife. The two young people had been married for state reasons, and were very unhappy. In 1807 Napoleon wrote Louis, apropos of his domestic relations, a letter which is a good example of scores of others he sent to one and another of his kings and princes about their private affairs.

"You govern that country too much like a Capuchin. The goodness of a king should be full of majesty. . . . A king orders, and asks nothing from any one. . . . When people say of a king that he is good, his reign is a failure. . . . Your quarrels with the queen are known to the public. You should exhibit at home that paternal and effeminate character you show in your manner of governing. . . . You treat a young wife as you would command a regiment. Distrust the people by whom you are surrounded; they are nobles. . . . You have the best and most virtuous of wives, and you render her miserable. Allow her to dance as much as she likes; it is in keeping with her age. I have a wife who is forty years of age; from the field of battle I write to her to go to balls, and you wish a young woman of twenty to live in a cloister, or, like a nurse, always washing her children. . . . Render the mother of your children happy. You have only one way of doing so, by showing her esteem and confidence. Unfortunately you have a wife who is too virtuous: if you had a coquette, she would lead you by the nose. But you have a proud wife, who is offended and grieved at the mere idea that you can have a bad opinion of her. You should have had a wife like some of those whom I know in Paris. She would have played you false, and you would have been at her feet. . . .

"NAPOLEON."

With his sisters he was quite as positive. While Josephine adapted herself with grace and tact to her great position, the Bonaparte sisters, especially Pauline, were constantly irritating somebody by their vanity and jealousy. The following letter to Pauline shows how little Napoleon spared them when their performances came to his ears:

"MADAME AND DEAR SISTER: I have learned with pain that you have not the good sense to conform to the manners and customs of the city of Rome; that you show contempt for the inhabitants, and that your eyes are unceasingly turned towards Paris. Although occupied with vast affairs, I nevertheless desire to make known my wishes, and I hope that you will conform to them.

"Love your husband and his family, be amiable, accustom yourself to the usages of Rome, and put this in your head: that if you follow bad advice you will no longer be able to count upon me. You may be sure that you will find no support in Paris, and that I shall never receive you there without your husband. If you quarrel with him, it will be your fault, and France will be closed to you. You will sacrifice your happiness and my esteem.

"BONAPARTE."

This supervision of policy, relations, and conduct extended to his generals. The case of General Berthier is one to the point. Chief of Napoleon's staff in Italy, he had fallen in love at Milan with a Madame Visconti, and had never been able to conquer his passion. In Egypt Napoleon called him "chief of the lovers' faction," that part of the army which, because of their desire to see wives or sweethearts, were constantly revolting against the campaign, and threatening to desert.

In 1804 Berthier had been made marshal, and in 1806 Napoleon wished to give him the princedom of Neufchatel; but it was only on condition that he give up Madame Visconti, and marry.

"I exact only one condition, which is that you get married. Your passion has lasted long enough. It has become ridiculous; and I have the right to hope that the man whom I have called my companion in arms, who will be placed alongside of me by posterity, will no longer abandon himself to a weakness without example. . . . You know that no one likes you better than I do, but you know also that the first condition of my friendship is that it must be made subordinate to my esteem."

Berthier fled to Josephine for help, weeping like a child; but she could do nothing, and he married the woman chosen for him. Three months after the ceremony, the husband of Madame Visconti died, and Berthier, broken-hearted, wrote to the Prince Borghese:

> "You know how often the emperor pressed me to obtain a divorce for Madame de Visconti. But a divorce was always repugnant to the feelings in which I was educated, and therefore I waited. To-day Madame de Visconti is free, and I *might* have been the happiest of men. But the emperor forced me into a marriage which hinders me from uniting myself to the only woman I ever loved. Ah, my dear prince, all that the emperor has done and may yet do for me, will be no compensation for the eternal misfortune to which he has condemned me."

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH IN 1807.

Never was Napoleon more powerful than at the end of the period we have been tracing so rapidly, never had he so looked the emperor. An observer who watched him through the Te Deum sung at Notre Dame in his honor, on his return from Tilsit, says: "His features, always calm and serious, recalled the cameos which represent the Roman emperors. He was small; still his whole person, in this imposing ceremony, was in harmony with the part he was playing. A sword glittering with precious stones was at his side, and the glittering diamond called the 'Regent' formed its pommel. Its brilliancy did not let us forget that this sword was the sharpest and the most victorious that the world had seen since those of Alexander and Cæsar."

Certainly he never worked more prodigiously. The campaigns of 1805–1807 were, in spite of their rapid movement,—indeed, because of it,—terribly fatiguing for him; that they were possible at all was due mainly to the fact that they had been made on paper so many times in his study. When he was Consul the only room opening from his study was filled with enormous maps of all the countries of the world. This room was presided over by a competent cartographer. Frequently these maps were brought to the study and spread upon the floor. Napoleon would get down upon them on all fours, and creep about, compass and red pencil in hand, comparing and measuring distances, and studying the configuration of the land. If he was in doubt about anything, he referred it to his librarian, who was expected to give him the fullest details.

Attached to his cabinet were skilful translators, whose business was not only to translate diplomatic correspondence, but to gather from foreign sources full information about the armies of his enemies. Méneval declares that the emperor knew the condition of foreign armies as well as he did his own.

The amount of information he had about other lands was largely due to his ability to ask questions. When he sent to an agent for a report, he rattled at him a volley of questions, always to the point; and the agent knew that it would never do to let one go unanswered.

While carrying on the German campaign of 1805–1807, Napoleon showed, as never before, his extraordinary capacity for attending to everything. The number of despatches he sent out was incredible. In the first three months of 1807, while he was in Poland, he wrote over seventeen hundred letters and despatches.

It was not simply war, the making of kingdoms, the direction of his new-made kings; minor affairs of the greatest variety occupied him. While at Boulogne, tormented by the failure of the English invasion and the war against Austria, he ordered that horse races should be established "in those parts of the empire the most remarkable for the horses they breed; prizes shall be awarded to the fleetest horses." The very day after the battle of Friedland, he was sending orders to Paris about the form and site of a statue to the memory of the Bishop of Vannes. He criticised from Poland the quarrels of Parisian actresses, ordered canals, planned there for the Bourse and the Odeon Theatre. This care of details went, as Pasquier says, to the "point of minuteness, or, to speak plainly, to that of charlatanism;" but it certainly did produce a deep impression upon France. That he could establish himself five hundred leagues from Paris, in the heart of winter, in a country encircled by his enemies, and yet be in daily communication with his capital, could direct even its least important affairs as if he were present, caused a superstitious feeling to rise in France, and in all Europe, that the emperor of the French people was not only omnipotent, but omnipresent.

THE WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF NAPOLEON.

THE STRANGE HISTORY OF A PRECIOUS RELIC.

By Baron de St. Pôl.

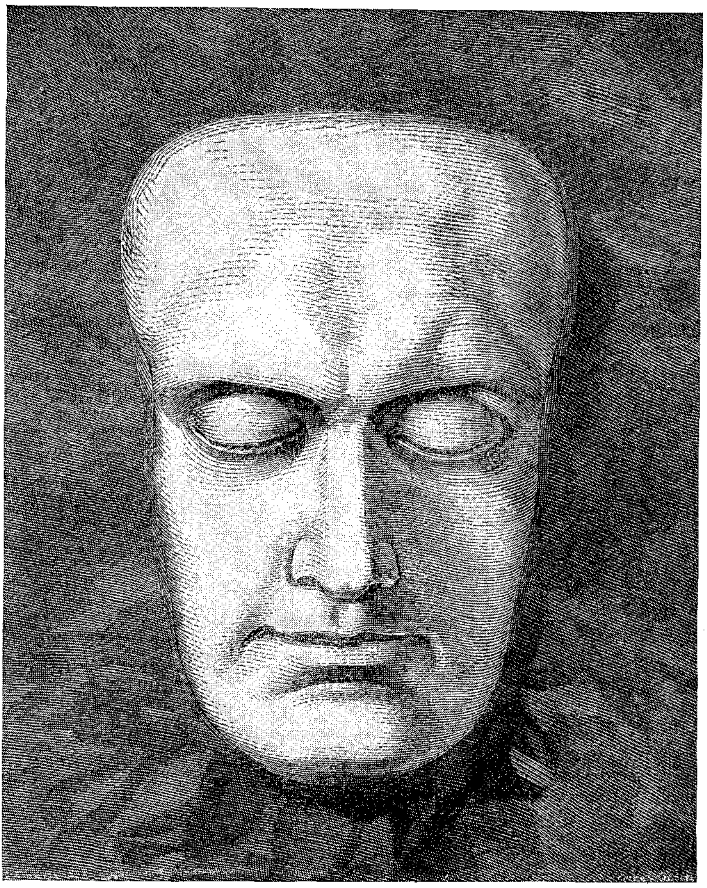
THIS document, practically *inédit*, is a rare and beautiful reproduction, in full face and in profile, of the real wax cast of the face and head of Napoleon I. It was engraved April 14, 1855, from a photograph taken the previous day by Bland & Sons, Fleet Street, London, the negative of which was destroyed.

But few of the memorials of Napoleon possess more dramatic interest than the wax cast in question. The average historical student knows that Dr. Arnott, who was representing Sir Hudson Lowe at the final scene, and who assisted Dr. Henry and Dr. Antommarchi at the dissection of the body, which took place early on the following morning, remained in the room with the dead body of the emperor during the night of the 5th of May; but what is not generally known is that Dr. Arnott, during two or three hours of the night, when left absolutely alone, made a cast, a solid wax cast, of the face of the emperor, which he sedulously concealed from everybody, even from Sir Hudson Lowe; and that the following morning the other doctors, and the faithful friends of the emperor, Count Bertrand, Count Montholon, and Marchand (the *valet de chambre* of Napoleon), perceiving that the face had been somewhat tampered with, a very hot discussion ensued before the taking of the plaster cast, Dr. Antommarchi accusing the English surgeon of treachery. And the accusation was more than merited, because, upon his return to Europe, Dr. Arnott hastened to Würtemberg, and offered the wax cast for sale to the king, father-in-law of King Jerome, the younger brother of Napoleon; and the work was so perfect, so beautiful, that he had no difficulty in securing three thousand pounds (fifteen thousand dollars) for it.

At the end of 1827, I forget the month, I think it was November, the wax cast was stolen from the palace of the king, and disappeared from public view until April, 1855, when a Captain Winneberger, a cashiered officer of the Bavarian army, with a very unsavory record, suddenly appeared in London with the wax cast, and exhibited it at 454 Oxford Street, attracting great crowds of people. Of course the French government at once had the case investigated, and the exhibited mask having been found to be the stolen relic, the captain was arrested. For want of proof of his complicity in the theft, Winneberger was released, and, furthermore, a sum of four thousand pounds (twenty thousand dollars) was paid to him for the return of the precious relic, which he had cleverly managed to conceal one hour before his arrest, very likely in collusion with the English detectives.

THE WRITER'S PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE CAST.

The cast was turned over to Jerome, who had hastened to London to take possession of it, and it remained his property until his death, when it reverted, by his will, to his nephew, the Emperor Napoleon III., who had paid from his own exchequer the ransom of four thousand pounds extorted by Winneberger. Prince Jerome prized this relic of his brother above all his other family souvenirs. It was still in his possession when I saw it for the first time, and I re-

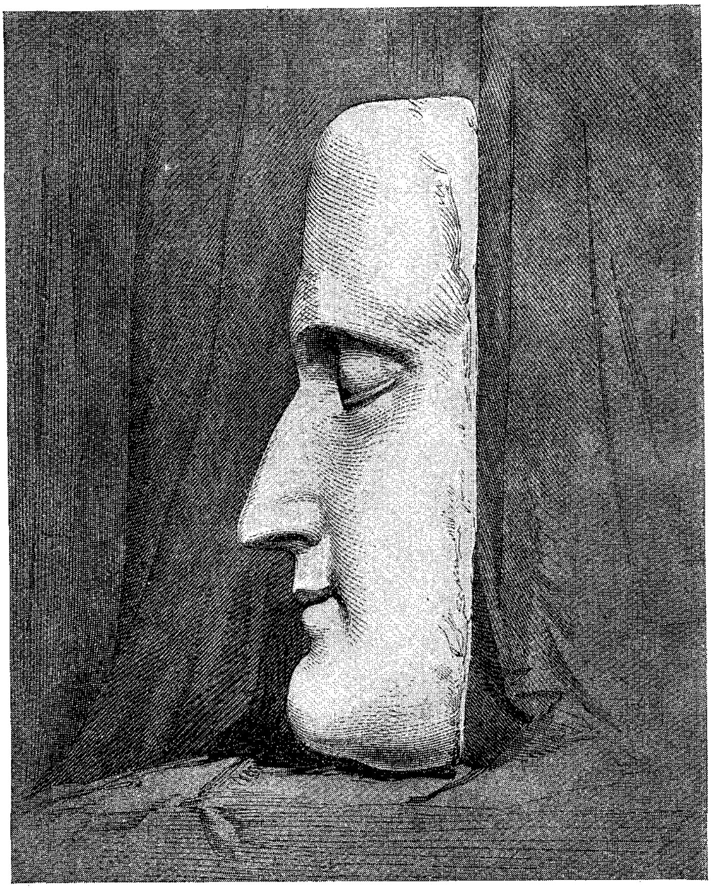


WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF NAPOLEON I.—FULL FACE.

member vividly, after a lapse of thirty-five years, with what emotion I opened, with my own hands, the queer-looking box containing the cast.

"It is a beautiful likeness of my brother," said the prince, who was at that moment looking himself very solemn; "and it was a great grief, a real blow to me, when some unknown criminal carried it away from Stuttgart. But now, since we have regained possession of it, there is no probability that we will lose it again." And leaning over the cast, he pointed out to me the presence of five short hairs imbedded in the wax on the left side, about three inches from the temple; they were as fine as silk, and only slightly faded.

On two subsequent occasions I was allowed by the prince to look again upon the marvellous likeness of the great emperor. The last time was shortly before the prince's death; and a few veterans, remnants of hundreds of battle-fields, who had served with distinction under his brother, were that day his guests at a luncheon, where I occupied near him a seat of honor on the occasion of my successful examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The brave General Pajol, a veteran of high repute, who had served under the emperor in different capacities since Austerlitz, and fought with the greatest gallantry during the one hundred days' campaign, was there; and, though usually a very calm and unemotional man, he exhibited that day, as did several of his comrades, the greatest feeling and passion when the box was opened, exclaiming in a voice nearly drowned in sobs: "Oh, yes! yes! it is like him! him!—our beloved and generous chief!" And looking around me at that moment, I saw tears, big tears, rolling down the weather-beaten cheeks of those sturdy men, relics themselves of another age—a real age of iron. Prince Jerome was also silently weeping. How extraordinary must have been the man who could instil such unbounded devotion and reverence into vast multitudes, and conquer so completely the



WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF NAPOLEON I.—IN PROFILE.

hearts of the noblest and bravest of a nation!

A little later, for a few years—from January, 1867, to January, 1870—I was the custodian of this interesting relic, and I had it in my own hands many times during the three years I passed under the roof of the Tuileries. It was contained in a rosewood box, known amongst us—the few privileged persons who had the entire confidence of the Emperor Napoleon III.—as the "casket." This was lined inside with metal, and was provided on the top with double glasses, which were very thick and fitted very tight. The cover was secured with a safety lock of ingenious device. The key was in my keeping.

The cast itself reposed upon a bed of white satin bordered with violet velvet strewed with the imperial bees, and the "casket" was under lock and key in a cabinet which was located on the left side of the huge desk of the emperor, between two deep windows overlooking the private garden of the palace. But having also the key of the cabinet at my disposal, I was at liberty to look at the cast at any time. I seldom indulged my curiosity, however, for the cast looked too "real" to make it a very pleasant pastime. I had strict orders never to exhibit it to the merely curious, and, as I had a perfect horror of such people, the rule was rigidly enforced.

The wax cast was burned, I suppose, with the Palace of the Tuileries, in 1871, or it may have been stolen again during the senseless and barbarian revelries of the Commune, by some "Communard," who hid it away, and who was perhaps shot himself when the army of Versailles stormed Paris, and the secret buried with him under the turf of the camp of Satory. Several times, during the dark days of exile upon British soil, the poor and unfortunate emperor mentioned to me the wax cast of his uncle, and twice told me that he looked at it for the last time the day before he left Paris for the camp of Chalons, never to return to the Tuileries again.

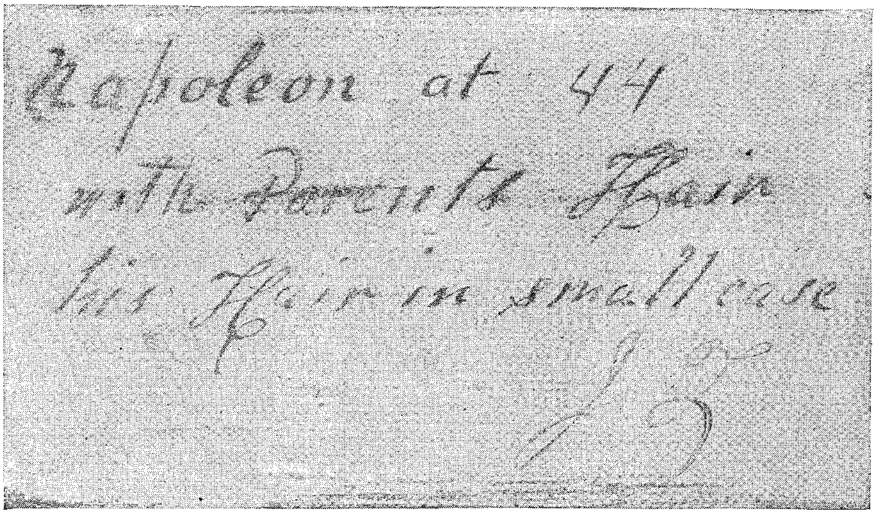
THE TRUMBULL PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

THE portrait of Napoleon, by John Trumbull, printed on the opposite page, and now published for the first time, is from an original drawn, presumably from life or memory, in 1808. In the original, which is part of the "Trumbull Gallery of Revolutionary Sketches," owned by Professor Ed. Frossard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the face is entirely in bold pen-and-ink work, with uniform and background finished in sepia. Under the bust is a locket containing a burning heart in a wreath of forget-me-nots, surrounded by a border of hair-work. Set in the frame beneath this is a smaller locket containing a bit of unwoven hair. On the back of the frame, which is of ebonized wood, eighteen by fifteen inches, is pasted a copy of the "New York Mirror," of August 16, 1823, containing anecdotes of Napoleon. In the upper left corner is pasted a piece of paper bearing the inscription in ink, written in Trumbull's own hand: "Napoleon at 44 with Parents Hair—his Hair in small case —J. T.;" from which it should seem that the hair in the woven border of the larger locket was that of one or the other, or both, of Napoleon's parents, and that the unwoven hair in the smaller locket was Napoleon's own.

The statement of the inscription, "Napoleon at 44," does not agree with the date on the picture, 1808, since Napoleon was not forty-four until 1813. The error is undoubtedly in the inscription, and is of a sort which anybody might fall into.

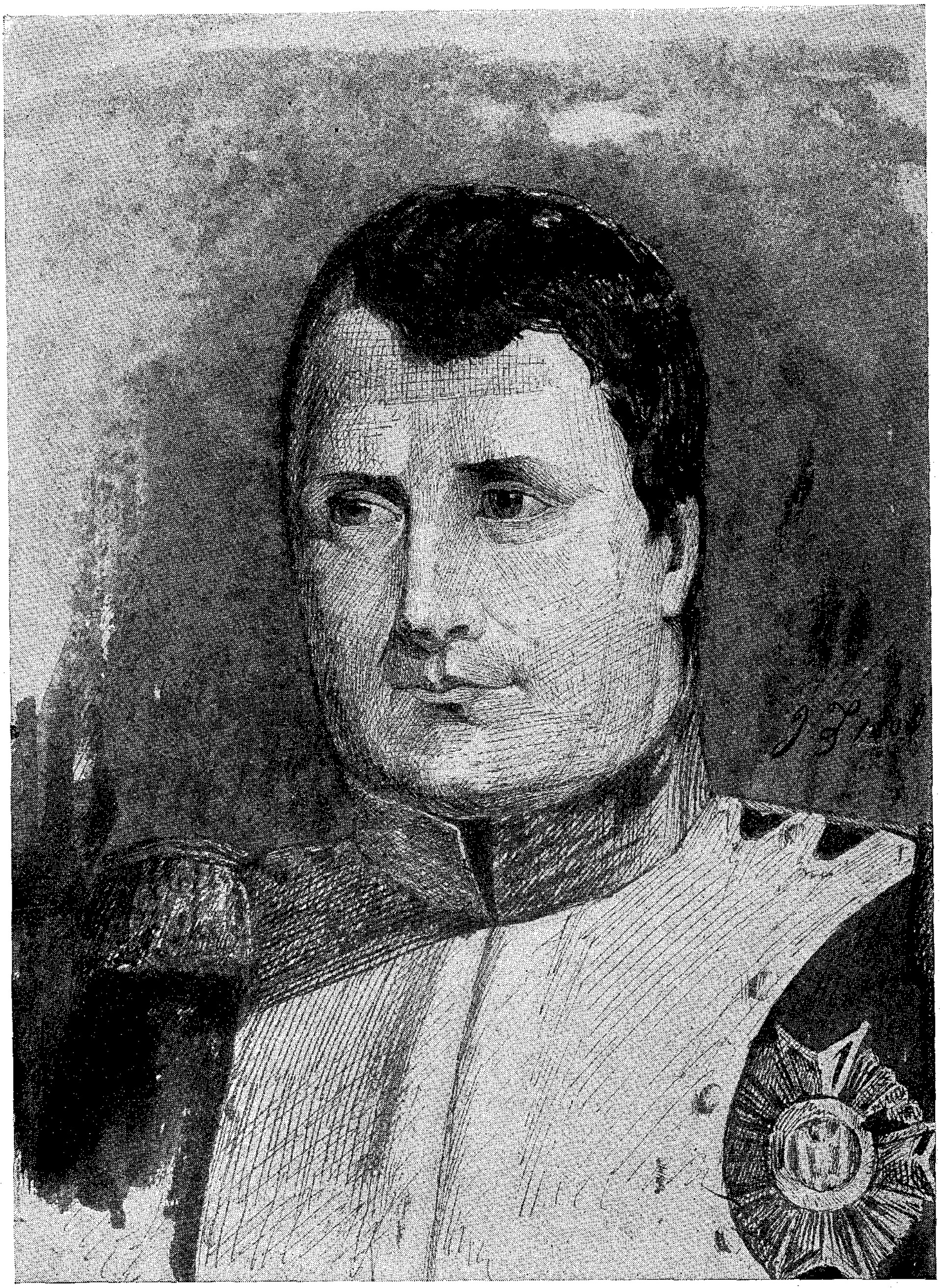
In making the portrait of Napoleon, it is not unlikely that Trumbull drew a face studied from life, though the production may have been, probably was, from memory. On several occasions he spent some time in Paris, where he enjoyed the friendship of the best people in official and artistic circles. On one occasion he dined with Talleyrand, and talked with Lucien Bonaparte, who sat beside him at table, "on the subject of his brother's wonderful success." When the Revolution was at its height, and all strangers were under suspicion, he was helped to a passport and safe conduct out of Paris by his intimate friend David, the same David whose portraits of Napoleon, painted from life, are so interesting a part of the remarkable collection now publishing in this magazine. It is not at all unlikely, therefore, that Trumbull had opportunities to study the living features of Napoleon; and, such opportunities occurring, he was not the man to neglect them. But, however produced, the portrait is certainly one of peculiar interest and value.

The original portrait is but lately dis-



Napoleon at 44
with Parents Hair
his Hair in small case
J T

FACSIMILE OF NOTE ON THE BACK OF TRUMBULL'S PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.



NAPOLEON. DRAWN BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

Signed "J. T. 1808."

covered, and its history is a little obscure; but there is no reason to doubt its authenticity. Besides the testimony of the inscription in Trumbull's own hand, and the judgment of experts to whom the drawing has been submitted, that it is unquestionably Trumbull's work, there is further testimony to its genuineness in what is certainly known of Trumbull's life and methods. Trumbull was before all else a portrait painter, and he especially delighted in portraying the soldiers and statesmen with whom his own remarkably active career brought him into contact. Nor was it only the public men of his own country that attracted him. In the Trumbull collection preserved at Yale College is a portrait of the Duke of Wellington by him.

THE ROMANCE OF DULLTOWN.

By James W. Temple.

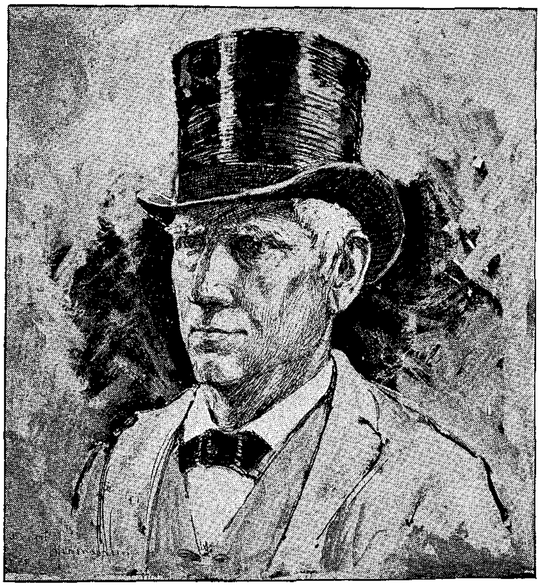
I.

DULLTOWN, as any tyro in geography can tell, is a village of a few hundred inhabitants, situated on the line of the X. X. L. Railroad, in the County of Blank, and State of Incognito. To describe it as a real-estate agent would do, it is the centre of a fine agricultural region, and a trading point of no mean order, judged by the staples shipped from its depot, and the merchandise sold by its several "stores" to the country people located near it. It has the regulation supply of shops, offices, and warehouses; its churches, its schools, its fine residences and humble cottages. It numbers among its population its rich man, its well-to-do tradesmen, its day-laborers, its loafers. It has its preachers, its doctors, its teachers; it has its local politicians, its office-seekers, its cranks, its weather prophets, its orators for Fourth-of-July demands and other great occasions. It has its little local squabbles, its professional jealousies, its commercial rivalries. It has its milliners, its dressmakers, its fashionable coteries and their humble imitators. It has its elections, on which days society is stirred to its profoundest depths by the struggles of Smith, Brown, and Jones to become constable, justice, assessor, or collector. It also takes a live part in greater affairs, and sends its three or four delegates to county conventions with commendable punctuality.

If, all these pointers having been given, the intelligent reader cannot locate the village or town in the writer's mind, he must be dull indeed. He can have no more data from me. It is quite possible, however, that different persons will locate it differently as I go on with an analysis of some of the peculiarities of its prominent citizens.

First, that we may show a proper respect for wealth, let us commence with the rich man of the town.

This important personage, who has now retired from active commercial pursuits, and is in the enjoyment of a dignified old age, came to the County of Blank in its early settlement. Having a little money and much shrewdness, he decided that breaking prairie and raising stock was a slow way to wealth; so he established a country store, where he could enjoy a monopoly of the trade, and whatever percentage he chose to ask on his sales, which simplified merchandising very much in those early days. He also invested some spare money in buying tax titles, having the good luck thereby to become the owner of several pieces of land forfeited by their former owners, under pressure of the times, to the inevitable tax laws. He also gave credit, and even made small loans, at big interest, to several farmers who owned exceptionally good farms in his vicinity, but were poor calculators; and when the times of settlement came, and the debtors failed to pay, further obliged them by extending the time, on their executing certain mortgages to secure the same, which mortgages generally swallowed farms and improvements when the times got bad, as they usually did in those days. These farms, thus falling into his hands, he either sold again, partly on time, with mortgage to secure the balance, or rented to tenants, taking, to secure the rent, chattel mortgages on the crops and teams of his renters; so that, let crops succeed or fail, he

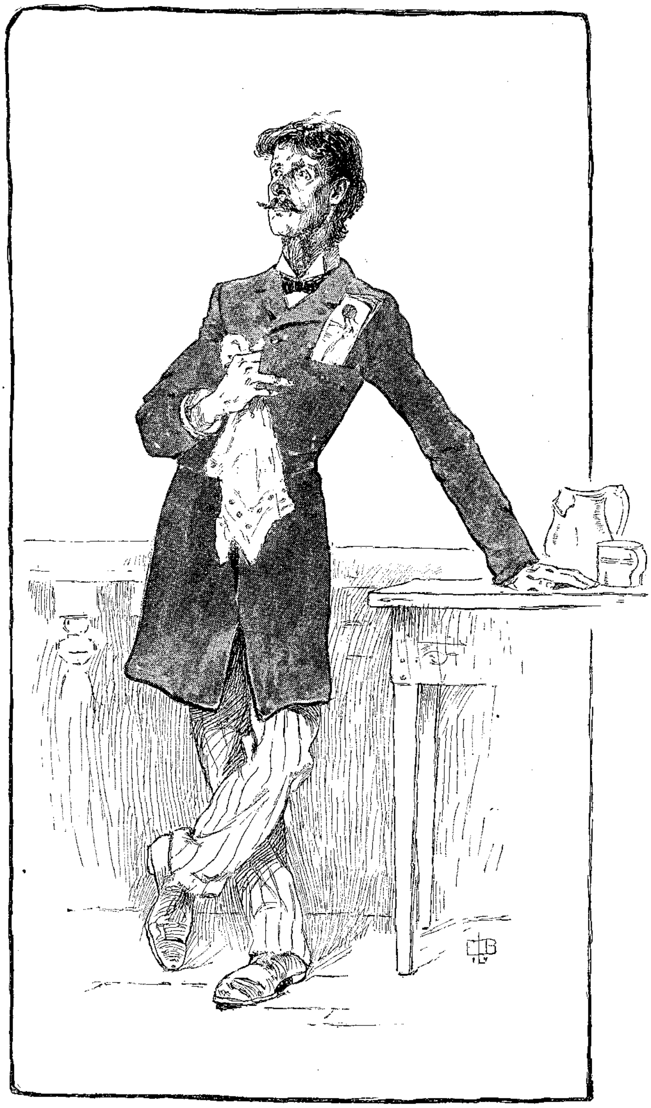


DULLTOWN'S RICH MAN.

was safe; and, in fact, a failure of buyer or tenant was better to him than their success. So, in a few years he quit merchandising, and set up as banker—loaned money, shaved notes, bought and sold farms—and is now retired from active business, unless collecting rents and cutting coupons be called such, and is reaping the rewards of a well-spent life in the deference and dependence of hosts of his old neighbors, though some are ill-natured enough to associate his name with that of one Shylock of Shakespearian memory; but there are envious men everywhere, as also there are men who *will* call a spade a spade.

It would give me great pleasure to go on describing other residents of Dulltown, if I did not fear to bore the reader. I should like to describe its one lawyer, whose principal forte it was to stir up litigation in the neighborhood. I should like to sketch the two justices of the peace, dignified as owls, and as ignorant of law, but with fairly good judgment to get at the equity of cases, unless befogged by the lawyers. I should like to describe the preachers, who, filling their several appointments, came every two years, full of energy and purpose to do much good, but who found themselves confronted at the start by quarrelsome cliques within their own churches, and petty jealousies, bickerings, and scandals without, which neutralized their best efforts at reform; while social life had its castes, its "sets," and its ostracisms, which no merit in the individual, nor interest in the cause, could combat. I could describe, also, that ubiquitous personage, the "fast" young man, who punctually put in an appearance every evening at the corner restaurant, or ogled young ladies on their way to church; who, in spite of the care of the authorities, found means to keep his flask filled—and emptied—every day, and became eloquent and melodious frequently, as well as erratic in his locomotion on Saturday evenings; also that class of hangers-on of the village who seemed to have no visible means of support—those unsolved conundrums of every community, who "toil not, neither do they spin," but yet contrive to keep fat and sleek.

I could describe another class—most active in the village life of Dulltown—that class of self-constituted censors of public morals, whose duty and pleasure it seems to be to watch over the affairs of other people, much gratified to find a screw loose, or a flaw somewhere, in the running-gears of the social machine. Indeed, so zealous do they become that they grow prophetic, predicting evils they can't see; and, like the shrewd dentist in his work, if they find no cavities, try to make them. They have capital noses for faults—they assign discreditable causes for actions, good or bad; if frailty claim a victim, they "suspicioned it long ago;" if misfor-

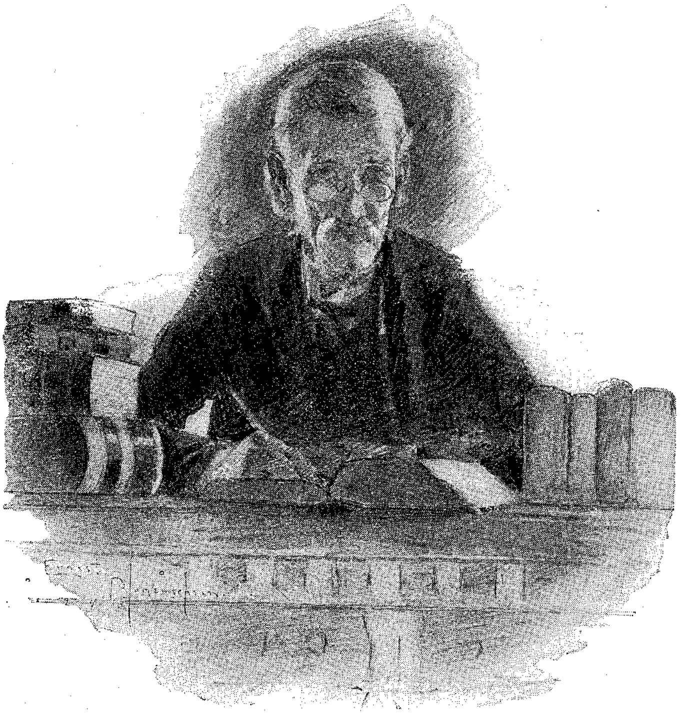


DULLTOWN'S LAWYER.

tune overtake a neighbor, they had looked for it from his foolish management. To be first to unearth a slander, and to variegate it with fanciful decorations, is, as Scott says, the “very skimming of their life's cream.”

But all these pointers will help the reader little to locate Dulltown. There are several villages we know of, possessed of like citizens; and the reader will feel like calling the writer to time, and bidding him quit generalities and “drive on with his wagon.”

Well, Dulltown had its romance. Start not, incredulous reader! It is not alone the unexpected, but the improbable, that happens. Was it “probable” that a tanner of Galena, or a sheriff of Buffalo, a rail-splitter of Illinois, or a canal-boat boy of Ohio, would fill the world's highest places? Was any “good” expected to “come out of Nazareth”? So a romance is possible anywhere, even in Dulltown. For the ingredients of romance are everywhere, if properly mixed. What are they? Youth, love, ambition, hope, success. Given a poor but gallant youth for a lover; a lovely, romantic maiden, with regulation blue or hazel or dark eyes; a hard, worldly father; opportunity, in the shape of “village sociables,” or other levelling and democratic assemblages, where “the rich and the poor meet together,” and “the Lord is the father of them all,” as the Bible says, to illustrate the levelling function of such meetings; and you have material for a romance, even in the Dulltowns of the world.

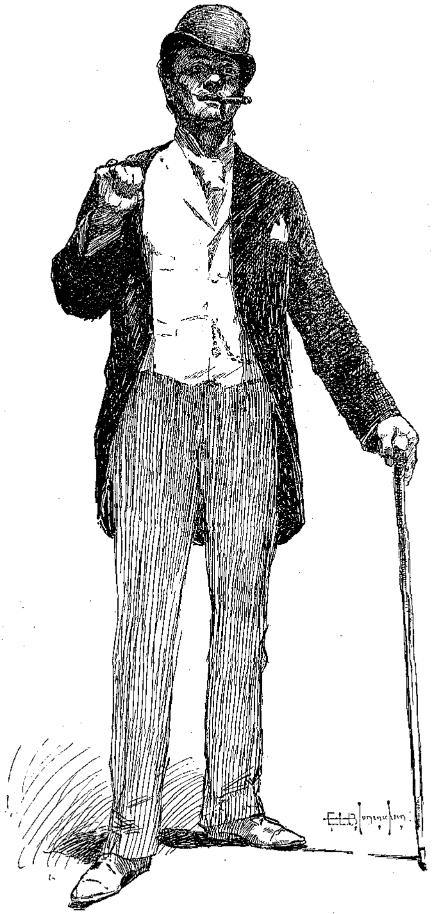

A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

So we will prepare to mix our ingredients. Perhaps the incantation of Macbeth's witches would be a good introduction: “Double, double, toil and trouble.” But it needs no mystic rhyme. “Trouble” will “double” fast enough of its own motion in such cases as this. But we will artfully adjourn our story here to the next chapter.

II.

The Widow Brown moved into Dulltown one cold day in November of I forget what year. But no matter. “Time is not the essence of my contract.” It is more essential to say that the Widow Brown was, as a neighbor said, “poor as p'ison.” (This neighbor was of the class before mentioned, who deemed it their special duty to know just how poor their new neighbor was.) But poor she was, there's no denying; else she had not taken such a poor house on a back street of Dulltown, and immediately given out that she wanted work to keep her family, consisting of herself and three children. She proved to be a good needle-woman, and soon obtained work enough to keep the wolf from the door —which is easier to do in the West, even where wolves are plenty, than in big Eastern cities, they say.

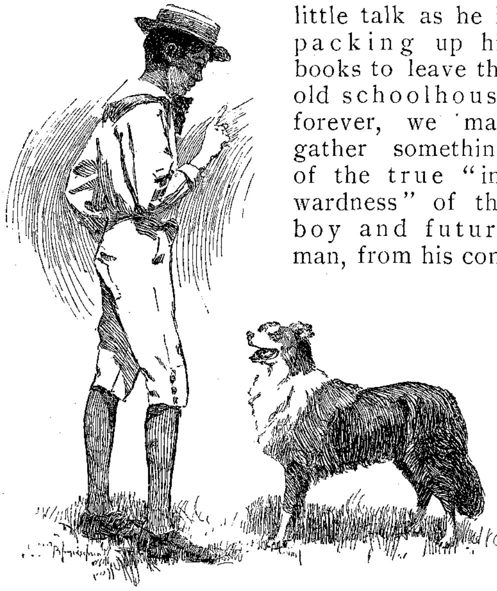
Then, she sent her two biggest children to school. John, her oldest hopeful, was sturdy, rollicking, ragged “chunk of a boy” of twelve,—ragged, but clean and well groomed; and, somehow, his rags didn't “sit heavy on his soul,” to the inculcating of undue humility, for before the first school-day was over he had “licked” the son of the principal merchant in the place for making some "profane and facetious remarks," as Nasby would say, on the cut and quality of his (Johnny Brown's) trousers and jacket. The fact that the merchant's boy was a year his senior, and the bully of the school, at once made young Johnny "loved, feared, and respected" by his mates—a condition some philosopher pronounces the most desirable one possible in this vale of tears. At all events, Johnny's ragged jacket didn't ostracise him in the school; and on the playground a certain indefinable quality of leadership asserted itself, but in so pleasant and jolly a way that very few felt called upon to make head against it.



THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

Then, Johnny Brown had a peculiar and original way of mastering his schoolbooks that was rather remarkable in Dulltown. For it had been customary there, as elsewhere, for pupils to depend on their teachers to "punch 'em up," as the directors expressed it; and they had got so used to the punching-up process, and had considered it so good-natured on their part towards their teachers to learn at all, even with all the encouragement those unfortunates could give them, that they looked on Johnny's *voluntary* learning of a lesson as little less than "flat burglary;" and some of the boldest took occasion to remonstrate with him for truckling so much to "old Whackem," the master. But Johnny had his own notions on this, as on most matters. Besides, he had a little mother at home whom he cared more to please than all the people of Dulltown combined; and this unreasonable little body had, despite her poverty, presumed to entertain hopes and ambitions for her curly-headed boy that would have shocked the placid brains of her neighbors almost into mental activity had they known of them. And at the base of her plans in the boy's behalf lay a thorough education. She knew that this, of all earthly attainments, is the greatest leveller of human distinctions, the greatest help for poverty to rise to rank and affluence; and she, a poor needle-woman, and, on occasion, a washwoman, had the audacity to hope (within her own bosom) for such a career for her Johnny as would have surprised, and, indeed, ill pleased, some of her patrons to whom he brought home budgets of work done by his hard-working mother.

But we will skip five years in our narrative, only stopping to observe that our hero, Johnny Brown, had in that growing period shot up from a sturdy, curly-headed urchin of twelve, to a rather tall, awkward youngster of seventeen, as self-reliant, but much more bashful, than on the day he entered school at Dulltown. It was his good luck that the school was presided over during those years by a really capable teacher, who accepted John's unusual capacity as a relief from the pond of mediocrity in which he was condemned to paddle, and had extended the range of his studies much beyond the usual limits of a district school. To compensate for this out-of-hours instruction, Johnny had hoed out the "professor's" garden, chopped wood for him winters, and generally paid back in such currency as he had in hand for the loan of books, mostly mathematical, and of practical value to a young man who had it in view to "make his brains help his hands." For John was what is called a "handy lad" with tools; and what he lost in the opinion of the Dulltown folk on the score of being a crank about "book larnin'," he partly redeemed by his skill in making a bob-sled, or repairing his mother's fences and sheds. And now, on the last day of school, if we will listen to a



JOHNNY.

little talk as he is packing up his books to leave the old schoolhouse forever, we may gather something of the true "inwardness" of the boy and future man, from his conversation with a schoolmate nearly as old as himself, but certainly a thousand times prettier. She is the youngest daughter of the aforesaid rich man of the village, and we will call her Mary Van Gould, which is not a bit like her real name, but hath a moneyed sound to it, and will pass as well as another.

"Well, John," she is saying, "I suppose to-day ends your school-days among us,"—this with a half-suppressed sigh, and a rather suspicious downcasting of a pair of tell-tale eyes which the owner is determined shall tell nothing.

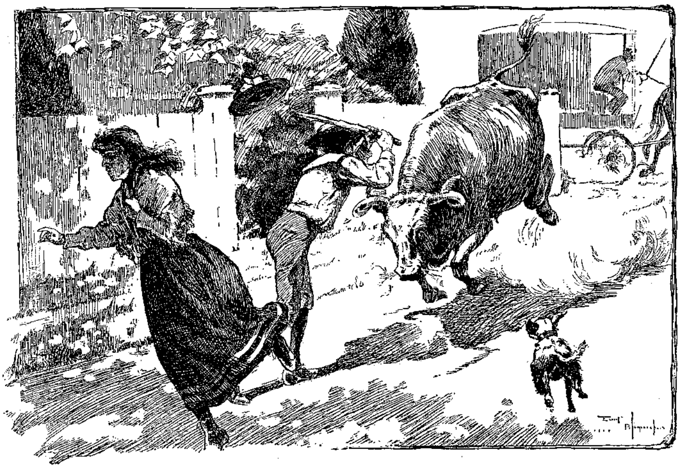
"Yes, Miss Van Gould," John replies, "I guess I'll have to quit studying and go to work. I should have done so a year ago, but mother wanted me to finish up surveying and trigonometry; and I was weak enough, besides, to hate to leave the school for more reasons than one," he sheepishly added. If he had been a little bolder-eyed, he might have seen a little flush and pleased smile on Mary's face as she suddenly turned away to pick up a book she didn't want a bit. But just then *he*, too, was blushing, and as anxious to hide his confusion as the lady; so no harm came of it.

But, as usual, the lady recovered herself first. "And what's your programme next, John?" she asked, with an attempted indifference in her tone that wasn't a very brilliant success; for a suspicious moisture in her eyes made her turn round again to hunt for another book. (Oh, fie! what would Mrs. Grundy of Dulltown, or what would the stately father, the gold-spectacled, dignified ex-banker and present millionaire, have thought, to have seen that tear?)

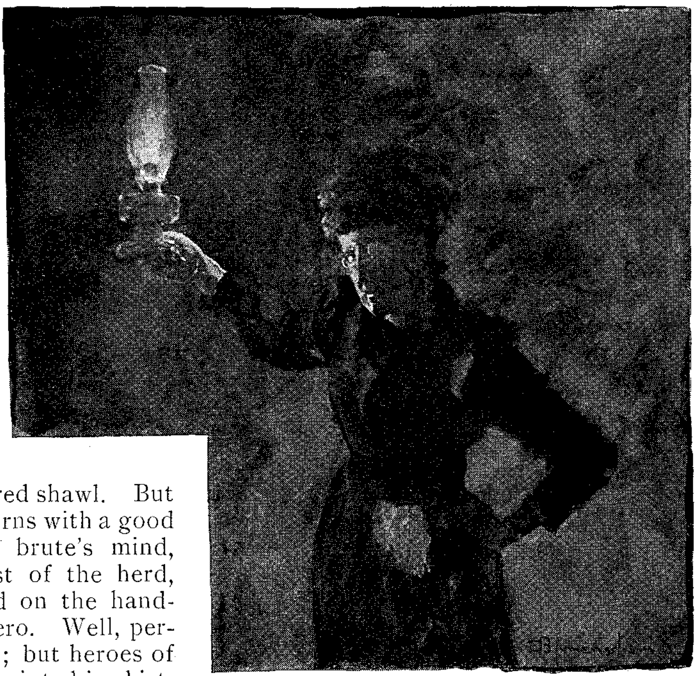
But nobody saw it; and, as I said before, no harm was done. And John went on blunderingly to tell that he hoped to obtain employment in a machine-shop in a neighboring city. He *had* thought of going to college; but lack of means, and a desire to help the folks at home a little, had determined him to seek paying work, with such chance of promotion as he might deserve. "I have taxed my mother's slender purse too long," he said; though everybody knew he had helped her every way he could, and only continued in school so long at her urgent prayer; "and now," said he, "I feel like trying my fate, and seeing whether there's anything in me that pluck and push will work out."

"Oh, John, I'm *sure* there is!" the girl answered eagerly, and then blushed at her own forward defence. "And," she continued, "you may be sure that—that you have friends here who will pray—who will heartily wish you all success, and believe in you to the end."

Now, if John had been a little more forward, and pressed things skilfully, he might, in that girl's impressible mood, have got something more explicit; but nothing was farther from his hopes and wishes. He was a poor boy, with his place in the world to make. He had nothing to



STICK IN HAND, HE GOT BETWEEN HER AND A VICIOUS STEER.



THE CENSOR OF PUBLIC MORALS.

offer. The pretty girl before him, generous and kindly as she was, was as far separated from him as the antipodes. He had helped her in her lessons, schoolboy fashion; he had on one occasion stood between her and considerable danger, when a herd of Texas steers were charging through the street where she was walking to school—a thing he thought little of, as, stick in hand, he got between her and a vicious steer that developed hostile intentions towards her red shawl. But when a sound lick on the horns with a good shillelah had changed the brute's mind, and sent him after the rest of the herd, Mary, pale as death, looked on the handsome youngster as a real hero. Well, perhaps he was, as heroes go; but heroes of romance are not generally painted in shirt-sleeves, with a torn straw hat on their heads, and in patched trousers. No, she must have been mistaken. Yet the silly girl couldn't get it out of her mind (and heart), that he *was* a hero; and schoolgirls take to heroes as ducks to water, as all the world knows.

Well, John and Mary parted there, with a hand-shake and a good-by, as hundreds of Johns and Marys have and will; and Mary went home to her father's elegant mansion to dream of heroes and stout boys with sticks in their hands, standing between her and danger, and then of tall, bashful youths, with unmistakable sprouting mustachios and handsome eyes, albeit they but furtively glance from under a rather fluffy hat. And John went out into the big world, with a brave heart, to try and prove himself a man.

III.

Time flies. Gentle reader, this is not an original remark. In fact, its authorship is lost in the mists of antiquity; though there has not been an age in which the essential fact it records has not been repeated in varied shape, all either reasserting or moralizing upon the fugacious character of Time.

So we will suppose the old high-flyer to have made the circuit of three years. Dulltown has held the even tenor of its way while the seasons and the almanac have marked every citizen of that placid village three years older. No, not all. There are certain persons whose age does not always tally with the almanac or the family record; that is, the age they give to a curious public. These individuals, unmarried ladies generally, sometimes fail to note the earth's revolutions round the sun; but "the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges," and he has a subtle engraver, who fails not to mark his work on cheek and brow.

But to our heroine, Mary Van Gould, Time was nothing but kind. Since she had been a schoolgirl he had much improved her form, filled her cheeks, and painted them the most approved color; had given her eyes more beauty and expression, though of a more sad and thoughtful kind; and her mind had overcome the depressing influence of Dulltown society. She was the companion and joy of her father, who lacked companionship sadly since his wife had sickened and died—a prey to the universal stagnation, some said. It is a sad sight when man and wife are not society for each other. This pair had never been. He had married her for her wealth, but he got no companionship; for, though a good woman, her mind was weak and uncultivated. His library was nothing to her, nor his conversation, being often beyond her range. God help the man and wife who have no common interests to bind them together, yet are doomed to pass their lives thrown upon themselves for society!

But Mary took the place his wife was unfitted for, and became his pride, his joy, his all, as she grew older. Need it be said he grew anxious about her marrying and leaving him alone some day? And yet he was comforted by noting that, while she was pleasant and kind to all, no "bright, particular star" seemed to rise over her horizon; no one more than another of the youth of Dulltown received favor at her hands. And the old millionaire wondered at this not a little. She was young, healthy, fair, and his destined heiress. And yet she was entering her nineteenth year with a heart as indifferent as when a schoolgirl to those attractions which mean so much to young girls generally.

But one day his eyes were opened, for he had sharp eyes where his interests were touched. For one day Johnny Brown came home from New York to visit his mother and the scenes of his youth. He had gone away a stalwart lad; he came back a handsome, manly youth of past twenty, with the marks of toil and success plainly to be read on his person and in his air. Those hands had been intimate with hammer and wrench, bar and lever. His eye had the mechanical cast soon acquired by the worker in metals; his arms, the muscle of the athlete. He was a fine specimen of an intelligent American machinist; and no mother could have taken back to her arms a manlier or a more welcome wanderer from the home of his youth.

Well, John stayed at home a few weeks, visiting his friends, and welcomed by all, both as a relief from the monotony of Dulltown, and from the really friendly feeling with which every community welcomes back those who go out into the world and play a manly part therein. And there was no more appreciative or closely observant acquaintance than the ex-banker, Mr. Van Gould. His judgment of men was shrewd and unerring. He took pains to engage John in conversation—to question him on matters of business, of observation, of principle, of opinion. In fact, in his quiet way, he had thoroughly "sized up" our hero before the latter mistrusted that it was *he*, instead of his news, Mr. Van Gould was weighing. And after John had gone back to his duties in New York, to take up again his life's work, nobody in Dulltown ever suspected that the shrewd old man had inventoried him and laid him away labelled for future reference.

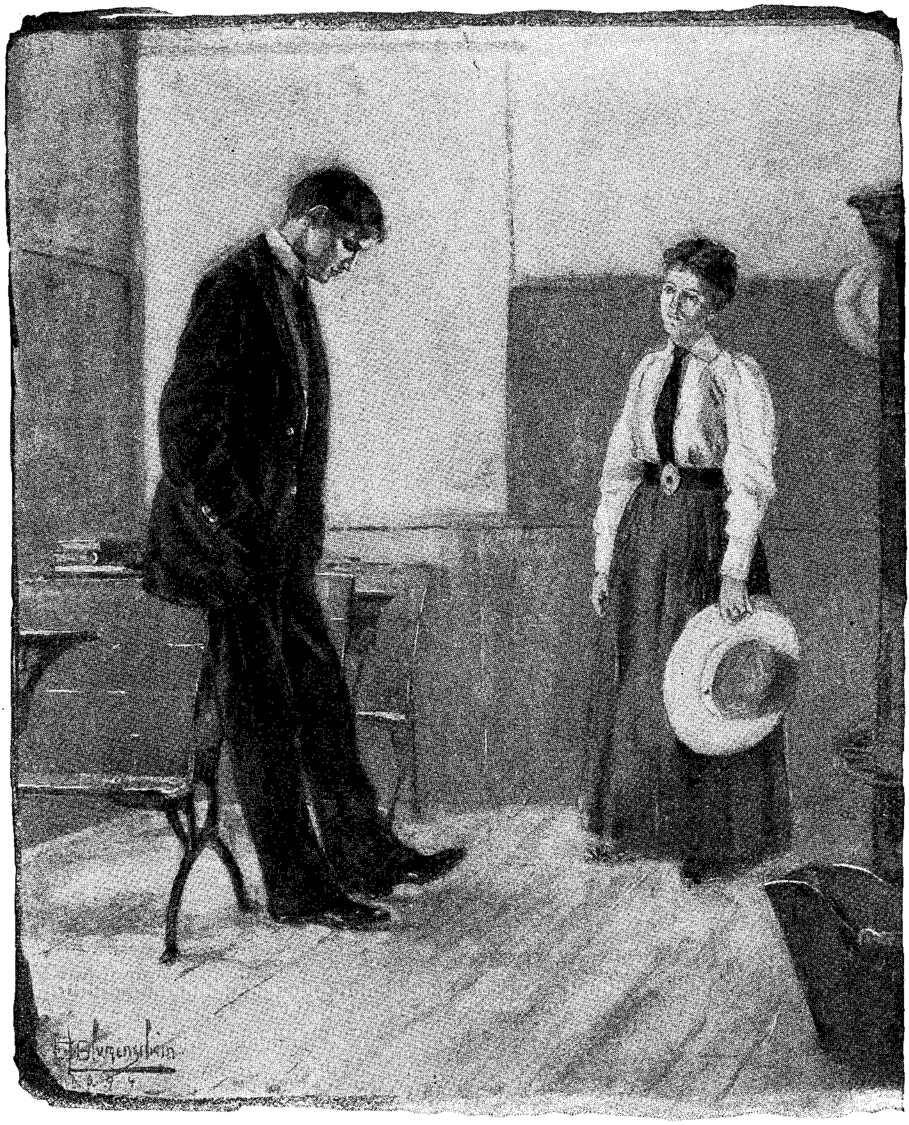
But of this hereafter. John and Mary met, of course, during those precious few weeks. And, as it is not in our plan to give details of love-making, which you can get from any well-constructed modern novel, I will only say that before they parted they were sworn lovers, and this despite the fact that there was a million or so dollars between them.

But they mutually agreed that it would be better not to let their engagement be known. They dreaded the opposition of her father; they knew the barrier fate had placed between them, and knew, also, that many years must elapse before young Brown could hope, with the best luck, to win means enough to demand the millionaire's daughter, with any prospect of success.

So it was a sad parting, but courageous, on both sides. Yet, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It was not many months before the keen eyes of the father noted a careworn look on his daughter's pretty face, and the fact that this look became more marked after the advent of the mails. He took the precaution to step to the post-office himself for the family mail, which his daughter had generally brought, and he noticed that when letters bearing a New York postmark were received by her, they were succeeded by a nervous depression she took much pains to hide.

So he proceeds to take his measures with a diabolical cunning worthy of a Malvolio. He first makes an errand to the Widow Brown's cottage. He contracts for the making of some articles of clothing, and, as he is about leaving, asks: "Ah, by the way, do you hear anything from your son John lately, madam?" He is surprised to see the widow burst into tears, and to hear her tell that a fire in his employer's factory had destroyed the plant, and all his own investment as a part owner of the stock therein, leaving John broken up, as well as thrown out of employment. And the good lady was surprised to see a hard smile pass over the millionaire's stern face, a smile of gratified malice, she was sure; and she could be sworn she heard a laugh as he stumbled down-stairs, and a remark that "it served them right, trying to deceive her old gray-haired father!"

And here the "Romance of Dulltown" properly commences, and we will warrant it to be the "first and only" romance of the kind ever recorded, so far as our researches in the much-trodden fields of fiction reveal. For, what does that inhuman



"I WAS WEAK ENOUGH, BESIDES, TO HATE TO LEAVE SCHOOL FOR MORE REASONS THAN ONE."

parent do? He seizes her next letter, breaks the seal, reads the direction, and, I shame to say it, the contents, which were as follows:

NEW YORK, *July* 4, 18—

DEAREST MARY:

Since I wrote you last week, my affairs have taken a still more decided turn for the worse. I had hope at that date, as I told you, that my partners might save enough out of the wreck to enable us to rebuild and go on with our work; but since then, by the defection of one and the indebtedness of another, our enterprise is dead beyond hope.

Dear Mary, I write this in more pain than you can imagine. It is not the loss itself that crushes me, but the utter hopelessness of starting again with a reasonable chance of succeeding in a good many years. I will not deceive you. I am ruined financially, beyond hope of recovery until after long years of toil, and perhaps disappointment in the end. I cannot, as an honorable man, ask you to wait for me. When I *had* a bright prospect ahead of me, with the promise you gave me to cheer and uphold me, no man ever worked harder or more hopefully. Now I see no prospect of succeeding; and, dear as you are to me, bound up in every hope, ambition, or dream of happiness I have had on earth for years, I cannot hold you to a promise to which your heart, more than your best judgment, prompted you. Dear Mary, I give that promise back. It would be wronging you, wronging your father, nay, it would be wronging myself, to hold you on for years, hoping against hope, till the best part of your life had been lost to you, and the roses had faded from your cheeks and the joy from your life.

Mary, God only knows the pain with which I give you up! Your image has been before me ever since I left the school where we parted on the last day of the term, when I was to go forth, a green boy, to fight my way in the world. And when you so kindly gave me your "God speed" I went out to my task as bravely as ever went belted knight to win honor or his lady's favor. I knew, even then, what you were to me; but I trust I had honor enough not to try to commit you, who were so much above me in station, to any words which might seem to bind you, although even then I hoped you might not be indifferent to me. But when I seemed to be in a sure way to rise in the world; when I came back to Dulltown and found you so much lovelier than I had ever dreamed of, and, better still, as true and good as you were fair; I felt that such good fortune was beyond my deserts—that it could not be that a poor widow's son was the chosen lover of such a one as my Mary! It was too good to hope or believe, and I fear it was better than I deserved; for the fates have but given me a view of the Promised Land, to hide it again in clouds where no ray of light can penetrate.

Dear Mary, you are free. Forget me and be happy. Or remember me as one who, while he would gladly die to secure your happiness, cannot deceive you with vain hopes into wasting your youth waiting for

Your ruined and hopeless bankrupt,
JOHN BROWN.

This he reads with many a "hem!" and has to wipe his glasses two or three times, because either his indignation or some other feeling is getting away with him. Then, closing the letter and sealing it carefully, that his much-abused daughter may not suspect that it has been tampered with, he sits down and in cold blood writes to the lover of that daughter a letter, of which the following is a copy:

DULLTOWN, BLANK COUNTY, STATE OF ——
JOHN BROWN, ESQ:

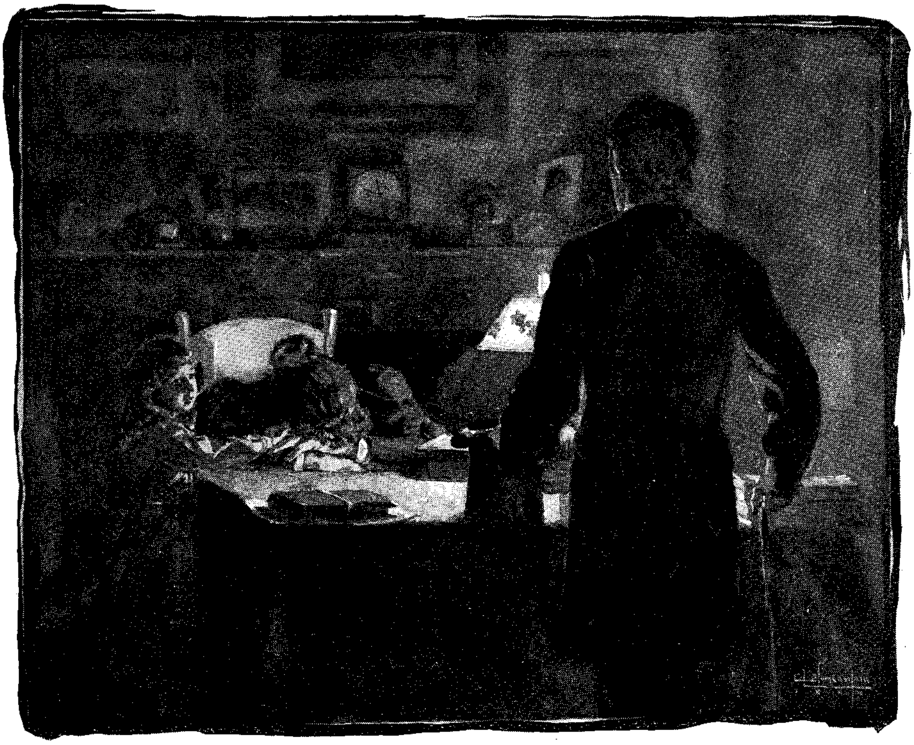
Dear Sir: Having found out—no matter how, but not from my unnatural daughter—that you and she have conspired to rob me of the one treasure I value in this world; but also that you, a co conspirator as aforesaid, have acted what the world might call an honorable part therein; now this is to inform you that, as long as you two are so silly as to like each other, and as I find you to be a bright and honorable young fellow, you have my full consent to marry whenever you choose, with an old man's blessing to boot. But I make it one of the conditions precedent, that if you *will* go into your dirty manufacturing business, it shall be in this county, where I can live near you, and still attend to my business.

N. B. My daughter shall receive a check for one hundred thousand dollars on the day of her marriage, which I hope will be soon, for I want to see the roses bloom in those pretty cheeks again before Christmas.

P. S. You thought you were very clever, didn't you? Why, bless your silly hearts, I knew all about it ages ago! So, come home, Johnny, and I'll have the fatted calf hung up by the heels, ready for the prodigal's return.

Your future father-in-law,
THOMAS VAN GOULD.

And thus ended the "Romance of Dulltown"—or, rather, there it began in reality; for a jollier and a more perfectly happy family than the Van Gould-Brown connection would be hard to find in this world of bank failures, mail robberies, and general "cussedness." "Long may they wave!"



THE WIDOW BURST INTO TEARS.

THE ROCK ISLAND EXPRESS ROBBERY.

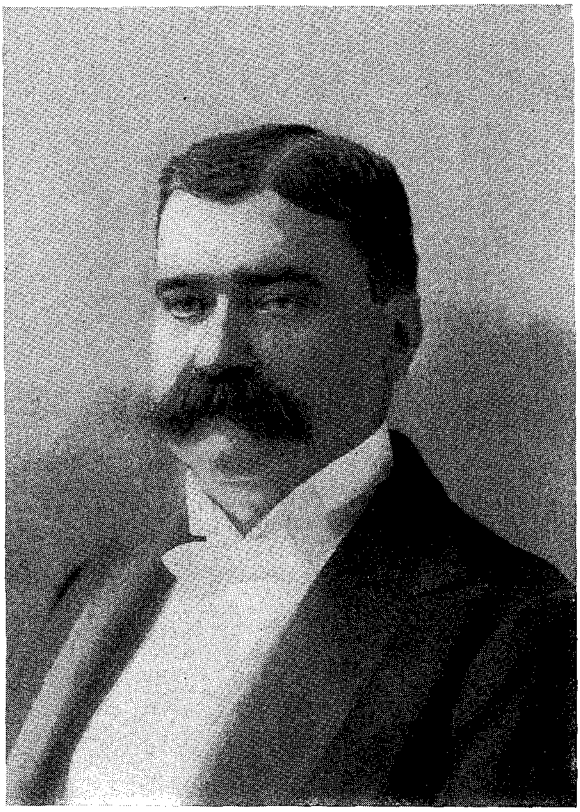
STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

I.

ON March 12, 1886, the through express on the Rock Island road left Chicago at 10.45 P. M., with twenty-two thousand dollars in fifty and one hundred dollar bills, in the keeping of Kellogg Nichols, an old-time messenger of the United States Express Company. This sum had been sent by a Chicago bank to be delivered at the principal bank of Davenport, Iowa. In addition to the usual passenger coaches, the train drew two express cars: the first, for express only, just behind the engine; and following this, one for express and baggage. These cars had end doors, which offer the best opportunity to train robbers. Messenger Nichols was in the first car, and was duly at his work when the train stopped at Joliet, a town about forty miles west of Chicago. But at the next stop, which was made at Morris, Harry Schwartz, a brakeman, came running from Nichols's car, crying: "The messenger is dead."

The messenger's lifeless body was found lying on the floor of the car. The head had been crushed by some heavy weapon, and there was a pistol wound in the right shoulder. Apparently he had been overcome only after a hard fight. His face was set with fierce determination. His fists were clenched, and the hands and fingers cut and scratched in a curious way, while under the nails were found what proved to be bits of human flesh. The pistol wound was from a weapon of thirty-two caliber. It evidently was not the cause of the man's death, but the blows of some blunt weapon, dealt probably after the shot was fired. All who knew Messenger Nichols were surprised at the desperate resistance he seemed to have made, for he was a small, light man, not more than five feet five in height, nor weighing over one hundred and thirty pounds, and of no great credit among his fellows for pluck and courage.



WILLIAM PINKERTON.

The express car was immediately detached from the train and left at Morris, guarded by all the train crew except Schwartz, who was sent on with the train to Davenport. After the first cursory inspection no one was allowed to enter the car where Nichols lay; and nothing was known precisely as to the extent of the robbery. The safe door had been found open, and the floor of the car littered with the contents of the safe.

A WIDE SEARCH THAT REVEALED NOTHING BUT A MASK.

An urgent telegram was at once sent to the Pinkertons at Chicago, and Mr. William Pinkerton, with a force of detectives, arrived at Morris on a special train a few hours later. Search parties were at once sent out in all directions along the country roads, and up and down the tracks. Hundreds of people joined in the search, for the news of the murder spread rapidly through the whole region, and not a square yard of territory for miles between Morris and Minooka Station was left unexplored. It happened that the ground was covered with snow, but the keenest scrutiny failed to reveal any significant footprints, and the search parties returned after many hours, having made only a single discovery. This was a mask found in a cattle-guard near Minooka—a mask made of black cloth, with white strings fastened at either side, one of which had been torn out of the cloth as if in a struggle.

WILLIAM PINKERTON EXAMINES THE CAR.

Meantime, Mr. Pinkerton himself entered the car and made a careful investigation. His first discovery was a heavy poker, bearing stains of blood and bits of matted hair. It was hanging in its usual place, behind the stove. The significance of this last fact was great in Mr. Pinkerton's opinion; from it he concluded that the crime had been committed by a railroad man, his reasoning being that the poker could have been restored to its usual place after such a use only mechanically, and from force of habit, and that an assailant who was not a railroad man would have left it on the floor or thrown it away.

Coming to the safe Mr. Pinkerton found that the twenty-two thousand dollars was missing, and that other papers had been hastily searched over, but left behind as valueless. Among these was a bundle of cancelled drafts that had been roughly torn open and then thrown aside. Mr. Pinkerton scarcely noticed at the moment, but had occasion to remember subsequently, that a small piece of one of these drafts was missing, as if a corner had been torn off.

All the train hands were immediately questioned, but none of their stories were in any way significant, except that of Newton Watt, the man in charge of the second car. He said that while busy counting over his way-bills and receipts he had been startled by the crash of broken glass in the ventilator overhead, and that at the same moment, a heavily built man, wearing a black mask, had entered the car and said: "If you move, the man up there will bore you." Looking up, Watt said further, he saw a hand thrust through the broken glass and holding a revolver. Thus intimidated he made no attempt to give an alarm, and the masked man presently left him under guard of the pistol overhead, which covered him until shortly before the train reached Morris, when it was withdrawn. He was able to locate the place where the crime must have been committed, as he remembered that the engine was whistling for Minooka Station when the stranger entered the car. This left about thirty minutes for the murder, robbery, and escape.

Returning to Chicago, Mr. Pinkerton investigated the character of the man Watt, and found that he had a clean record, was regarded as a trusty and efficient man, and had three brothers who had been railroad men for years and had always given perfect satisfaction. Watt's good reputation and straightforward manner were strong points in his favor, and yet there was something questionable in his story of the mysterious hand. For one thing, no footprints were found in the snow on the top of the car.

BRAKEMAN SCHWARTZ AND HIS STORY.

Brakeman Schwartz, the only man on the train who had not yet been questioned, "deadheaded" his way, in railway parlance, back from Davenport the following night on Conductor Danforth's train, and reported to Mr. Pinkerton the next morning. He was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, about twenty-seven, with thin lips and a face that showed determination. He was rather dapper in dress, and kept on his gloves during the conversation. Mr. Pinkerton received him pleasantly, and, after they had been smoking and chatting for an hour or so, he suggested to Schwartz that he would be more comfortable with his gloves off. Schwartz accordingly removed his gloves, and revealed red marks on the backs of his hands, such as might have been made by finger nails digging into them.

"How did you hurt your hands, Schwartz?" asked Mr. Pinkerton.

"Oh, I did that handling baggage night before last," explained Schwartz, and then he related incidentally that as he was on his way back to Chicago, the conductor of the train, Conductor Danforth, had discovered a valise left by somebody in one of the toilet rooms. Later in the day, Mr. Pinkerton summoned the conductor, who said that the valise was an old one, of no value; and, having no contents, he had thrown it out on an ash pile. The only thing he had found in the valise was a piece of paper that attracted his attention, because it was marked with red lines.

Examining this piece of paper carefully, Mr. Pinkerton saw that it had been torn from a money draft, and at once thought of the package in the express messenger's safe. Now, it is a remarkable fact that no human power can tear two pieces of paper in exactly the same way; the ragged fibres will only fit perfectly when the two original parts are brought together. There remained no doubt, when this test was made in the present case, that the piece of paper found on Conductor Danforth's east-bound train had been torn from the draft in the express car robbed the night before on a west-bound train. The edges fitted, the red lines corresponded, and unquestionably some one had brought that piece of paper from the one train to the other. In other words, some one connected with the crime of the previous night had ridden back to Chicago twenty-four hours later with Conductor Danforth

Mr. Pinkerton at once ordered a search made for the missing valise, and also an inquiry regarding the passengers who had ridden on Conductor Danforth's train between Davenport and Chicago, on the night following the murder. The valise was found on the ash heap where the conductor had thrown it, and, in the course of the next few days, the detectives had located or accounted for all passengers on Conductor Danforth's train, with the exception of one man who had ridden on a free pass. The conductor could only recall this man's features vaguely; and, while some of the passengers remembered him well enough, there was no clew to his name or identity. As it appeared that no other of the passengers could have been connected with the crime, efforts were redoubled to discover the holder of this pass.

II.

THE PLUNKETT THEORY.

So great was the public interest in the crime and the mystery surrounding it, that three separate, well-organized investigations of it were undertaken. The Rock Island Railroad officials, with their detectives, conducted one; a Chicago newspaper, the "Daily News," with its detectives, another; and the Pinkertons, in the interest of the United States Express Company, a third.

Mr. Pinkerton, as we have seen, concluded that the crime had been committed by railway men. The railway officials were naturally disinclined to believe ill of their employees, and an incident occurred about this time which turned the investigation in an entirely new direction, and made them the more disposed to discredit Mr. Pinkerton's theory. This was the receipt of a letter from a convict in the Michigan City penitentiary, named Plunkett, who wrote the Rock Island Railroad officials, saying that he could furnish them with important information.

Mr. St. John, the general manager of the road, went in person to the penitentiary to take Plunkett's statement, which was in effect that he knew the men who had committed the robbery and killed Nichols, and was willing to sell this information in exchange for a full pardon, which the railroad people could secure by using their influence. This they promised to do, if his story proved true, and Plunkett then told them of a plot that had been worked out a year or so before, when he had been "grafting" with a "mob" of pickpockets at county fairs. There were with him at that time "Butch" McCoy, James Connors (known as "Yellowhammer"), and a man named "Jeff," whose surname he did not know. These three men, Plunkett said, had planned an express robbery on the Rock Island road, to be executed in precisely the same way, and at precisely the same point on the road, as in the case in question.

AN EMINENT EDITOR TURNS DETECTIVE.

The story was plausible and won Mr. St. John's belief. It won the belief, also, of Mr. Melville E. Stone, of the "Daily News"; and forthwith, the railway detectives, working with the newspaper detectives, were instructed to go ahead on new lines, regardless of trouble or expense. Their first endeavor was to capture "Butch" McCoy, the leader of the gang. "Butch" was a pickpocket, burglar, and all-around thief, whose operations kept him travelling all over the United States.

The police in various cities having been communicated with to no purpose, Mr. Stone finally decided to do a thing the like of which no newspaper proprietor, perhaps, ever undertook before, that is, start out on a personal search for McCoy and his associates. With Frank Murray, one of the best detectives in Chicago, and other detectives, he went to Galesburg, where the gang was said to have a sort of headquarters. The party found there none of the men they were after, but they learned that "Thatch" Grady, a notorious criminal with whom "Butch" McCoy was known to be in relations, was in Omaha. So they hurried to Omaha, but only to find that Grady had gone to St. Louis. Then to St. Louis went Mr. Stone and his detectives, hot on the scent, and spent several days in that city searching high and low.

A VAIN SEARCH AS FAR AS NEW ORLEANS.

The method of locating a criminal in a great city is as interesting as it is little understood. The first step is to secure from the local police information as to the favorite haunts of criminals of the class under pursuit, paying special regard in the preliminary inquiries to the possibility of love affairs; for thieves, even more than honest men, are swayed in their lives by the tender passion, and are often brought to justice through the agency of women. With so much of such information in their possession as they could gather, Mr. Stone and his detectives spent their time in likely resorts, picking up acquaintance with frequenters; and, whenever possible, turning the talk adroitly upon the man they were looking for. It is a mistake to suppose that in work like this detectives disguise themselves. False beards and mustaches, goggles and lightning changes of clothing, are never heard of except in the pages of badly informed story-writers. In his experience of over twenty-five years Mr. Murray never wore such a disguise, nor knew of any reputable detective who did. In this expedition the detectives simply assumed the characters and general style of the persons they were thrown with, passing for men of sporting tastes from the East; and, having satisfied the people they met that they meant no harm, they had no difficulty in obtaining such news of McCoy and the others as there was. Unfortunately this was not much.

After going from one city to another on various clews, hearing of one member of the gang here and another there, and in each instance losing their man, the detectives finally brought up in New Orleans. They had spent five or six weeks of time and a large amount of money, only to find themselves absolutely without a clew as to the whereabouts of the men they were pursuing. They were much discouraged when a telegram from Mr. Pinkerton told them that "Butch" McCoy was back in Galesburg, where they had first sought him. Proceeding thither with all despatch, they traced McCoy into a saloon, and there three of them, John Smith representing the Rock Island Railroad, John McGinn for the Pinkerton agency, and Frank Murray working for Mr. Stone, with drawn revolvers captured him in spite of a desperate dash he made to escape.

McCoy's capture was the occasion of much felicitation among the people interested in the matter. Mr. St. John and Mr. Stone were confident that now the whole mystery of the express robbery would be resolved and the murderers convicted. But McCoy showed on trial that he had left New Orleans to come north only the night before the murder, and had spent the whole of that night on the Illinois Central Railroad. It also appeared that McCoy's associate, Connors, was in jail at the time of the robbery, and that the man "Jeff" was dead. Thus the whole Plunkett story was exploded.

III.

SHADOWING SCHWARTZ.

SOME time before this, the man who had ridden on the free pass, and given the detectives so much trouble, had been accidentally found by Jack Mullins, a brakeman on Conductor Danforth's train. He proved to be an advertising solicitor, employed by no other than Mr. Melville E. Stone, who would have given a thousand dollars to know what his agent knew; for the advertising man had seen the conductor bring out the valise containing the all-important fragment of the draft. But he had not realized the value of the news in his possession, and Mr. Pinkerton took good care to keep him from that knowledge. One hint of the truth to the "Daily News" people, and the whole story would have been blazoned forth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the man safely on a train out from Chicago did Mr. Pinkerton breathe easily; and it was not until months later that Mr. Stone learned how near he came to getting a splendid "scoop" on the whole city and country.

The identification of the pass-holder removed the last possibility that the valise had been taken into the train by any of Conductor Danforth's passengers. And yet the valise was there! How came it there? In the course of their examination, two of the passengers had testified to having seen Schwartz enter the toilet-room during the run. Brakeman Jack Mullins stated that he had been in the same room twice that night, that the second time he had noticed the valise, but that it was not there when he went in first. Other witnesses in the car were positive that the person who entered the room last before the time when Mullins saw the valise was Schwartz. Thus the chain of proof was tightening, and Mr. Pinkerton sent for Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ AFFECTS TO PLAY DETECTIVE.

After talking with the brakeman in a semi-confidential way for some time, the detective began to question him about Watt, his fellow-trainman. Schwartz said he was a good fellow, and, in general, spoke highly of him. Mr. Pinkerton seemed to hesitate a little, and then said:

"Can I trust you, Schwartz?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the fact is, I am a little suspicious of Watt. You see, his story about that hand overhead does not exactly hang together. I don't want to do him any wrong, but he must be looked after. Now, my idea is to have you go about with him as much as you can, see if he meets any strangers or spends much money, and let me know whatever happens. Will you do it?"

Schwartz readily consented on the assurance that the railroad people would give him leave of absence. The next day he reported that Watt had met a man who wore a slouch hat, had unkempt red hair, and in general looked like a border ruffian. He had overheard the two talking together in a saloon on Cottage Grove Avenue, where the stranger had discussed the murder of Nichols in great detail, showing a remarkable familiarity with the whole affair. Schwartz had a sort of Jesse James theory (which he seemed anxious to have accepted), that the crime had been committed by a gang of Western desperadoes, and that this fellow was connected with them.

Mr. Pinkerton listened with interest to all this, but was less edified than Schwartz imagined, since two of his most trusted "shadows," who had been following Schwartz, had given him reports of the latter's movements, making it plain that the red-haired desperado was a myth, and that no such meeting as Schwartz described had taken place. Nevertheless, professing to be well pleased with Schwartz's efforts, Mr. Pinkerton sent him out to track the fabulous desperado. Schwartz continued to render false reports. Finally, without a word to arouse his suspicion, he was allowed to resume his work on the railroad.

The "shadows" put upon Schwartz after this, reported a suspicious intimacy between him and Watt, and a detective of great tact, Frank Jones, was detailed to get into their confidence, if possible. He was given a "run" as brakeman between Des Moines and Davenport, and it was arranged that he should come in from the west and lay over at Davenport on the same days that Schwartz and Watt laid over there, coming in from the east. Jones played his part cleverly, and was soon on intimate terms with Schwartz and Watt, taking his meals at their boarding-house and sleeping in a room adjoining theirs. They finally came to like him so well that they suggested his trying to get a transfer to their "run," between Davenport and Chicago. This was successfully arranged, and then the three men were together constantly, Jones even going to board at Schwartz's house in Chicago. About this time Schwartz began to talk of giving up railroad work, and going to live in Kansas or the Far West. It was arranged that Jones should join him and Mrs. Schwartz on a Western trip. Meantime, Schwartz applied to the company for leave of absence, on the plea that he wished to arrange some family matters in Philadelphia.

Mr. Pinkerton, being informed by Jones of Schwartz's application, used his influence to have it granted. When the young man started east, he did not travel alone. His every movement was watched and reported, nor was he left unguarded for a moment, day or night, during an absence of several weeks, in New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities.

THE ART OF "SHADOWING."

To one unfamiliar with the resources and organization of a great detective system, it is incomprehensible how continuous "shadowing," day after day and week after week, through thousands of miles of journeyings, can be accomplished. The matter is made none the simpler when you know that there must be a change of "shadows" every day. However adroit the detective, his continued presence in a locality would soon arouse suspicion. The daily change of "shadows" is easy when the man under watch remains in one place; for then it is only necessary to send a new "shadow" from the central office early each morning to replace the one who "put the man to bed" the night before. But it is very different when the subject is constantly travelling about on boats or railways, and perhaps sleeping in a different town each night. Without the network of agencies, including large and small bureaus, that the Pinkertons have gradually established all over the United States, the "shadowing" of a man in rapid flight would be impossible. As it is, nothing is easier. Schwartz, for instance, spent several days in Buffalo, where his actions were reported hour by hour, until he bought his ticket for Philadelphia. As he took the train a fresh "shadow" took it too, securing a section in the same sleeping car with him, and taking his meals at the same time Schwartz took his, either in the dining-car or at stations. No sooner had the train left the station than the Pinkerton representative in Buffalo reported by cipher despatch to the bureau in Philadelphia, whither Schwartz was going. The exact form of the despatch, which well illustrates a system in constant use in the Pinkerton bureaus, was as follows:

R. J. LINDEN, 441 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

> Anxious shoes sucker Brown marbles man other dropping eight arrives put grand fifty marbles articles along or derby coat ship very tan seer wearing these have and is ribbon ink dust central Tuesday for dust to rice hat and and paper vest yellow ink get must jewelry morning depot on.
>
> D. ROBERTSON.

In despatches of this sort important information regarding criminals is constantly flashing over the wires, with no danger of any "leak."

Thus, from one city to another, and through every part of the country, any criminal may be "shadowed" to-day as Schwartz was "shadowed" eight years ago, one set of detectives relieving another every twenty-four hours, and the man's every word and action be carefully noted down and reported without his having the faintest suspicion that he is under observation. The task of "shadowing" a person who is traversing city streets is intrusted to men especially skilled in the art (for art it is) of seeing without being seen. This is, indeed, one of the most difficult tasks a detective is called upon to perform, and the few who excel in it are given little else to do. Where a criminal like Schwartz, upon whose final capture much depends, is being followed, two, three, or even four "shadows" are employed simultaneously, one keeping in advance, one in the rear, and two on either side. The advantage of this is that one relieves the other by change of position, thus lessening the chance of discovery, while, of course, it is scarcely possible for several "shadows" to be thrown off the trail at once. An adroit criminal might outwit one "shadow," but he could scarcely outwit four. A "shadow" on coming into a new town with a subject, reveals himself to the "shadow" who is to relieve him, by some prearranged signal, like a handkerchief held in the left hand.

The result of the "shadowing" in Schwartz's case was conclusive. No sooner was the brakeman out of Chicago than he began spending money far in excess of his income. He bought fine furniture, expensive clothing, articles of jewelry, presents for his wife, and laid in an elaborate supply of rifles, shot-guns, revolvers, and all sorts of ammunition, including a quantity of cartridges. The "shadows" found that in almost every case he paid for his purchases with fifty or one hundred dollar bills. As far as possible these bills were secured by the detectives from the persons to whom they had been paid, immediately after Schwartz's departure. It will be remembered that the money taken in the robbery consisted of fifty and one hundred dollar bills.

IV.

SCHWARTZ UNDER ARREST.

IN addition to this it was found by the investigations of detectives at Philadelphia that Schwartz was the son of a wealthy, retired butcher there, a most respectable man, and that he had a wife and child in Philadelphia, whom he had entirely deserted. This gave an opportunity to take him into custody, and still conceal from him that he was suspected of committing a worse crime. The Philadelphia wife and child were taken on to Chicago, and Schwartz was placed under arrest, charged with bigamy.

Mr. Pinkerton went to the jail at once, and wishing to keep Schwartz's confidence as far as possible, assured him that this arrest was not his work at all, but that of detectives Smith and Murray, who were, as Schwartz knew, working in the interests of the railroad people, and of the Chicago "Daily News." Mr. Pinkerton told Schwartz that he still believed, as he had done all along, that Watt was the guilty man, and promised to do whatever he could to befriend Schwartz. The latter did not appear to be very much alarmed, and said that a

Philadelphia lawyer was coming on to defend him. The lawyer did come a few days later, when a bond for two thousand dollars was furnished for Schwartz's reappearance, and he was set at liberty. Matters had gone so far, however, that it was not considered safe to leave Schwartz out of jail, and he was immediately rearrested, on the charge of murder.

Whether because of long preparation for this ordeal, or because he was a man of strong character, Schwartz received this blow without the slightest show of emotion, and went back into the jail as coolly as he had come out. He merely requested that he might have an interview with his wife as soon as possible.

MRS. SCHWARTZ COMES INTO THE CASE.

Mr. Pinkerton had evidence enough against Schwartz to furnish a strong presumption of guilt, but it was all circumstantial, and, besides, it did not involve Newton Watt, whose complicity was more than suspected. From the first Mr. Pinkerton had been carefully conciliatory of the later Mrs. Schwartz. At just the right moment, and by adroit management, he got her under his direction, and by taking a train with her to Morris, and then on the next morning taking another train back to Chicago, he succeeded in preventing her from getting the advice of her husband's lawyer, who was meantime making the same double journey on pursuing trains with the design of cautioning her against speaking to Mr. Pinkerton. She had come to regard Mr. Pinkerton more as a protector than as an enemy, and he, during the hours they were together, used every device to draw from her some damaging admission. He told her that the evidence against her husband, although serious in its character, was not, in his opinion, sufficient to establish his guilt. He told her of the bills found in Schwartz's possession, of the torn piece of the draft taken from the valise, of the marks on his hands and the lies he had told. All this, he said, proved that Schwartz had some connection with the robbery, but not that he had committed the murder, or done more than assist Watt, whom Mr. Pinkerton professed to regard as the chief criminal. The only hope of saving her husband now, he impressed upon her, was for her to make a plain statement of the truth, and trust that he would use this in her husband's interest.

After listening to all that he said, and trying in many ways to evade the main question, Mrs. Schwartz at last admitted to Mr Pinkerton that her husband had found a package containing five thousand dollars of the stolen money under one of the seats on Conductor Danforth's train, on the night of his return to Chicago. He had kept this money and used it for his own purposes, but had been guilty of no other offence in the matter. Mrs. Schwartz stuck resolutely to this statement, and would admit nothing further.

Believing that he had drawn from her as much as he could, Mr. Pinkerton now accompanied Mrs. Schwartz to the jail, where she was to see her husband. The first words she said on entering the room where he was, were, "Harry, I have told Mr. Pinkerton the whole truth. I thought that was the best way, for he is your friend. I told him about your finding the five thousand dollars under the seat of the car, and that that was all you had to do with the business."

SCHWARTZ AND HIS WIFE TELL THE WHOLE STORY TO HIDDEN AUDITORS.

Schwartz gave his wife a terrible glance as she said this, and for the first time his emotions nearly betrayed him. However, he braced himself and only admitted in a general way that there was some truth in what his wife had said. He refused positively to go into details, seemed very nervous, and almost immediately asked to be left alone with his wife. Mr. Pinkerton had been expecting this, and was prepared for it. He realized the shock that would be caused in Schwartz's mind by his wife's unexpected confession, and counted on this to lead to further admissions. It was, therefore, of the highest importance that credible witnesses should overhear all that transpired in the interview between Schwartz and his wife. With this end in view, the room where the interview was to take place had been arranged so that a number of witnesses could see and hear without their presence being suspected, and the sheriff of the county, a leading merchant, and a leading banker of the town were waiting there in readiness.

As soon as the door had closed and the husband and wife were left alone, Schwartz exclaimed:

"You fool, you have put a rope around Watt's and my neck!"

"Why, Harry, I had to tell him something, he knew so much. You can trust him."

"You ought to know better than to trust anybody."

The man walked back and forth, a prey

to the most violent emotions, his wife trying vainly to quiet him. At each affectionate touch he would brush her off roughly with a curse, and go on pacing back and forth fiercely. Suddenly he burst out:

"What did you do with that coat, the one you cut the mask out of?"

"Oh, that's all right; it's in the woodshed, under the whole wood pile."

They continued to talk for over an hour, referring to the murder and robbery repeatedly, and furnishing evidence enough to establish beyond any question the guilt of both Schwartz and Watt.

Meantime, Watt had been arrested in Chicago, also charged with murder, and in several examinations had showed signs of breaking down and confessing, but in each instance had recovered himself and said nothing. The evidence of Schwartz himself, however, in the interview at the jail, taken with the mass of other evidence that had accumulated, was sufficient to secure the conviction of both men, who were condemned, at the trial, to life imprisonment in the Joliet penitentiary. They would undoubtedly have been hanged, but for the conscientious scruples of one juryman, who did not believe in capital punishment. Watt has since died, and Schwartz is now regarded as a model prisoner, his case being peculiar in this—that since he has been in the penitentiary, nearly eight years now, he has never received a letter, paper, or any communication from the outside world.

MRS. SCHWARTZ'S CONFESSION.

About a year after the trial, Schwartz's Chicago wife died of consumption. On her death-bed she made a full confession to Superintendent Robertson, of the Pinkerton force. She said that her husband's mind had been inflamed by the constant reading of sensational literature of the dime novel order; and that under this evil influence he had planned the robbery, believing that it would be easy to intimidate a weak little man like Nichols, and escape with the money without harming him. Nichols, however, had fought like a tiger up and down the car, and had finally forced them to kill him. In the fight he had torn off the mask that Mrs. Schwartz had made out of one of her husband's old coats. It was Watt who fired the pistol, while Schwartz used the poker. Schwartz had given Watt five thousand dollars of the stolen money, and had kept the rest himself. He had carried the money away in an old satchel bought for the purpose. A most unusual place of concealment had been chosen, and one where the money had escaped discovery, although on several occasions, in searching the house, the detectives had literally held it in their hands. Schwartz had taken a quantity of the cartridges he bought for his shot-gun, and emptying them, had put in each shell one of the fifty or one hundred dollar bills, upon which he had then loaded in the powder and the shot in the usual way, so that the shells presented the ordinary appearance as they lay in the drawer. The detectives had even picked out some of the shot and powder in two or three of the shells; but, finding them so like other cartridges, had never thought of probing clear to the bottom of the shell for a crumpled-up bill.

Thus about thirteen thousand dollars lay for weeks in these ordinary looking cartridges, and was finally removed in the following way: While Schwartz was in jail, a well-known lawyer of Philadelphia came to Mrs. Schwartz one day with an order from her husband to deliver the money over to him. She understood this was to defray the expenses of the trial, and to pay the other lawyers. Superintendent Robertson remembers well the dying woman's emotion, as she made this solemn declaration, one calculated to compromise seriously a man of some standing, and belonging to an honored profession. Her body was wasted with disease, and she knew that her end was near. There was a flush on her face, and her eyes were bright with hatred as she declared that not one dollar of that money was ever returned to her, or ever used in paying the costs of her husband's trial. Nor was one dollar of it ever returned to the railroad company, or to the bank officials, who were the real owners.

LINCOLN AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.*

By Alexander K. McClure,

Editor of the Philadelphia "Times."

THE supreme law makes the President the commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces of the nation. This is a necessity in all well-regulated governments, as the sovereign or highest civil ruler must have supreme command of the forces of the country for the public defence. During the Revolutionary War the universal confidence that General Washington inspired made him practically the supreme director of our military operations. The supreme civil authority then was the Colonial Congress, and no one of that body could assume this high prerogative. During the war of 1812 with England, I find no instance in which President Madison exercised any authority in the direction of campaigns as commander-in-chief of the army. There was no formal commander-in-chief. Major-General Dearborn, the ranking major-general, was assigned as acting commander-in-chief, although retained in active command in the northern district. The President was conferred with very freely as to military movements, but he did not assume the responsibility of issuing orders for military movements in the field. The Mexican War presents a somewhat different phase of history. President Polk assumed the responsibility as commander-in-chief by ordering General Taylor to march from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, and thus precipitated the Mexican War without either the authority or knowledge of Congress; and later in the war, when it became necessary to enlarge the army to make an aggressive campaign on the City of Mexico, General Scott was summoned by the President to propose a plan of campaign that he should command in person. He did so, and after its approval by the President, the troops were provided, and General Scott was permitted to prosecute the campaign from Vera Cruz to the Mexican capital, without interference by orders from Washington.

INCAPACITY OF THE EARLIER COMMANDERS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

When civil war confronted us in 1861, General Scott was the hero of two wars, and recognized by the country and the world as the Great Captain of the age. Although a son of Virginia, he was thoroughly loyal to the government, and all turned to him as the bulwark of safety for our threatened country. He was believed to be the most accomplished general then living, and President Lincoln, the cabinet, and the country had absolute faith in his ability to discharge the duties of commander-in-chief, even in the extreme and appalling necessities of civil war, with consummate skill and success. It was not until active, practical operations had to be commenced for the protection of the capital and for the defence of the government, that those closest to General Scott learned the sad lesson of his utter incompetency for the new duties forced upon him. He had entirely outlived his usefulness. He had never commanded over twelve thousand men in all his lustrous record, and the magnitude of our Civil War, coming upon him when the infirmities of age enfeebled him mentally and physically, made him wholly unequal to the task. President Lincoln, always unobtrusive when he could be so consistently with his sense of duty, deferred to General Scott and his military associates. He had no plan of campaign; he sought only to attain peace with the least bloodshed and disturbance.

The first star that shed its lustre on the Union arms was that of General McClellan, the young Napoleon of the West, whose victories in Western Virginia made his name a household word. He was the first to propose a comprehensive plan for aggressive movements against the rebellion, and coming from one of the youngest soldiers of the army, it is not surprising that General Scott, with his sensitiveness as to advice from those of less experience, rejected it, and presented a comprehensive plan of his own, then known as the "Anaconda" method of crushing the rebellion. In this dispute Lincoln took no part, and probably gave little attention to it. He then clung to the hope that no such general military movements might be necessary to attain peace. His belief was that held by most of the prominent men of the cabinet, that a successful battle and the capture of Richmond would bring peace. He had no occasion, therefore, to exercise his authority as commander-in-chief, beyond conferring with General Scott and the Secretary of War. Had he understood the issue then as he understood it a year or more later, I hazard little in saying that the first battle of Bull Run would have been differently fought, and with almost a reasonable certainty of the defeat of the insurgents. The care with which he watched the diffusion of military forces, and the keen sagacity and tireless interest he ever manifested in the concentration of our military forces in every campaign, forbid the assumption that, had he understood the war then as he soon learned to understand it, there could have been a division of the Union forces in the Bull Run campaign to fight the united forces of the enemy. General McDowell fought the battle of Bull Run with seventeen thousand six hundred and seventy-six effective men and twenty-four guns, when he should have had some fifteen thousand additional from General Patterson's command, and from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, then fully organized and ready for the field. I feel quite sure that had Lincoln then assumed the authority as commander-in-chief that he ever after maintained until Grant became lieutenant-general, McDowell would have commanded fully fifty thousand men at Bull Run, and would have overwhelmed the enemy and marched into Richmond. It is possible, indeed quite probable, that such an achievement would have ended the war, but it was not to be. Slavery, the author of the war, would have survived such a peace, and the great conflict of thirty years ago would have been handed down to another generation.

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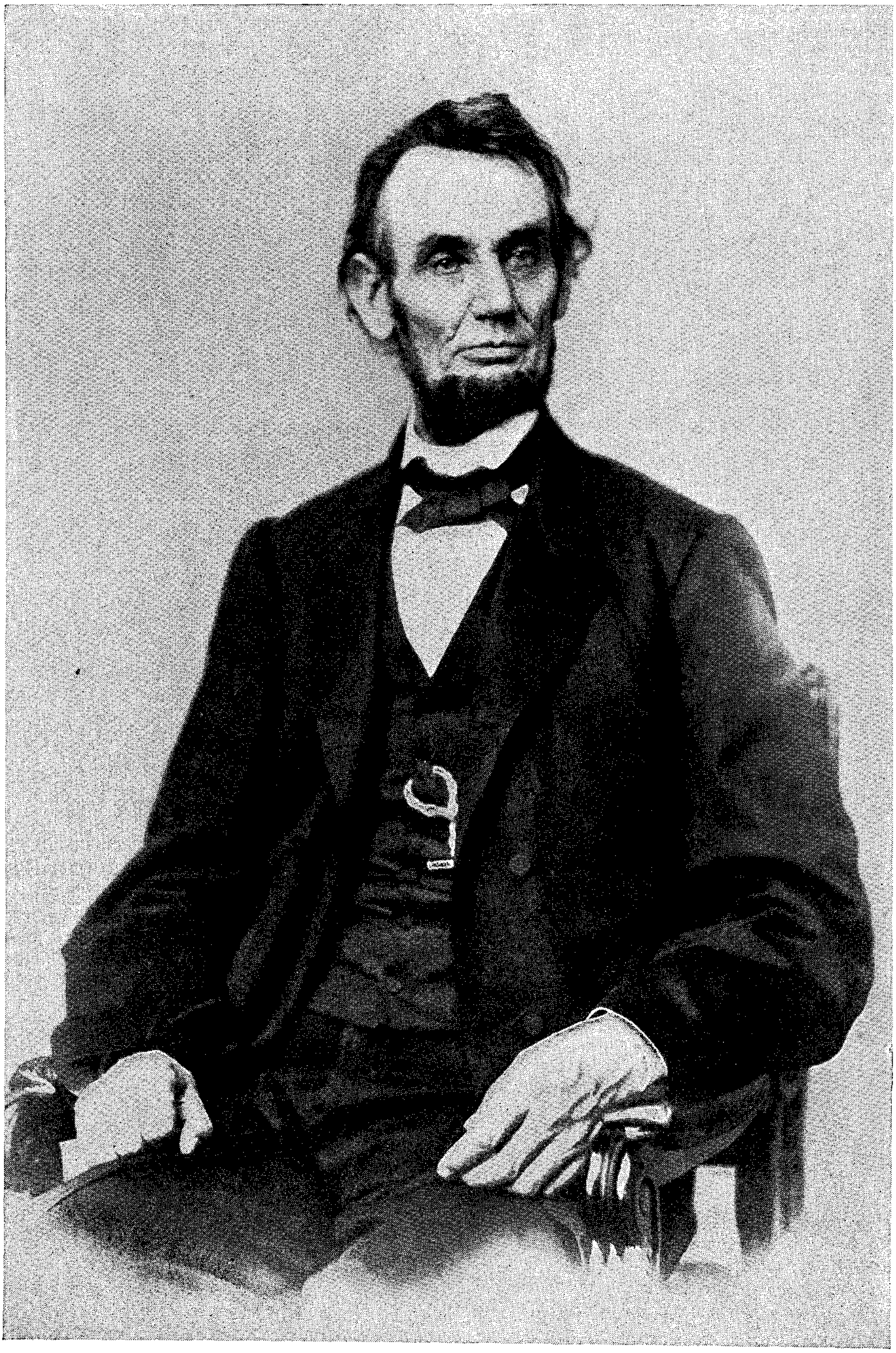
* An address delivered before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, April 5, 1893.

LINCOLN FORCED TO BECOME A REAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Lincoln was quickened to the exercise of his full authority as commander-in-chief by the multiplied misfortunes of his generals. He accepted as commanders the men in the army most conspicuous in military service, and it was one of the saddest lessons of the war that not one of the commanders then prominent before the country and most trusted, became chieftain as the conflict progressed. The contrast between the Union and the Confederate commanders is indeed painful. The Confederate officers who started out as military leaders in the beginning of the war, as a rule were its chieftains at the close. The Johnstons, Cooper, Lee, Beauregard, Jackson, Longstreet, Hill, Kirby Smith, Ewell, Early, Bragg, Hood, Fitz Hugh Lee, Stuart, and others, either fell in the flame of battle, leading high commands, or emerged from the war with the highest distinction. On the other side, not one of the men who came out of the war with the grateful plaudits of the country as chieftains of the Union, was known to military fame when Sumter was fired upon. One by one Lincoln's commanders fell by the wayside, and he was constantly perplexed with the sense of the fearful responsibility he was compelled to assume in the assignment of commanders to the different armies. This necessity naturally called for the employment of his supreme powers, and compelled him to exercise the soundest discretion time and again, as failure followed failure in his great work of overthrowing the rebellion. Lincoln had learned the painful lesson of Scott's inability to perform the duties expected of him by the country, and on the 29th of June, 1861, he called the first council of war, which embraced his cabinet, Scott, and other military men. It was there that McDowell's plan for the advance on Manassas was decided upon. Lincoln did not advise, but assented to it, and Scott gave a reluctant assent only when he learned that it was a public necessity for the army to advance, as the term of the three months' men would soon expire. The history of that battle is known in all its details to experienced military men.

It is not surprising that a man of Lincoln's sagacity and trained practical methods should consider his responsibility as commander-in-chief after the defeat of Bull Run. He felt that he had no one to whom he could turn for counsel that he could implicitly accept, and he was equal to the occasion. On the night after the battle of Bull Run, Lincoln sought no sleep, but after gathering all the information that he could as to the situation, he devoted the hours of early morning to formulating a plan of military operations, and it is marvellous how closely that programme was followed in the long and bloody years through which the war was fought to its consummation. This was Lincoln's first distinct assumption of the duties of commander-in-chief. He wrote out in pencil, with his own hand, memoranda directing that a



LINCOLN IN 1864.

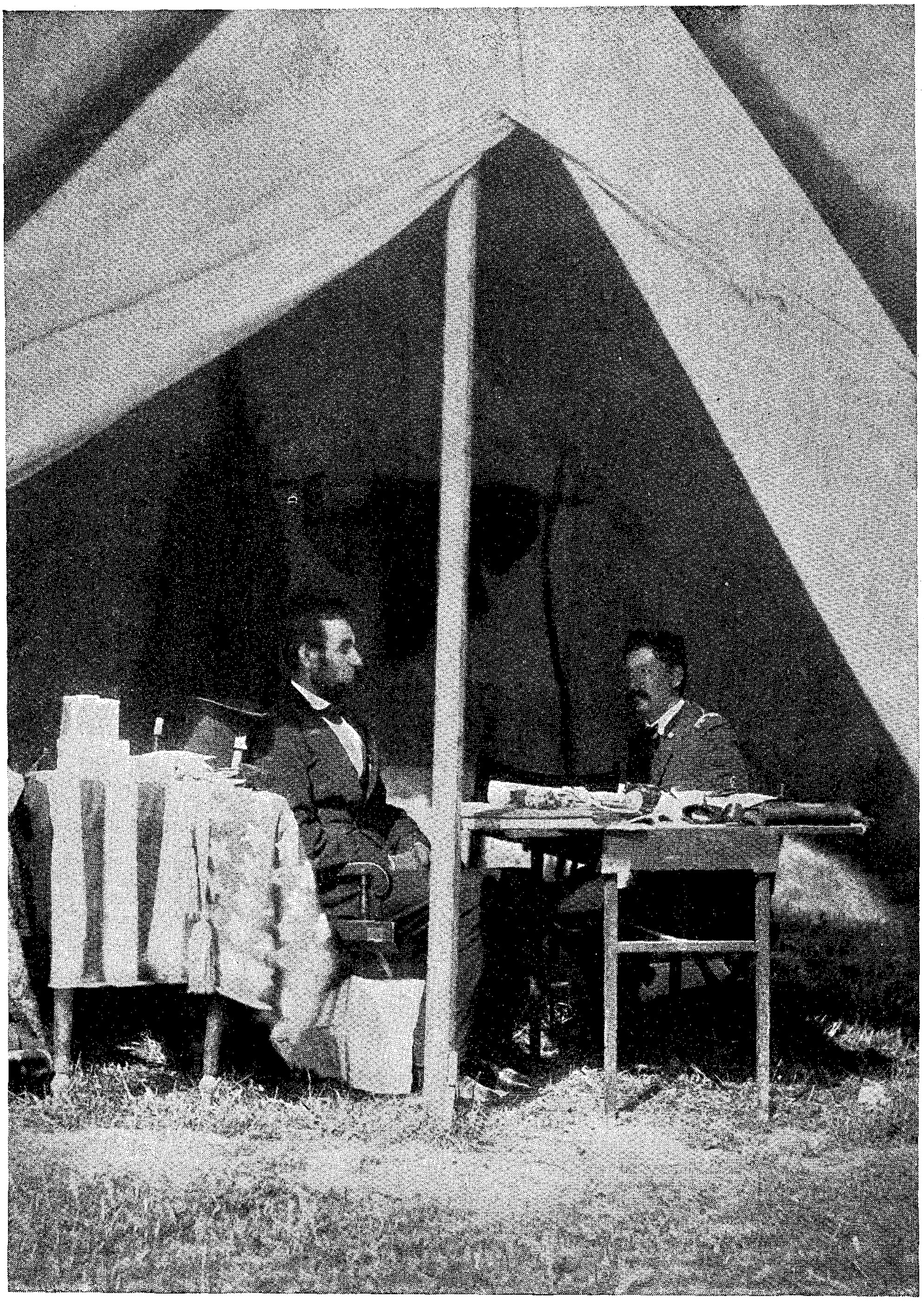
blockade should be made effective as soon as possible; that the volunteer forces at Fortress Monroe be constantly drilled and disciplined; that Baltimore be held with a firm hand; that Patterson's forces be strengthened and made secure in their position; that the forces of West Virginia continue to act under orders from McClellan;

that General Frémont push forward his work in the West, and especially in Missouri; that the Army of the Potomac be reorganized as rapidly as possible on Arlington Heights; and that new volunteers be brought forward speedily into camps for instruction. This paper bears date July 23, 1861; and on the 27th of July he added to it that when the foregoing shall have been substantially attended to, Manassas Junction and Strausburg should be seized and permanently held, with an open line from Harper's Ferry to Strausburg, and a joint movement from Cairo on Memphis, and from Cincinnati on East Tennessee, should be promptly organized. This was Mr. Lincoln's first acceptance of the necessity that called him to exercise his duties as commander-in-chief, and it will be observed that his plan of campaign fully comprehended the situation and the military necessities which arose thereafter.

The mental and physical feebleness of Scott, together with the infirmities of temper which age and disease had logically wrought, made it a necessity to have a new commander for the army. McClellan was then the only one who came with achievement to enforce his title to the general command, and he was called to Washington as commander of the Army of the Potomac. Volunteers were offered in abundance, and the one man of any country best fitted for the organization of a great army, was fortunately there to organize the army that was ever undaunted by defeat, and that in the end received the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. There was early friction between Scott and McClellan, and all the kind offices of Lincoln failed to soothe the old veteran or to make the young commander submissive to the whims of his superior. It became a supreme necessity to have Scott retired, and it was finally accomplished after much effort, but fortunately it has no detailed record in the annals of the country. The true story of Scott's retirement from the command of the army could have been written but by three men, viz.: Lincoln, Cameron, and Assistant Secretary Thomas A. Scott. They have all joined the veteran soldier in the ranks of the great majority beyond, and none will ever write the chapter on the change of the military commanders-in-chief in 1861.

LINCOLN'S DIFFERENCES WITH McCLELLAN.

From the time that Lincoln called McClellan to Washington, he tenaciously exercised his high prerogatives as commander-in-chief of the army and navy until the 8th of March, 1864, when he handed to General Grant his commission as lieutenant-general; and he was very often in conflict with his department commanders as to their operations or failure to prosecute them. His first serious trial arose with General McClellan in the fall of 1861, and that conflict was never entirely closed until McClellan was finally relieved from the command of his army after the battle of Antietam in the fall of 1862. The late fall months of 1861 were peculiarly favorable for military operations, and the administration and the entire country became impatient to have the army advance. Just when Lincoln expected a movement toward Manassas, McClellan became seriously ill, and continued so for several weeks; and after his recovery, obstacles seemed to multiply each day, until the aggressive movement was universally demanded. On the 1st of December, 1861, Lincoln requested of McClellan a plan of campaign, in which he asked how soon the army could be moved, and how many men would be required to make the advance direct to Richmond. To this McClellan replied that he could move from the 15th to the 25th, and suggested that he had another plan of campaign soon to present to the President. During McClellan's illness Lincoln assumed the responsibility of summoning Generals McDowell and Franklin in conference with him as to the movements of the army, and on the 27th of January, without consulting with any of the commanders, or even the cabinet, he issued "General War Order No. 1," directing that on the 22d of February there should be a general movement of the land and naval forces against the insurgents, of the army at Fortress Monroe, the Army of the Potomac, the Army of Western Virginia, the army in Kentucky, the army and flotilla at Cairo, and the naval forces from the Gulf of Mexico. That was followed four days later by a special order from the President to General McClellan, directing that all the disposable forces of the Army of the Potomac, after providing for the defence of Washington, be moved immediately upon Manassas Junction; that all details be in the discretion of McClellan, and the movement was to begin on the 22d of February. This was a direct order to McClellan; but believing, as he did, that it was not a wise one, he urged his objections earnestly upon the President. It was to these objections that Lincoln wrote a



LINCOLN AND McCLELLAN IN McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

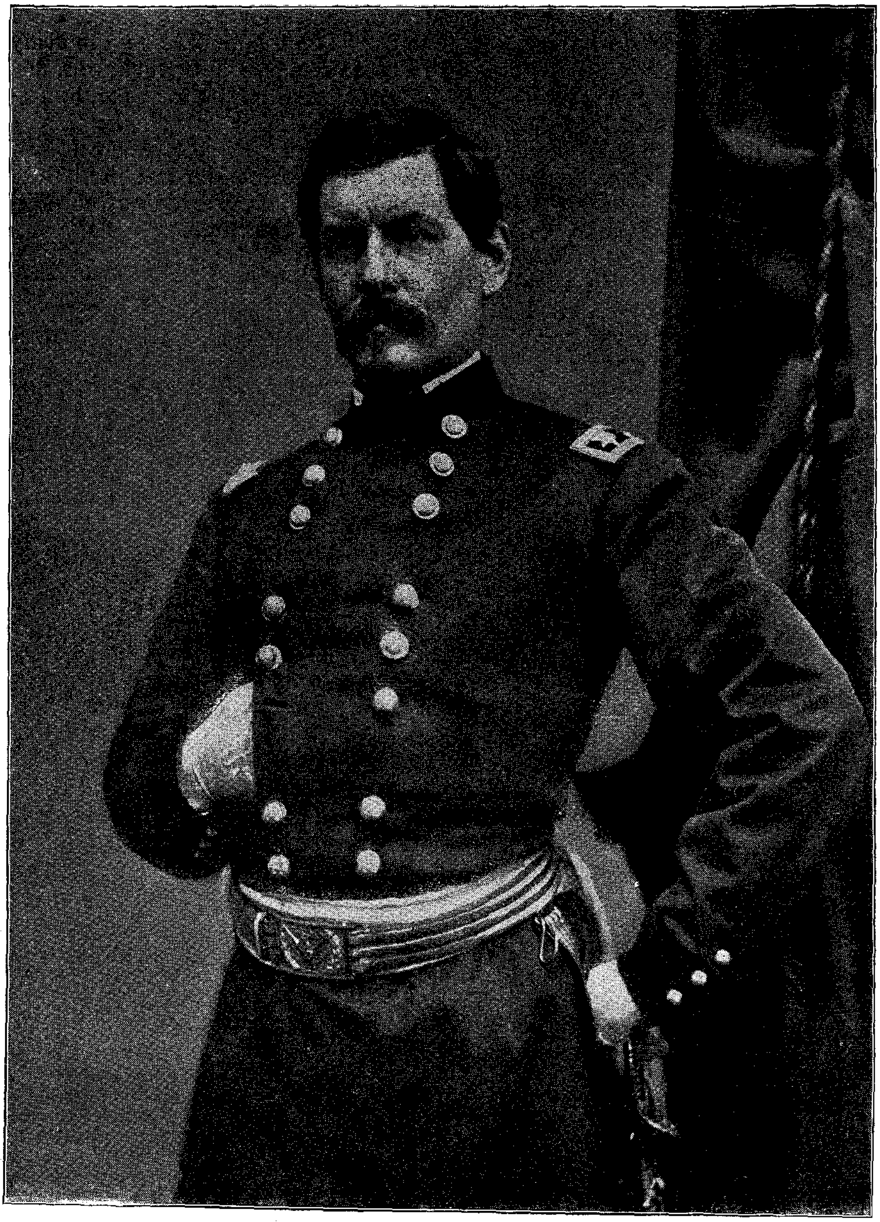
somewhat celebrated letter to McClellan, in which he so tersely, but suggestively, discussed the difference between the Peninsula campaign, then preferred by McClellan, and the movement upon Manassas. Lincoln did not arbitrarily command; he sought to be convinced as to whether he was right or wrong, and all who knew him would bear testimony to the fact that no public man was more easily approached when his own convictions were to be questioned by sincere, intelligent men. These are his incisive inquiries to McClellan:

> Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?
>
> Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?
>
> Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?
>
> In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's connections, while mine would?
>
> In case of disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?

LINCOLN'S THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF ARMY MATTERS.

I cite these inquiries of Lincoln, not to show that he was either right or wrong in his judgment, but to convey a just appreciation of his careful study of the military situation at that early period of the war; his intelligent knowledge of the proposed results of campaigns, and his entire willingness to gain the best information to revise his judgment, if in error. McClellan was so tenacious as to the correctness of his Peninsula campaign, that Lincoln, after much deliberation, reluctantly yielded his convictions, and from the day that he did so he certainly sought, in every way that he could consistently with his views as to the safety of the capital, to aid McClellan in his movement. About this time Lincoln was much perplexed by another grave dispute with McClellan. Lincoln believed that it would be wise to organize the Army of the Potomac into army corps, with responsible commanders, while McClellan was unwilling to accept that method of organization, for reasons that need not here be discussed. The order of the President for the movement of the armies on the 22d of February was not obeyed, and on the 8th of March Lincoln assumed the responsibility of issuing an order to McClellan to divide the Army of the Potomac into four army corps, to be commanded by McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelmann, and Keyes, with a reserve force for the defence of Washington, under command of Wadsworth. A fifth corps was also ordered to be formed, with Banks as commander. On the same day he issued "President's General Order No. 3," directing that no change of base of operations of the Army of the Potomac should be made without leaving for the defence of Washington a sufficient force to make the capital entirely secure.

This order went to the very marrow of what is yet an unsettled dispute between the friends of Lincoln and of McClellan; but this is not the place to discuss the merits of the controversy. It necessarily withheld from direct coöperation with McClellan a considerable portion of the army that could have been utilized in the effort to capture Richmond, if it had been deemed safe to uncover Washington. McClellan advanced upon Manassas, only to find it abandoned by the enemy. A council of war was held at McClellan's quarters, Fairfax Court House, on the 13th of March, at which it was decided to proceed against Richmond by the Peninsula. The only diversity of sentiment at that council was as to whether twenty-five thousand or forty thousand men should be detached for the defence at Washington; Keyes, Heintzelmann, and McDowell favoring the smaller number, and Sumner the larger number. I should here note a circumstance that I think is not generally understood. On the 11th of March, when McClellan was advancing with his army on Manassas, Lincoln issued an order practically removing him from the office of commander-in-chief, by limiting his command only to the Army of the Potomac operating with him against Richmond. This order has been variously discussed from the different standpoints held by the friends of Lincoln and McClellan, and with the merits of the controversy I do not propose to deal. I want to say, however, that those who assume that Lincoln limited McClellan's command because of any personal prejudice against him, are in error. He appointed no successor as commander-in-chief, but obviously left the place open for him who should win it. It is evident that his difficulties with McClellan about advancing upon Richmond, and about the organization of his army, had somewhat impaired Lincoln's confidence in McClellan as commander-in-chief; but I speak advisedly when I say that he sincerely hoped that McClellan would succeed in his Richmond campaign by the capture of the Confederate capital, and thus prove his right to be restored as commander-in-chief. I know that Lincoln cherished that hope, and meant that the captor of Richmond should be made the commander-in-chief of the army. Nor is this statement without strong corroboration from circumstance. The position of commander-in-chief was not filled by Lincoln until precisely four months after McClellan had been relieved from it; namely, on the 11th of August, 1862, and just four days after McClellan's letter to



GENERAL McCLELLAN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

the President, written at Harrison's Landing, severely criticising not only the military but the political policy of the administration.

A FATEFUL LETTER OF McCLELLAN'S.

That was a fateful letter for McClellan. It did not resolve Lincoln against the further support of McClellan, nor do I believe that it seriously prejudiced McClellan in Lincoln's estimation, as was shown by his restoration of McClellan to command after Pope's defeat soon thereafter; but it so thoroughly defined partisan lines between McClellan and the supporters of the administration, that when Lincoln called McClellan to the command of the defences of Washington, he had to do it against the united voice of his cabinet, and against the protests of almost, if not quite, a united party in Congress and in the country. However earnestly Lincoln may have desired to support McClellan thereafter, he was greatly weakened in his ability to do so. His letters to McClellan during the Peninsular campaign are an interesting study. All of them are singularly generous, and never offensive, and exhibit the sincerest desire of the President to render McClellan every support possible, without exposing Washington to what he deemed reasonable peril of capture. Only a week before this political letter was written, McClellan had addressed Stanton a long letter, in which he said: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." That McClellan, like Lincoln, did everything with the most patriotic purposes, and with intended loyalty to every duty, I do not doubt; but the issue remains now, nearly a generation after the dispute began, and is likely to continue throughout all the pages of future history.

Four days after the Harrison Landing letter was delivered to the President, Halleck was appointed commander-in-chief. The office remained vacant precisely four months, during which time there never was a doubt that Halleck would be called to the position unless McClellan should be restored. Soon after Lincoln returned from his visit to McClellan on the Peninsula, at which time McClellan's letter was delivered in person to Lincoln, Halleck urged the removal of McClellan from command; but Lincoln overruled him, and instead of ordering the Army of the Peninsula back to the support of Pope, McClellan was ordered to come with his forces. How McClellan ceased to have a command when his army was brought within the jurisdiction of General Pope, I need not stop to relate. Pope was defeated and routed and driven back into the entrenchments of Washington. In this emergency Lincoln braved the unanimous hostility of his cabinet and of his political friends by calling upon McClellan in person in Washington, and asking him to take command of the defences of the capital, which practically gave him command of the entire army while it was defending Washington. It was not a difficult matter to defend the capital with the complete system of entrenchments constructed by McClellan. There were a score of generals in the army who could have done that, but what the army needed most of all was reorganization. It was broken, dispirited, almost hopeless, and Lincoln knew that no man approached McClellan as a military organizer. To use his own language on the occasion, as quoted by Mr. Hay in his diary: "There is no one in the army who can command these fortifications, and lick these troops of ours into shape, half as well as he [McClellan] can." In this severe trial Lincoln was not forgetful of his duties of commander-in-chief. On the 3d of September, the day after assigning McClellan to the command of the defences of Washington, he issued an order to General-in-Chief Halleck, directing him to proceed with all possible despatch to organize an army for active operations, to take the field against the enemy. The Antietam campaign logically followed as Lee advanced into Maryland, and McClellan, without any special assignment, took the field against Lee, resulting in the battle of Antietam and the retreat of Lee back to Virginia.

THE LAST DAYS OF McCLELLAN'S COMMAND.

On the 28th of June Lincoln addressed a letter to Seward, in which he outlined the policy of the war in all the different departments. This was after the failure of the Peninsula campaign. It proved how thoroughly Lincoln kept in view his comprehensive strategy for the prosecution of the war. After the battle of Antietam there was continued dispute between Lincoln and McClellan, arising from what Lincoln believed to be tardiness on the part of the commander of the army to pursue the enemy. The Emancipation Proclamation speedily followed McClellan's victory at Antietam, and that rather intensified the opposing political views of the friends of Lincoln and McClellan. In a private letter written by McClellan on September 25th, and given in his own book (page 615), McClellan said: "The President's late proclamation, the continuation of Stanton and Halleck in office, rendered it almost impossible for me to retain my commission and self-respect at the same time;" and McClellan did not soften the asperities of the occasion by an address to his army, issued on the 7th of October, defining the relations of those in the military service toward the civil authorities. He said: "The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls." I give these quotations to show under what grievances, whether real or assumed, McClellan suffered during this controversy; and it is not surprising that the chasm

GENERAL GRANT. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY IN 1863.

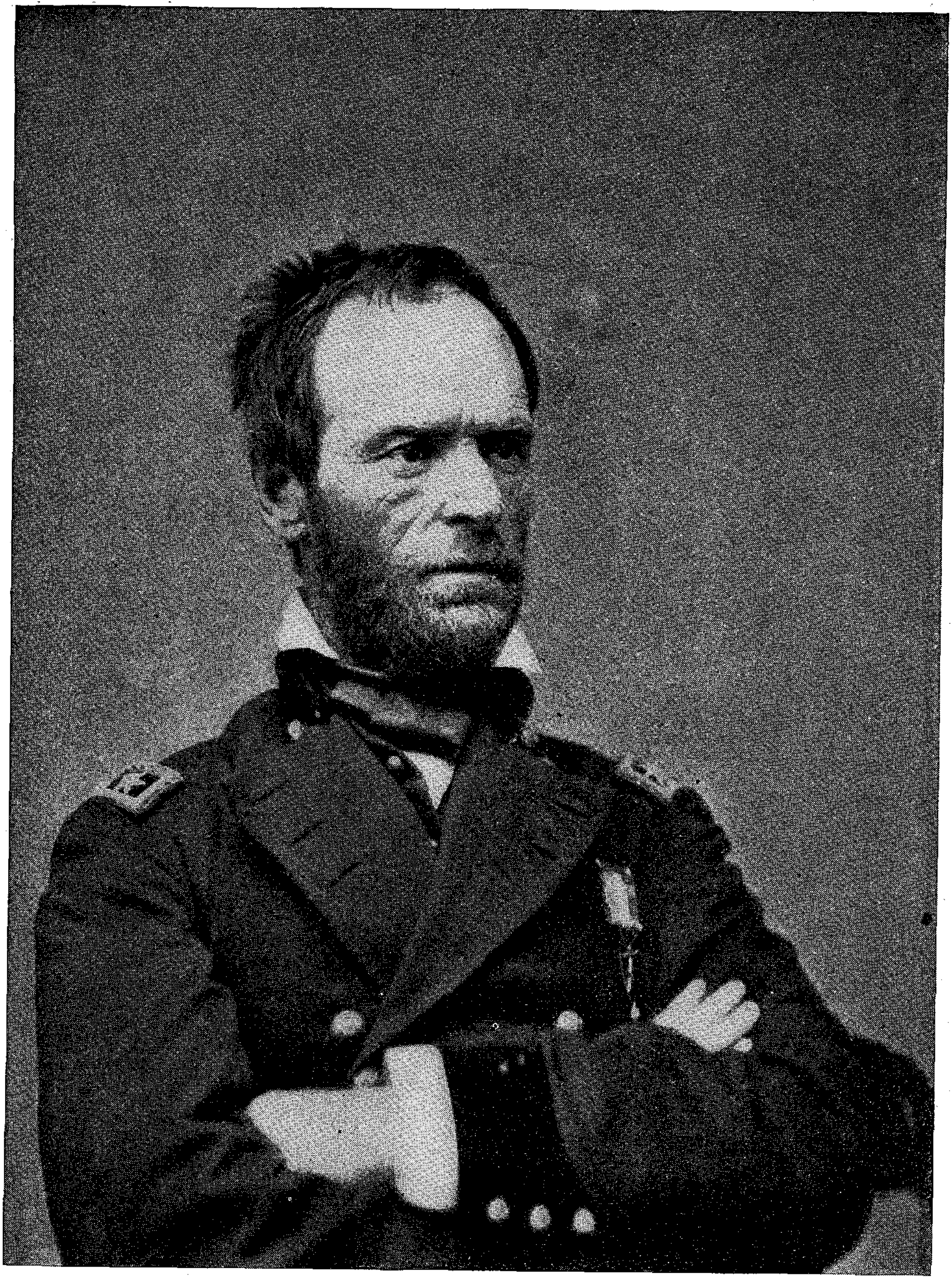
between the President and his general gradually widened because of the constantly increasing intensity of party prejudice against McClellan. During all this dispute Lincoln never exhibited even a shadow of resentment in anything that he said or did, so far as we have any record, and on the 13th of October he wrote an elaborate letter to McClellan, in which he temperately, but very thoroughly, discussed all the strategic lines of McClellan's prospective advance into Virginia, showing the most complete familiarity not only with the country that the army was to occupy, but with all the accepted rules of modern warfare. This controversy culminated in McClellan's removal from his command on the 5th of November, 1862, and that dated the end of his military career. He was ordered to report at Trenton for further orders, where he remained until the day of the Presidential election in 1864, when he resigned his commission, and Sheridan's appointment as his successor was announced in one of Stanton's characteristic bulletins on the following day, along with the news of McClellan's disastrous defeat for the Presidency.

LINCOLN'S SHARP REBUKE TO HOOKER.

I have given much time in this paper to Lincoln's relations with McClellan, because they present, in the strongest light, Lincoln's positive exercise of the high prerogatives of commander-in-chief of the army. Whether he did it wisely or unwisely in his protracted controversy with McClellan, cannot be here discussed, but the case of McClellan stands out most conspicuously as showing how completely Lincoln accepted and discharged the duties of the office of commander-in-chief. The most disastrous battle in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged soon followed McClellan's retirement, when Burnside was repulsed at Fredericksburg. At no stage of the war was the Army of the Potomac in such a demoralized condition as during the period from the defeat of Fredericksburg until Hooker was called to the command. Lincoln believed that some of Burnside's corps commanders were unfaithful to him, and where was he to get a commander? It is an open secret that Sedgwick, Meade, and Reynolds each in turn declined it, and the President finally turned to Hooker as the only man whose enthusiasm might inspire the demoralized army into effectiveness as an aggressive military power. That Lincoln was much distressed at the condition then existing is evident from many sources, but he makes it specially evident in a characteristic letter addressed by him to Hooker on the 26th of January, 1863, telling him of his assignment to the command of the Army of the Potomac. In this letter he says to Hooker: "I think that during General Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up as dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship." Hooker accepted this pointed admonition like a true soldier. His answer was: "He talks to me like a father. I shall not answer this letter until I have won a great victory." On the 11th of April Lincoln again left a record of his views as to the proper movements of the Army of the Potomac, in which he pointedly declared the true policy of making the army of Lee the objective point, instead of the Confederate capital, and from that theory he never departed. In this memorandum he said: "Our prime object is the enemy's army in front of us, and not with or about Richmond at all, unless it be incidental to the main object."

HOOKER'S SERIES OF MISFORTUNES.

I need not give in detail the result of Hooker's campaign to Chancellorsville. It was one of the most brilliant strategic movements of the war in the beginning, and one of the most strangely disastrous results at the close. On the day after Hooker's retreat back across the Rapidan the President wrote him a letter, in which there is not a trace of complaint against the commander, but clearly conveying Lincoln's profound sorrow at the result. He asked Hooker whether he had any plans for another early movement, concluding with these words: "If you have not, please inform me, so that I, incompetent as I may be, can try and assist in the formation of some plan for the army." When Lee began his movement northward toward Gettysburg, Hooker proposed to attack Lee's rear as soon as the movement was fully developed, to which Lincoln promptly replied, disapproving of the plan of attacking the enemy at Fredericksburg, which was Lee's rear, because the enemy would be in intrenchments, and, to use Lincoln's language, "so man for man worst you at that point, while his main force would, in some way, be getting an advantage of you northward." He added: "In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." Hooker's next suggestion was to let Lee move northward, and make a swift march upon Richmond; but this was also rejected by Lincoln because, as he says, Richmond when invested could not be taken in twenty days, and he added: "I think Lee's army and not Richmond is your sure objective point." This was on the 10th of June, 1863. On the 14th of June he again telegraphed Hooker urging him to succor Winchester, which was then threatened by the advance of Lee's army, in which he made the following quaint suggestion: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between



GENERAL SHERMAN IN 1865. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?" On the 16th of June he addressed a private letter to Hooker in which he spoke to him with the kind frankness so characteristic of him, gently portraying his faults and kindly pointing the way for him to act in harmony with Halleck, and all others whose aid was necessary to success. On the 27th of June Hooker was relieved from command at his own request, and Meade was charged with the responsibility of fighting the decisive battle of the war at Gettysburg. The defeat of Lee at Gettysburg decided the issue of the war. Many bloody battles were fought thereafter, but from the 4th of July, 1863, the cause of the Confederacy was a lost cause, and the man who won that battle should have been the chieftain of the war.

LINCOLN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD MEADE.

I may here properly introduce two despatches received by Lincoln from the battle-fields of Antietam and Gettysburg, which, I personally know, did much to make Lincoln distrust the capacity of both McClellan and Meade to appreciate the great purpose of the war. When Lee had retreated across the Potomac from Antietam on the 19th of September, 1862, McClellan telegraphed: "Our victory was complete. The enemy is driven back into Virginia. Maryland and Pennsylvania are now safe." Meade's congratulation to the army on the field of Gettysburg, July 4, 1863, closes as follows: "Our task is not yet accomplished, and the commanding general looks to the army for greater efforts to drive from our soil every vestige of the presence of the invader." The fact that both these commanders seemed to assume that their great work was to drive the enemy from Northern soil, impressed Lincoln profoundly. In Mr. Hay's diary Lincoln is quoted as saying, upon the receipt of this despatch: "Will our generals never get that idea out of their heads? The whole country is our soil." His theory of the war was that the enemy could be fought much more advantageously on Northern soil than in the South, as it enabled concentration of Northern forces, and diffused Southern forces in maintaining lines of supply; and before either of these battles were fought he had publicly declared his theory that Lee's army was the heart of the rebellion, and that Richmond and other important military centres would be valueless while Lee's army was unbroken. It is known that Lincoln was at first strongly inclined to censure Meade for not fighting another battle at Williamsport. I saw the President soon after that battle, and was amazed at his thorough familiarity with every highway and mountain pass which the armies had open to them. As it was near my own home I knew how accurate his information was, and he questioned me minutely as to distances and opportunities of the two armies in the race to Williamsport. When I asked him the direct question whether he was not satisfied with what Meade had accomplished, he answered in these words: "Now don't misunderstand me about General Meade. I am profoundly grateful down to the bottom of my boots for what he did at Gettysburg, but I think if I had been General Meade I would have fought another battle." He was extremely careful to avoid injustice to any of his commanders, and after fully considering the whole subject, he excused rather than justified Meade for not delivering battle to Lee at Williamsport. Had Meade done so and succeeded, he would have been the great general of the war; but there are few generals who would have fought that battle with the forces of both sides nearly equal and Lee entrenched. Had he fought it and failed, he would have been severely censured; but failing to fight, he lost his one opportunity to be the lieutenant-general of the war.

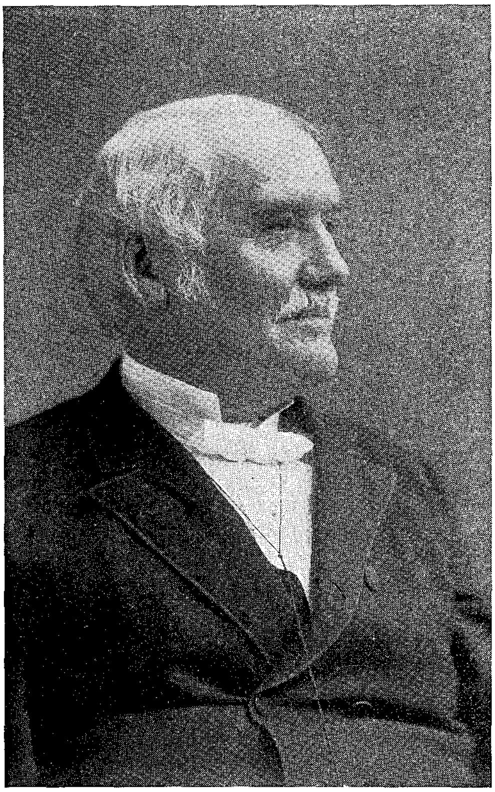
I need not refer in detail to the Pope campaign of 1862. It is known that the appointment of Pope and the creation of his department were entirely Lincoln's own acts. Without the knowledge of his cabinet he slipped off quietly to West Point to confer with General Scott, but what transpired between them no one ever learned from Lincoln. Indeed, so much were Lincoln and the country perplexed about military commanders in 1862–63 that Senator Wade conceived the idea of making himself lieutenant-general and commander of the armies, and had many supporters. In this he followed the precedent of Senator Benton during the Mexican War, who then made an earnest effort to be appointed generalissimo to supersede both Scott and Taylor in the direction of military operations in Mexico.

LINCOLN PERSONALLY ORDERS A CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

The campaign for the relief of East Tennessee was one of Lincoln's early conceptions, and in September, 1862, he went to the War Department personally and left a memorandum order for a campaign into that State. Many reasons combined to prevent early obedience to his orders, but from that time there was not a movement made in the West that Lincoln did not carefully examine and revise to hasten the relief of Tennessee; and his letter to Halleck, February 16, 1862, when Fort Donelson was about to be captured, outlined a policy of campaign to reach the heart of Tennessee. While he thus carefully revised every strategic movement, he always scrupulously avoided giving instructions which might embarrass a general fighting in a distant field. After the defeat and victory at Shiloh he called Halleck to the field to shield General Grant from the grossly unjust opposition that was surging against him, and in a letter to Halleck he said: "I have no instructions to give you; go ahead, and all success attend you."

The failure of the iron-clads at Charleston in 1863 was one of the sore disappointments of the war, and Lincoln's instructions, sent soon after jointly to General Hunter and Admiral Dupont, are explicit as to what they shall attempt to do. When General Banks was assigned to the department of the Gulf in 1862, with a command of twenty thousand men, Lincoln's letter to him, dated November 22d, pointedly illustrates his complete familiarity with the purposes of the campaign, and his admonitions to General Banks present a singular mixture of censure and charitable judgment. When we turn to his letter to General Grant, written July 13, 1863, after the surrender of Vicksburg, we will recall how carefully Lincoln observed all strategic movements, and also how he judged them. He was glad to confess error when the truth required it, and in his letter of thanks to Grant he told him that he believed that Grant should have moved differently, but added: "I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong." Early in the year 1864 Lincoln directed the movement into Florida, which resulted in the disastrous battle at Olustee, but he intended it as a political rather than as a military expedition. He in like manner directed combined military and political movements in Arkansas, Tennessee, Maryland, and Missouri. While Halleck was nominally commander-in-chief of the army, he had gradually ceased to be anything more than the chief of staff. Lincoln is quoted in Mr. Hay's diary as saying that, although Halleck had stipulated when he accepted the position, that it should be with the full powers and responsibilities of the office, after the defeat of Pope, Halleck had "shrunk from responsibility whenever it was possible."

This brings us to the 8th of March, 1864, when Lincoln and Grant met for the first time, and Lincoln personally delivered to Grant his commission as lieutenant-general. Immediately thereafter he was assigned as commander-in-chief of the army. From that day Lincoln practically abdicated his powers as commander-in-chief, so far as they related to army movements. He had found a commander in whom he had implicit faith, and one who was fully in accord with his theory that the overthrow of Lee's army would be the overthrow of the Rebellion, and Lincoln did not conceal his purpose to impose the entire responsibility on Grant. In a letter written to Grant April 30, 1864, just before Grant's movement in the Wilderness campaign, Lincoln said: "The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with these, I wish not to intrude any constraint or restraint upon you." Lincoln not only meant what he said, but he fulfilled his promise to the end. How heartily he was in accord with Grant is known to all. There never was a military or personal dispute between them, and Lincoln felt more than satisfied with the wisdom of his appointment of Grant when he received from the desperate carnage of the Wilderness the inspiring despatch: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." He had like faith in Sherman, and after his capture of Atlanta was more than willing to assent to Sherman's March



ALEXANDER K. McCLURE.

to the Sea, because he trusted the man who was to lead the army in that heroic movement. In his letter of congratulations to Sherman at Savannah, December 26, 1864, he told how anxious and fearful he was when Sherman left Atlanta, but added: "Remembering that 'nothing risked nothing gained,' I did not interfere. Now the undertaking being a success, the honor is all yours, for I believe none of us went farther than to acquiesce."

Soon after Sherman's march into North Carolina, Lincoln met Grant and Sherman at City Point, where the whole aspect of the war was fully discussed, and where he gave his last suggestions as commander-in-chief. They did not relate to the movement of armies but to the question of peace. The generous terms given by Grant to Lee at Appomattox were the reflex of Lincoln's suggestions at City Point, although doubtless in hearty accord with the great warrior's convictions; and Sherman, in his original agreement with Johnston for the surrender of his army, simply executed Mr. Lincoln's directions or suggestions as he understood them. The assassination of Lincoln suddenly brought a changed condition upon the country, and with it developed the intensest passions of civil war, but of these Sherman was ignorant, and he obeyed the orders of the commander-in-chief in accepting terms of surrender that became at once impracticable after Lincoln had fallen by the assassin's bullet. Thus ends the story of Abraham Lincoln as commander-in-chief in the most bloody and heroic war of modern times. I have simply presented facts, leaving for others the task of criticism; but this one fact will ever stand out conspicuously in the history of our civil war, that Lincoln was the actual commander-in-chief, from the first defeat at Manassas in July, 1861, until March, 1864, when the Silent Man of the West brought him welcome relief from that high prerogative and gave the Republic unity and peace.

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

By Ian Maclaren.

[We are enabled through the courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company to publish herewith a short story by a new writer of great power. This story is from the book entitled "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by Ian Maclaren, and it is not too much to say that Ian Maclaren is the author of whom the year 1894 will be especially proud. He is the latest of that magnificent group of writers beginning with Stevenson, and including "Q," Kipling, Doyle, Barrie, Weyman, Crockett, Hope, and others.—Editor.]

I.

A GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

DRUMTOCHTY was accustomed to break every law of health, except wholesome food and fresh air, and yet had reduced the Psalmist's farthest limit to an average life-rate. Our men made no difference in their clothes for summer or winter, Drumsheugh and one or two of the larger farmers condescending to a topcoat on Sabbath, as a penalty of their position, and without regard to temperature. They wore their blacks at a funeral, refusing to cover them with anything, out of respect to the deceased, and standing longest in the kirkyard when the north wind was blowing across a hundred miles of snow. If the rain was pouring at the Junction, then Drumtochty stood two minutes longer through sheer native dourness till each man had a cascade from the tail of his coat, and hazarded the suggestion, halfway to Kildrummie, that it had been "a bit scrowie;" a "scrowie" being as far short of a "shoor" as a "shoor" fell below "weet."

This sustained defiance of the elements provoked occasional judgments in the shape of a "hoast" (cough), and the head of the house was then exhorted by his women folk to "change his feet" if he had happened to walk through a burn on his way home, and was pestered generally with sanitary precautions. It is right to add that the gudeman treated such advice with contempt, regarding it as suitable for the effeminacy of towns, but not seriously intended for Drumtochty. Sandy

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Stewart "napped" stones on the road in his shirt sleeves, wet or fair, summer and winter, till he was persuaded to retire from active duty at eighty-five, and he spent ten years more in regretting his hastiness and criticising his successor. The ordinary course of life, with fine air and contented minds, was to do a full share of work till seventy, and then to look after "orra" (odd) jobs well into the eighties, and to "slip awa" within sight of ninety. Persons above ninety were understood to be acquitting themselves with credit, and assumed airs of authority, brushing aside the opinions of seventy as immature, and confirming their conclusions with illustrations drawn from the end of last century.

When Hillocks' brother so far forgot himself as to "slip awa" at sixty, that worthy man was scandalized, and offered laboured explanations at the "beerial."

"It's an awfu' business ony wy ye look at it, an' a sair trial tae us a'. A' never heard tell o' sic a thing in oor family afore, an' it's no easy accoontin' for't.

"The gudewife was sayin' he wes never the same sin' a weet nicht he lost himsel on the muir and slept below a bush; but that's neither here nor there. A'm thinkin' he sappit his constitution thae twa years he wes grieve (steward) aboot England. That wes thirty years syne, but ye're never the same aifter thae foreign climates."

Drumtochty listened patiently to Hillocks' apologia, but was not satisfied.

"It's clean havers aboot the muir. Losh keep's (Lord keep us), we've a' sleepit oot and never been a hair the waur.

"A' admit that England micht hae dune the job; it's no cannie stravagin' (strolling) yon wy frae place tae place, but Drums never complained tae me as if he hed been nippit in the Sooth."

The parish had, in fact, lost confidence in Drums after his wayward experiment with a potato-digging machine, which turned out a lamentable failure, and his premature departure confirmed our vague impression of his character.

"He's awa noo," Drumsheugh summed up, after opinion had time to form; "an' there were waur fouk than Drums, but there's nae doot he wes a wee flichty."

When illness had the audacity to attack a Drumtochty man, it was described as a "whup," and was treated by the men with a fine negligence. Hillocks was sitting in the post office one afternoon when I looked in for my letters, and the right side of his face was blazing red. His subject of discourse was the prospects of the turnip "breer," but he casually explained that he was waiting for medical advice.

"The gudewife is keepin' up a dingdong frae mornin' till nicht aboot ma face, and a'm fair deaved (deafened), so a'm watchin' for MacLure tae get a bottle as he comes wast (west); yon's him noo."

The doctor made his diagnosis from horseback on sight, and stated the result with that admirable clearness which endeared him to Drumtochty.

"Confoond ye, Hillocks, what are ye ploiterin' aboot here for in the weet wi' a face like a boiled beet? Div ye no ken that ye've a titch o' the rose (erysipelas), and ocht tae be in the hoose? Gae hame wi' ye afore a' leave the bit, and send a haflin (half-grown; a child) for some medicine. Ye donnerd idiot, are ye ettlin (intending) tae follow Drums afore yir time?" And the medical attendant of Drumtochty continued his invective till Hillocks started, and still pursued his retreating figure with medical directions of a simple and practical character.

"A'm watchin', an' peety ye if ye pit aff time. Keep yir bed the mornin', and dinna show yir face in the fields till a' see ye. A'll gie ye a cry on Monday—sic an auld fule—but there's no ane o' them tae mind anither in the hale pairish."

Hillocks' wife informed the kirkyaird that the doctor "gied the gudeman an awfu' clearin'," and that Hillocks "wes keepin' the hoose," which meant that the patient had tea breakfast, and at that time was wandering about the farm buildings in an easy undress with his head in a plaid.

It was impossible for a doctor to earn even the most modest competence from a people of such scandalous health, and so MacLure had annexed neighbouring parishes. His house—little more than a cottage—stood on the roadside among the pines towards the head of our Glen, and from this base of operations he dominated the wild glen that broke the wall of the Grampians above Drumtochty—where the snowdrifts were twelve feet deep in winter, and the only way of passage at times was the channel of the river—and the moorland district westwards till he came to the Dunleith sphere of influence, where there were four doctors and a hydropathic. Drumtochty in its length, which was eight miles, and its breadth, which was four, lay in his hand; besides a glen behind, unknown to the world, which in the night time he visited at the risk of life, for the way thereto was across the big moor with its peat holes and treacherous bogs. And he held the land eastwards towards Muirtown so far as Geordie. The Drumtochty post travelled every day, and could carry word that the doctor was wanted. He did his best for the need of every man, woman, and child in this wild, straggling district, year in, year out, in the snow and in the heat, in the dark and in the light, without rest, and without holiday for forty years.

One horse could not do the work of this man, but we liked best to see him on his old white mare, who died the week after her master, and the passing of the two did our hearts good. It was not that he rode beautifully, for he broke every canon of art, flying with his arms, stooping till he seemed to be speaking into Jess's ears, and rising in the saddle beyond all necessity. But he could ride faster, stay longer in the saddle, and had a firmer grip with his knees, than any one I ever met, and it was all for mercy's sake. When the reapers in harvest time saw a figure whirling past in a cloud of dust, or the family at the foot of Glen Urtach, gathered round the fire on a winter's night, heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs on the road, or the shepherds, out after the sheep, traced a black speck moving across the snow to the upper glen, they knew it was the doctor, and, without being conscious of it, wished him God speed.

Before and behind his saddle were strapped the instruments and medicines the doctor might want, for he never knew what was before him. There were no specialists in Drumtochty, so this man had to do everything as best he could, and as quickly. He was chest doctor and doctor for every other organ as well; he was accoucheur and surgeon; he was oculist and aurist; he was dentist and chloroformist, besides being chemist and druggist. It was often told how he was far up Glen Urtach when the feeders of the threshing mill caught young Burnbrae, and how he only stopped to change horses at his house, and galloped all the way to Burnbrae, and flung himself off his horse and amputated the arm, and saved the lad's life.

"You wud hae thocht that every meenut was an hour," said Jamie Soutar, who had been at the threshing, "an' a'll never forget the puir lad lying as white as deith on the floor o' the loft, wi' his head on a sheaf, an' Burnbrae haudin' the bandage ticht an' prayin' a' the while, and the mither greetin' in the corner.

"'Will he never come?' she cries, an' a' heard the soond o' the horse's feet on the road a mile awa in the frosty air.

"'The Lord be praised!' said Burnbrae, and a' slippit doon the ladder as the doctor came skelpin' intae the close, the foam fleein' frae his horse's mooth.

"'Whar is he?' wes a' that passed his lips, an' in five meenuts he hed him on the feedin' board, and wes at his wark—sic wark, neeburs—but he did it weel. An' ae thing a' thocht rael thochtfu' o' him: he first sent aff the laddie's mither tae get a bed ready.

"'Noo that's feenished, and his constitution 'ill dae the rest,' and he carried the lad doon the ladder in his airms like a bairn, and laid him in his bed, and waits aside him till he wes sleepin', and then says he: 'Burnbrae, yir a gey lad never tae say "Collie, will ye lick?" for a' hevna tasted meat for saxteen hoors.'

"It was michty tae see him come intae the yaird that day, neeburs; the verra look o' him wes victory."

Jamie's cynicism slipped off in the enthusiasm of this reminiscence, and he expressed the feeling of Drumtochty. No one sent for MacLure save in great straits, and the sight of him put courage in sinking hearts. But this was not by the grace of his appearance, or the advantage of a good bedside manner. A tall, gaunt, loosely made man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body, his face burned a dark brick colour by constant exposure to the weather, red hair and beard turning grey, honest blue eyes that looked you ever in the face, huge hands with wrist bones like the shank of a ham, and a voice that hurled his salutations across two fields, he suggested the moor rather than the drawing-room. But what a clever hand it was in an operation, as delicate as a woman's; and what a kindly voice it was in the humble room where the shepherd's wife was weeping by her man's bedside. He was "ill pitten thegither" to begin with, but many of his physical defects were the penalties of his work, and endeared him to the Glen. That ugly scar that cut into his right eyebrow and gave him such a sinister expression, was got one night Jess slipped on the ice and laid him insensible eight miles from home. His limp marked the big snowstorm in the fifties, when his horse missed the road in Glen Urtach, and they rolled together in a drift. MacLure escaped with a broken leg and the fracture of three ribs, but he never walked like other men again. He could not swing himself into the saddle without making two attempts and holding Jess's mane. Neither can you "warstle" through the peat bogs and snow drifts for forty winters without a touch of rheumatism. But they were honorable scars, and for such risks of life men get the Victoria Cross in other fields. MacLure got nothing but the secret affection of the Glen, which knew that none had ever done one-tenth as much for it as this ungainly, twisted, battered figure, and I have seen a Drumtochty face soften at the sight of MacLure limping to his horse.

Mr. Hopps earned the ill-will of the Glen forever by criticising the doctor's dress, but indeed it would have filled any townsman with amazement. Black he wore once a year, on Sacrament Sunday, and, if possible, at a funeral; topcoat or water-proof never. His jacket and waistcoat were rough homespun of Glen Urtach wool, which threw off the wet like a duck's back, and below he was clad in shepherd's tartan trousers, which disappeared into unpolished riding boots. His shirt was grey flannel, and he was uncertain about a collar, but certain as to a tie which he never had, his beard doing instead, and his hat was soft felt of four colors and seven different shapes. His point of distinction in dress was the trousers, and they were the subject of unending speculation.

"Some threep (declare) that he's worn thae eedentical pair the last twenty year, an' a' mind masel (myself) his gettin' a tear ahint, when he was crossin' oor palin', and the mend's still veesible.

"Ithers declare 'at he's got a wab o' claith, and hes a new pair made in Muirtown aince in the twa year maybe, and keeps them in the garden till the new look wears aff.

"For ma ain pairt," Soutar used to declare, "a' canna mak up my mind, but there's ae thing sure, the Glen wud not like tae see him without them: it wud be a shock tae confidence. There's no muckle o' the check left, but ye can aye tell it, and when ye see thae breeks comin' in ye ken that if human pooer can save yir bairn's life it 'ill be dune."

The confidence of the Glen—and tributary states—was unbounded, and rested partly on long experience of the doctor's resources, and partly on his hereditary connection.

"His father was here afore him," Mrs. Macfadyen used to explain; "atween them they've hed the countyside for weel on tae a century; if MacLure disna understand oor constitution, wha dis, a' wud like tae ask?"

For Drumtochty had its own constitution and a special throat disease, as became a parish which was quite self-contained between the woods and the hills, and not dependent on the lowlands either for its diseases or its doctors.

"He's a skilly man, Doctor MacLure," continued my friend Mrs. Macfadyen, whose judgment on sermons or anything else was seldom at fault; "an' a kind-hearted, though o' coorse he hes his faults like us a', an' he disna tribble the Kirk often.

"He aye can tell what's wrang wi' a body, an' maistly he can put ye richt, an' there's nae new-fangled wys wi' him: a blister for the ootside an' Epsom salts for the inside dis his wark, an' they say there's no an herb on the hills he disna ken.

"If we're tae dee, we're tae dee; an' if we're tae live, we're tae live," concluded Elspeth, with sound Calvinistic logic; "but a'll say this for the doctor, that whether yir tae live or dee, he can aye keep up a shairp meisture on the skin.

"But he's no verra ceevil gin ye bring him when there's naethin' wrang," and Mrs. Macfadyen's face reflected another of Mr. Hopps' misadventures of which Hillocks held the copyright.

"Hopps' laddie ate grosarts (gooseberries) till they hed to sit up a' nicht wi' him, and naethin' wud do but they maun hae the doctor, an' he writes 'immediately' on a slip o' paper.

"Weel, MacLure had been awa a' nicht wi' a shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, and he comes here without drawin' bridle, mud up tae the een.

"'What's a dae here, Hillocks?' he cries; 'it's no an accident, is't?' and when he got aff his horse he cud hardly stand wi' stiffness and tire.

"'It's nane o' us, doctor; it's Hopps' laddie; he's been eatin' ower mony berries.'

"If he didna turn on me like a tiger.

"'Div ye mean tae say——'

"'Weesht, weesht,' an' I tried tae quiet him, for Hopps wes comin' oot.

"'Well, doctor,' begins he, as brisk as a magpie, 'you're here at last; there's no hurry with you Scotchmen. My boy has been sick all night, and I've never had one wink of sleep. You might have come a little quicker, that's all I've got to say.'

"'We've mair tae dae in Drumtochty than attend tae every bairn that hes a sair stomach,' and a' saw MacLure wes roosed.

"'I'm astonished to hear you speak. Our doctor at home always says to Mrs. 'Opps, "Look on me as a family friend, Mrs. 'Opps, and send for me though it be only a headache."'

"'He'd be mair sparin' o' his offers if he hed four an' twenty mile tae look aifter. There's naething wrang wi' yir laddie but greed. Gie him a gude dose o' castor oil and stop his meat for a day, an' he 'ill be a' richt the morn.'

"'He 'ill not take castor oil, doctor. We have given up those barbarous medicines.'

"'Whatna kind o' medicines hae ye noo in the Sooth?'

"'Well, you see, Dr. MacLure, we're homœopathists, and I've my little chest here,' and oot Hopps comes wi' his boxy.

"'Let's see't,' an' MacLure sits doon and taks oot the bit bottles, and he reads the names wi' a lauch every time.

"'Belladonna; did ye ever hear the like? Aconite; it cowes a'. Nux Vomica. What next? Weel, ma mannie,' he says tae Hopps, 'it's a fine ploy, and ye 'ill better gang on wi' the Nux till it's dune, and gie him ony ither o' the sweeties he fancies.

"'Noo, Hillocks, a' maun be aff tae see Drumsheugh's grieve (steward), for he's doon wi' the fever, an' it's tae be a teuch fecht (hard fight). A' hinna time tae wait for dinner; gie me some cheese an' cake in ma haund, and Jess 'ill tak a pail o' meal an' water.

"'Fee; a'm no wantin' yir fees, man; wi' a' that boxy ye dinna need a doctor; na, na, gie yir siller tae some puir body, Maister Hopps,' an' he was doon the road as hard as he cud lick."

His fees were pretty much what the folk chose to give him, and he collected them once a year at Kildrummie fair.

"Weel, doctor, what am a' awin' ye for the wife and bairn? Ye 'ill need three notes for that nicht ye stayed in the hoose an' a' the veesits."

"Havers," MacLure would answer, "prices are low, a'm hearing; gie's thirty shillings."

"No, a'll no, or the wife 'ill tak ma ears off," and it was settled for two pounds.

Lord Kilspindie gave him a free house and fields, and one way or other, Drumsheugh told me, the doctor might get in about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, out of which he had to pay his old housekeeper's wages and a boy's, and keep two horses, besides the cost of instruments and books, which he bought through a friend in Edinburgh with much judgment.

There was only one man who ever complained of the doctor's charges, and that was the new farmer of Milton, who was so good that he was above both churches, and held a meeting in his barn. (It was Milton the Glen supposed at first to be a Mormon, but I can't go into that now.) He offered MacLure a pound less than he asked, and two tracts, whereupon MacLure expressed his opinion of Milton, both from a theological and social standpoint, with such vigour and frankness that an attentive audience of Drumtochty men could hardly contain themselves.

Jamie Soutar was selling his pig at the time, and missed the meeting, but he hastened to condole with Milton, who was complaining everywhere of the doctor's language.

"Ye did richt tae resist him; it 'ill maybe roose the Glen tae mak a stand; he fair hauds them in bondage.

"Thirty shillings for twal veesits, and him no mair than seeven mile awa, an' a'm telt there werena mair than four at nicht.

"Ye 'ill hae the sympathy o' the Glen, for a' body kens yir as free wi' yir siller as yir tracts.

"Wes't 'Beware o' gude warks' ye offered him? Man, ye chose it weel, for he's been colleckin' sae money thae forty years, a'm feared for him.

"A've often thocht oor doctor's little better than the Gude Samaritan, an' the Pharisees didna think muckle o' his chance aither in this warld or that which is tae come."

II.

THROUGH THE FLOOD.

Dr. MacLure did not lead a solemn procession from the sick bed to the dining-room, and give his opinion from the hearth-rug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manners were on that large scale. He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and labored under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? tell's the truth; wull Annie no come through?"

and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaein' tae lose her, Tammas."

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment, he laid his hand on Tammas's shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye 'ill play the man and no vex Annie; she 'ill dae her best, a'll warrant."

"An' a'll dae mine," and Tammas gave MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling. Drumtochty felt in such moments the brotherliness of this rough-looking man, and loved him.

Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane, who looked round with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and in this silent sympathy the stricken man drank his cup, drop by drop.

"A' wesna prepared for this, for a' aye thocht she wud live the langest. . . . She's younger than me by ten years, and never wes ill. . . . We've been mairit twal year laist Martinmas, but it's juist like a year the day. . . . A' wes never worthy o' her, the bonniest, snoddest (neatest), kindliest lass in the Glen. . . . A' never cud mak oot hoo she ever lookit at me, 'at hesna hed ae word tae say aboot her till it's ower late. . . . She didna cuist (cast) up tae me that a' wesna worthy o' her, no her, but aye she said, 'Yir ma ain gudeman, and nane cud be kinder tae me.' . . . An' a' wes minded tae be kind, but a' see noo mony little trokes a' micht hae dune for her, and noo the time is bye. . . . Naebody kens hoo patient she wes wi' me, and aye made the best o' me, an' never pit me tae shame afore the fouk. . . . An' we never hed ae cross word, no ane in twal year. . . . We were mair nor man and wife, we were sweethearts a' the time. . . . Oh, ma bonnie lass, what 'ill the bairnies an' me dae without ye, Annie?"

The winter night was falling fast, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the merciless north wind moaned through the close as Tammas wrestled with his sorrow dry-eyed, for tears were denied Drumtochty men. Neither the doctor nor Jess moved hand or foot, but their hearts were with their fellow creature, and at length the doctor made a sign to Marget Howe, who had come out in search of Tammas, and now stood by his side.

"Dinna mourn tae the brakin' o' yir hert, Tammas," she said, "as if Annie an' you hed never luved. Neither death nor time can pairt them that luve; there's naethin' in a' the warld sae strong as luve. If Annie gaes frae the sicht o' yir een she 'ill come the nearer tae yir hert. She wants tae see ye, and tae hear ye say that ye 'ill never forget her nicht nor day till ye meet in the land where there's nae pairtin'. Oh, a' ken what a'm sayin', for it's five year noo sin George gied awa, an' he's mair wi' me noo than when he wes in Edinboro' and I wes in Drumtochty."

"Thank ye kindly, Marget; thae are gude words and true, an' ye hev the richt tae say them; but a' canna dae without seein' Annie comin' tae meet me in the gloamin' an' gaein' in an' oot the hoose, an' hearin' her ca' me by ma name, an' a'll no can tell her that a' luve her when there's nae Annie in the hoose.

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, an' we were a' sae prood o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye hed keepit deith frae anither hame. Can ye no think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light.

"There's nae pooer in heaven or airth like luve," Marget said to me afterwards; "it maks the weak strong and the dumb tae speak. Oor herts were as water afore Tammas's words, an' a' saw the doctor shake in his saddle. A' never kent till that meenut hoo he hed a share in a'body's grief, an' carried the heaviest wecht o' a' the Glen. A' peetied him wi' Tammas lookin' at him sae wistfully, as if he hed the keys o' life an' deith in his hands. But he wes honest, and wudna hold oot a false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win escape for himsel'."

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luved her; a' brocht her intae the warld, and a' saw her through the fever when she wes a bit lassikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it wes me hed tae tell her she wes an orphan, an' nae man wes better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her fower bairns. A've naither wife nor bairns o' ma own, an' a' coont a' the fouk o' the Glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes a man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble.

"Tammas, ma puir fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay doon this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fireside, an' the bairns roond ye, couthy an' canty again; but it's no tae be, Tammas, it's no tae be."

"When a' lookit at the doctor's face," Marget said, "a' thocht him the winsomest man ta' ever saw. He wes transfigured that nicht, for a'm judging there's nae transfiguration like luve."

"It's God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a'm no ungrateful' tae you, doctor, for a' ye've dune and what ye said the nicht," and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last time.

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came of long experience, and the doctor held converse with her according to his wont.

"Eh, Jess, wumman, yon wes the hardest wark a' hae tae face, an' a' wud raither hae ta'en ma chance o' anither row in a Glen Urtach drift than tell Tammas Mitchel his wife wes deein'.

"A' said she cudna be cured, and it wes true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit for't, and they micht as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas's hert, for it's heavy eneuch without regrets.

"But it's hard, Jess, that money wull buy life after a', an' if Annie wes a duchess her man wudna lose her; but bein' only a puir cottar's wife, she maun dee afore the week's oot.

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hesna lost mair than five per cent. o' his cases, and they 'ill be puir toon's craturs, no strappin' women like Annie.

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that was ever dune in the Glen in oor time if it could be managed by hook or crook."

"We 'ill gang and see Drumsheugh, Jess; he's anither man sin' Geordie Hoo's deith, and he wes aye kinder than fouk kent;" and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye on the road; ye 'ill hae been at Tammas Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his hert."

"That's no lichtsome, doctor, no lichtsome ava (at all), for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochty sae bund up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man, ye 'ill need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

"Certes, he's no blate (backward); it's a fell chairge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we 'ill hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and MacLure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumsheugh, in one of the few confidences that ever broke the Drumtochty reserve, "a'm a lonely man, wi' naebody o' ma ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae ma coffin when a'm deid.

"A' fecht awa at Muirtown market for an extra pund on a beast, or a shillin' on the quarter o' barley, an' what's the gude o't? Burnbrae gaes aff tae get a goon for his wife or a buke for his college laddie, an' Lachlan Campbell 'ill no leave the place noo without a ribbon for Flora.

"Ilka man in the Kildrummie train has some bit fairin' in his pooch for the fouk at hame that he's bocht wi' the siller he won.

"But there's naebody tae be lookin' oot for me, an' comin' doon the road tae meet me, and daffin' (joking) wi' me aboot their fairing, or feeling ma pockets. Ou ay, a've seen it a' at ither hooses, though they tried tae hide it frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them. Me lauch, wi' ma cauld, empty hame!

"Yir the only man kens, Weelum, that I aince luved the noblest wumman in the Glen or onywhere, an' a' luve her still, but wi' anither luve noo.

"She hed given her heart tae anither, or a've thocht a' micht hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned tae bitterness, but that passed awa beside the brier bush whar George Hoo lay yon sad simmer time. Some day a'll tell ye ma story, Weelum, for you an' me are auld freends, and will be till we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumsheugh's hand, but neither man looked at the other.

"Weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin

we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht, and ye 'ill hae yir man the morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh, but ye 'ill grant me ae favor. Ye 'ill lat me pay the half, bit by bit—a' ken yir wullin' tae dae't a'—but a' haena mony pleesures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir George on the Kildrummie platform whom that famous surgeon took for a gillie, but who introduced himself as "MacLure of Drumtochty." It seemed as if the East had come to meet the West when these two stood together, the one in travelling furs, handsome and distinguished, with his strong, cultured face and carriage of authority, a characteristic type of his profession; and the other more marvellously dressed than ever, for Drumsheugh's topcoat had been forced upon him for the occasion, his face and neck one redness with the bitter cold; rough and ungainly, yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice, the most heroic type of his noble profession. MacLure compassed the precious arrival with observances till he was securely seated in Drumsheugh's dogcart—a vehicle that lent itself to history—with two full-sized plaids added to his equipment—Drumsheugh and Hillocks had both been requisitioned—and MacLure wrapped another plaid round a leather case, which was placed below the seat with such reverence as might be given to the Queen's regalia. Peter attended their departure full of interest, and as soon as they were in the fir woods MacLure explained that it would be an eventful journey.

"It's a' richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the Glen, and th'ill be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination."

Four times they left the road and took their way over fields, twice they forced a passage through a slap in a dyke, thrice they used gaps in the paling which MacLure had made on his downward journey.

"A' seleckit the road this mornin', an' a' ken the depth tae an inch; we 'ill get through this steadin' here tae the main road, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin' the Tochty.

"Ye see the bridge hes been shaken' wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaw's been melting up Urtach way. There's nae doot the water's gey big, an' it's threatenin' tae rise, but we 'ill win through wi' a warstle.

"It micht be safer tae lift the instruments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haddin' (holding) them on yir knee till we're ower? an' keep firm in yir seat in case we come on a stane in the bed o' the river."

By this time they had come to the edge, and it was not a cheering sight. The Tochty had spread out over the meadows, and while they waited they could see it cover another two inches on the trunk of a tree. There are summer floods, when the water is brown and flecked with foam, but this was a winter flood, which is black and sullen, and runs in the centre with a strong, fierce, silent current. Upon the opposite side Hillocks stood to give directions by word and hand, as the ford was on his land, and none knew the Tochty better in all its ways.

They passed through the shallow water without mishap, save when the wheel struck a hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut; but when they neared the body of the river MacLure halted, to give Jess a minute's breathing.

"It 'ill tak ye a' yir time, lass, an' a' wud raither be on yir back; but ye never failed me yet, and a wumman's life is hangin' on the crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of the stream the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping in about his feet, while the dogcart began to quiver, and it seemed as if it were to be carried away. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

Both men spoke much more strongly and shortly, but this is what they intended to say, and it was MacLure that prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with cunning art, and held her shoulder against the stream; MacLure leant forward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in the water, shouting directions and cheering on horse and driver.

"Haud tae the richt, doctor; there's a hole yonder. Keep oot o't for ony sake. That's it; yir daein' fine. Steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, an' ye 'll be oot o' the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mare! Mak straicht for me, doctor, an' a'll gie ye the road oot. Ma word, ye've dune yir best, baith o' ye this mornin'," cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dogcart, now in the shallows.

"Sall, it wes titch an' go for a meenut in the middle; a Hielan' ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye're safe noo.

"Gude luck tae ye at Westerton, sir; nane but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Tochty in flood. Ye're boond tae succeed aifter sic a graund beginnin'," for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, and carried him off to the barn, and spread some corn on the threshing floor and thrust a flail into his hands.

"Noo we've tae begin, an' we 'ill no be dune for an oor, and ye've tae lay on without stoppin' till a' come for ye, an' a'll shut the door tae haud in the noise, an' keep yir dog beside ye, for there maunna be a cheep aboot the hoose for Annie's sake."

"A'll dae onything ye want me, but if—if——"

"A'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger; but what are ye feared for wi' the Queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen on the snow.

His face was as tidings of great joy, and Elspeth told me that there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory, save the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, an' a'll never see the like again; it's a' ower, man, without a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'in' asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'ill live?"

"Of coorse he dis, and be aboot the hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bluided, weel-livin'——

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? it's a mercy a' keppit ye, or we wud hev hed anither job for Sir George.

"Ye're a' richt noo; sit doon on the strae. A'll come back in a whilie, an' ye 'ill see Annie juist for a meenut, but ye maunna say a word."

Marget took him in and let him kneel by Annie's bedside.

He said nothing then or afterwards, for speech came only once in his lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the Doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a cheque beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and your friend.

"You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean, miserly rascal," and the cheque with Drumsheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

As the train began to move, a voice from the first called so that all in the station heard:

"Give's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honour to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings."

It was market day, but only Jamie Soutar and Hillocks had ventured down.

"Did ye hear yon, Hillocks? Hoo dae ye feel? A'll no deny a'm lifted."

Halfway to the Junction Hillocks had recovered, and began to grasp the situation.

"Tell's what he said. A' wud like to hae it exact for Drumsheugh."

"Thae's the eedentical words, an' they're true; there's no a man in Drumtochty disna ken that, except ane."

"An' wha's that, Jamie?"

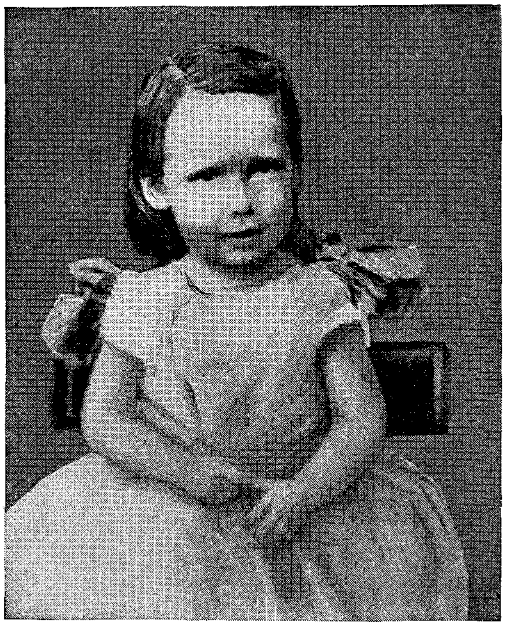
"It's Weelum MacLure himsel. Man, a've often girned that he sud fecht awa for us a', and maybe dee before he kent that he had githered mair luve than ony man in the Glen.

"'A'm prood tae hae met ye,' says Sir George, an' him the greatest doctor in the land. 'Yir an honour tae oor profession.'

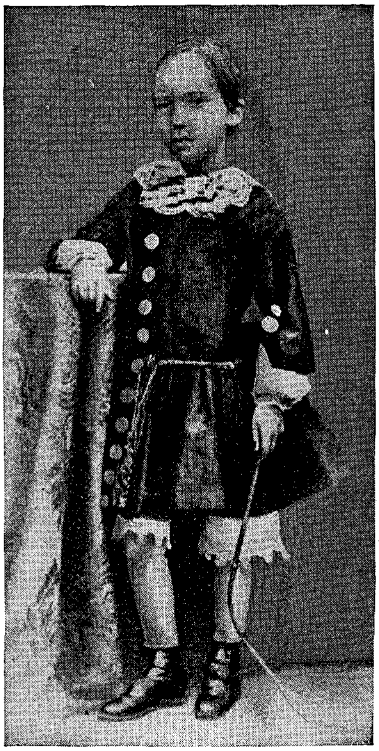
"Hillocks, a' wudna hae missed it for twenty notes," said James Soutar, cynic-in-ordinary to the parish of Drumtochty.

PORTRAITS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

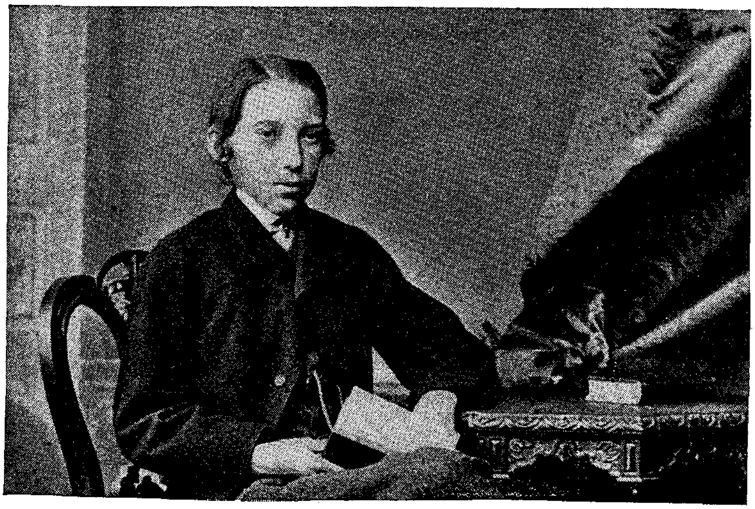
BORN NOVEMBER 13, 1850; DIED DECEMBER 3, 1894.



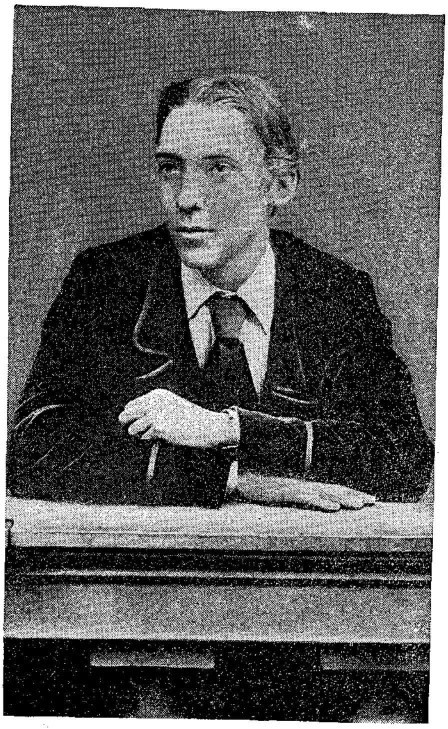
AGE 20 MONTHS. 1852.



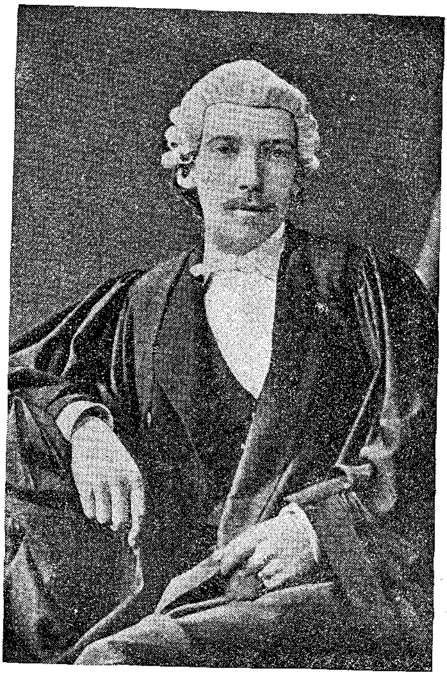
AGE 6. 1857.



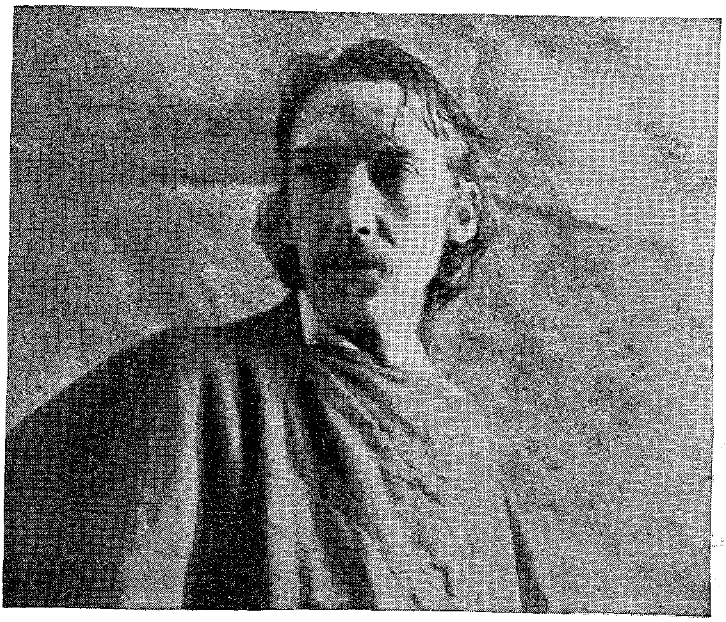
AGE 14. 1865.



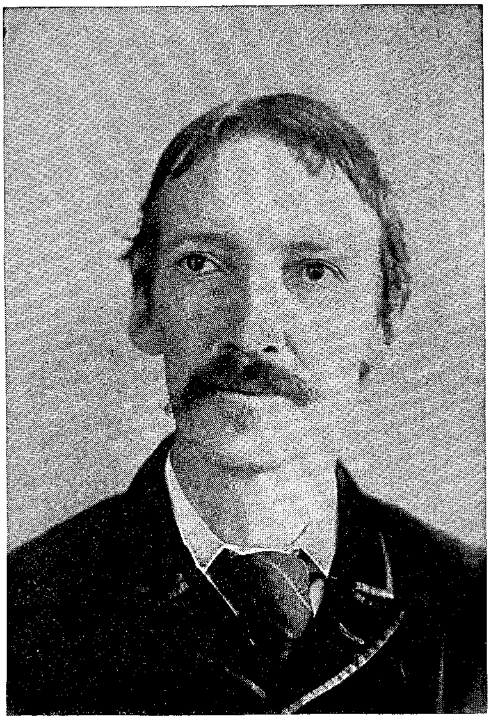
AGE 21. 1872.

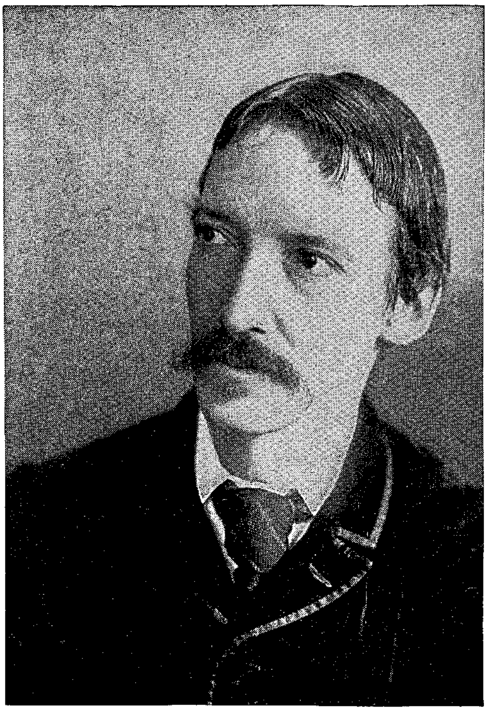


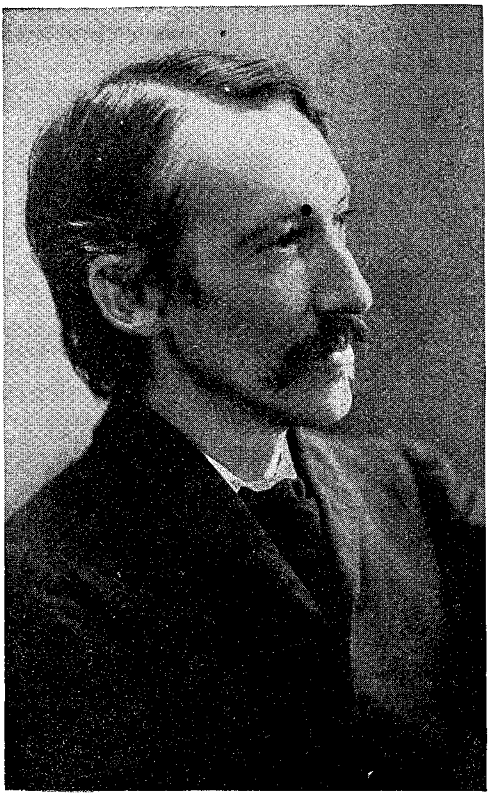
AGE 24. 1875.

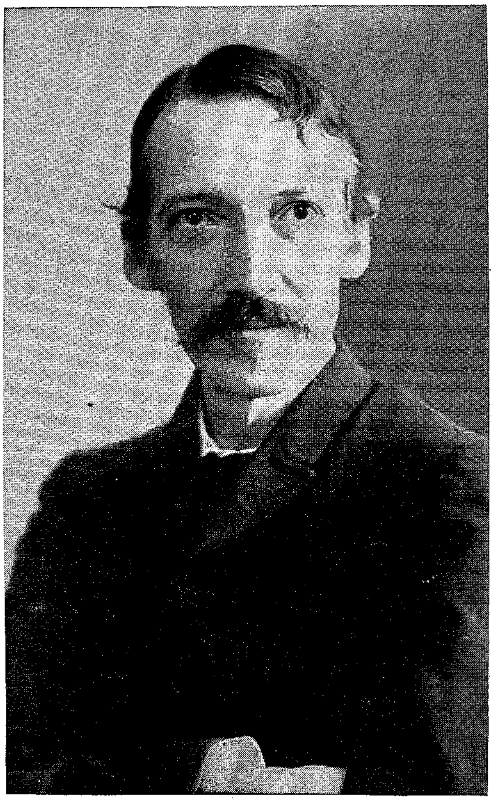


AGE 34. 1885.

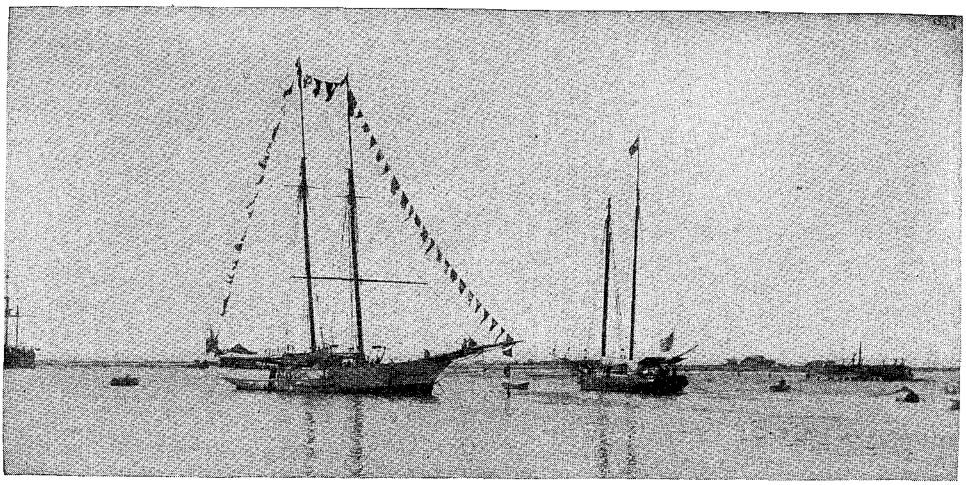








Note.—The four portraits on this page are from photographs taken in Australia in 1893.



A VIEW SHOWING THE YACHT "CASCO"—THE SMALLER OF THE TWO VESSELS IN THE FOREGROUND.

STEVENSON IN THE SOUTH SEA.

By William Churchill.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON won more than the honor of being regarded by his own people the first of romancers in the English tongue. He was acknowledged by all Samoa, where his last, and by no means his least happy and fruitful, years were spent, to be *Tusitala*, the teller of stories. It is no light honor; it is not easily won. A man must have tales to tell, and art wherewith to make the telling notable, before he can win the approval of these Samoans, as they sit in the evening circles, in the cool trade breezes, and as the hospitable cigarette passes from lip to lip.

Any *Tusitala*, for there are several, ranks high in the simple state of the Samoans. Every chief of village has his orator, the man who, in meetings of the people, or in conference with people of other towns, presents the royal purpose. With the feathered wand which is the ensign of his rank, he stands before his chief, and in full voice, and with skill of words, presents his case. He must be an orator, a pleader, a master of speech, able to force the unwilling, to lead the ready, to spur the hesitating; to win by argument where argument holds, by sophistry, by any rhetorical art, so he win. This much is required of an ordinary village *Tusitala*. More is necessary when one is the master of speech for a chief. Then there is the *Tusitala* for the poor puppet whom Germans or consuls will allow to be the king of the Samoan people. But higher than them all, above every talking man, above the German company, and above the consuls themselves, the Samoan people placed the master of our romance, making him as well the master of theirs. From Savaii to Manono, up the heights of Upolu, and down in the bays of Tutuila, *Tusitala* meant Robert Louis Stevenson in the speech of the gentle islanders.

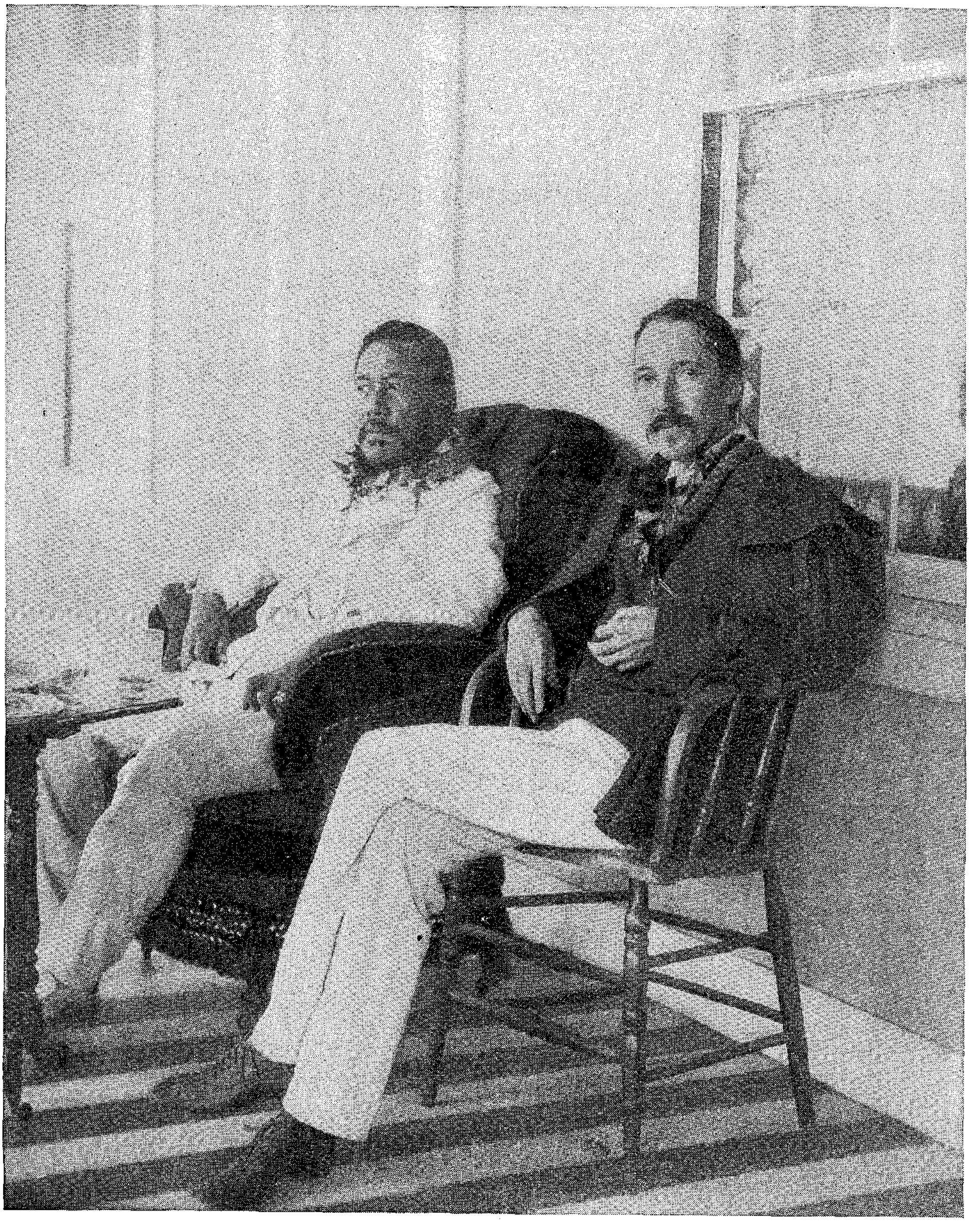
STEVENSON'S WIDE SEARCH FOR HEALTH.

In 1888 Mr. Stevenson was hunting the earth for the spot of land and climate which meant life for him, if haply there were left any life to one so far gone in health as he. He had tried the Mediterranean countries until he saw that health lay not there. He had sought the Adirondacks in the hope of recovering strength, but the balsamic airs of the forests of the North Woods had proved as worthless as the reek of the orange groves. Driven ever farther afield in search of climate, he came to California in that year. He knew what those cloudless skies and that transparent air were; that is all set down in the "Silverado Squatters." But for once the climate of a State which is all climate failed to work good. Somewhere on the earth he hoped there might be a place wherein he could live and breathe with comfort, or at least with absence of the pain which was racking him. Beyond the

Golden Gate lay the islands of the South Sea. He made his choice happily, it proved, for it added years of comfort, even of activity, to the life of a man who seemed scarce worth a month's purchase. He chose the South Sea.

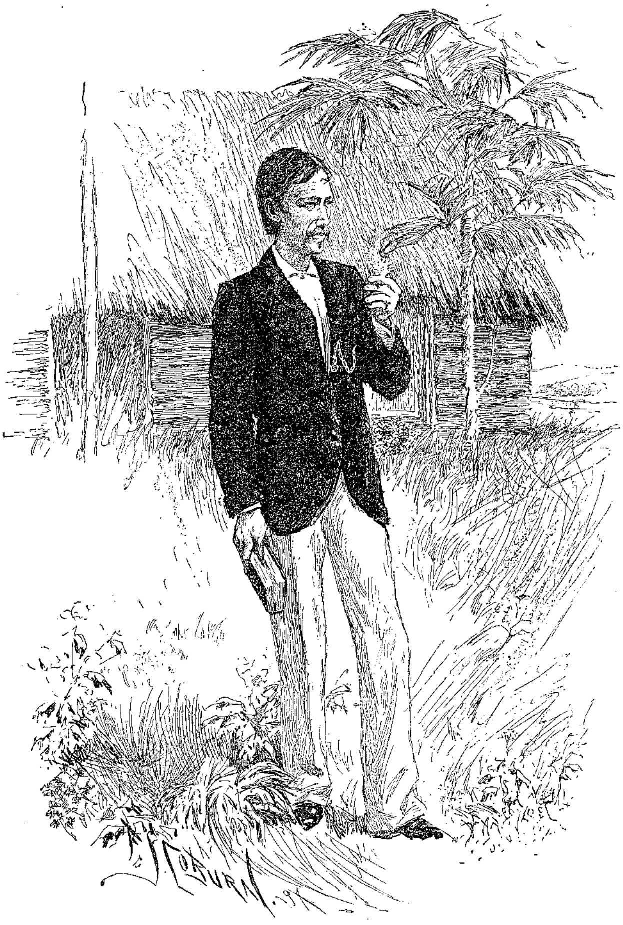
It was then that I made his acquaintance, an acquaintance since renewed and maintained by letters, with such difficulty as lies in the fact that a question might be asked and answered in say half a year, if luck was good. I was called in as being somewhat of an expert in the South Sea, having, indeed, but lately come off several years of voyaging among the islands.

Mr. Stevenson, when I first saw him in his room in the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, was sitting up in bed, not rightly able to speak for the cold that oppressed him, haggard from the illness that was sapping him, thin, pale, and wan. The first sight was something more than of a man with the blankets and counterpanes hunched up about him; it was an impression of flowing black hair, keen eyes, and a wonderful interlacing of taper fingers. At this time he



KALAKAUA, THE LATE KING OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AND MR. STEVENSON IN THE VERANDA OF THE ROYAL BOAT-HOUSE, HONOLULU.

was so hoarse that his voice had none of the charm which was really one of the most marked attributes of the man. More pleasant days, and strength growing in the nervous hope that the South Sea might indeed yield him what was nowhere else for him on earth, gave chances to hear that voice as it really was—gentle, deep, sympathetic. But those fingers—long, sinewy, sinuous, never resting, but rubbing each the other as if there were a mania of the nerves in their tips! Those who have never seen Stevenson's hand may form some idea of the fingers from the so-called "watermelon seed" picture, in which one of the forefingers, resting against the face, seems to reach up into the hair.



STEVENSON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SAMOA BY DAVIS.

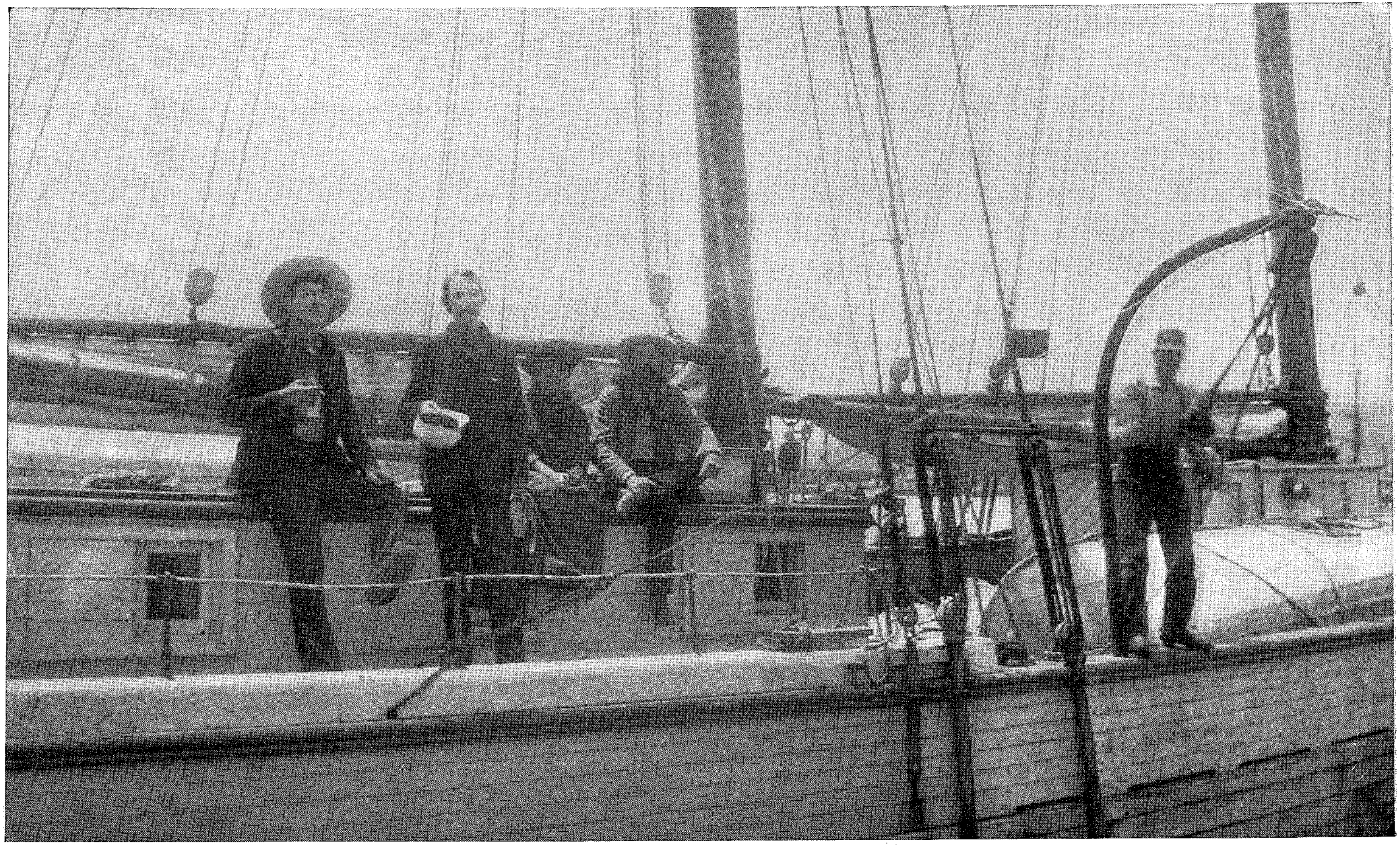
STEVENSON EAGER FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE SOUTH SEA.

At this first meeting he seemed eager for all that might be told of the mysteries of the South Sea. He asked about the voyages of the old voyagers; he sought to know what were the traders of to-day, and this in one breath. Again he caught at the name of "Bully" Hayes, the last pirate of the Pacific, and lumped with him the mystery of "La Perouse." Names of islands and of groups were, of course, all new to him, and he asked again and again where they lay and how they were pronounced. But in everything he was, more than anything else, wistful to hear of the unmixed islanders—what was their life and what sort of people they might be. At odd times Mrs. Stevenson would come in and caution him not to use his voice so much. Then he would settle himself back upon the pillows and say: "Tell me something that takes a long time telling." It took time, this first telling of the South Sea, for which he was every moment more strongly making up his mind; the session was no short one. And this first was followed by others, in which he showed the same zest to learn every fact attainable concerning the island realm that lay in the great ocean on whose verge he was.

He chose the South Sea. It was a generous choice; he chose it all. He selected no particular region of ocean in a sweep that is the very broadest to be found on the earth, except where the great southern ocean sweeps unbroken about the Antarctic Pole and frets the ice. He picked out no one island of the thousands, reef-girt and palm-crowned, in those warm waters. He took them all in one vision of health, and made his plans to go to the South Sea wherever the winds would carry him. He is not the only man on whom the spell of the South Sea has thus wrought; even the "beach-combers" bear witness to its magic, and here and there some have come out of the South Sea and long to go back.

STEVENSON CHARTERS THE YACHT "CASCO."

In the harbor of San Francisco was the schooner yacht "Casco," owned by Dr. Merritt of Oakland. In England and here in New York many men had offered their



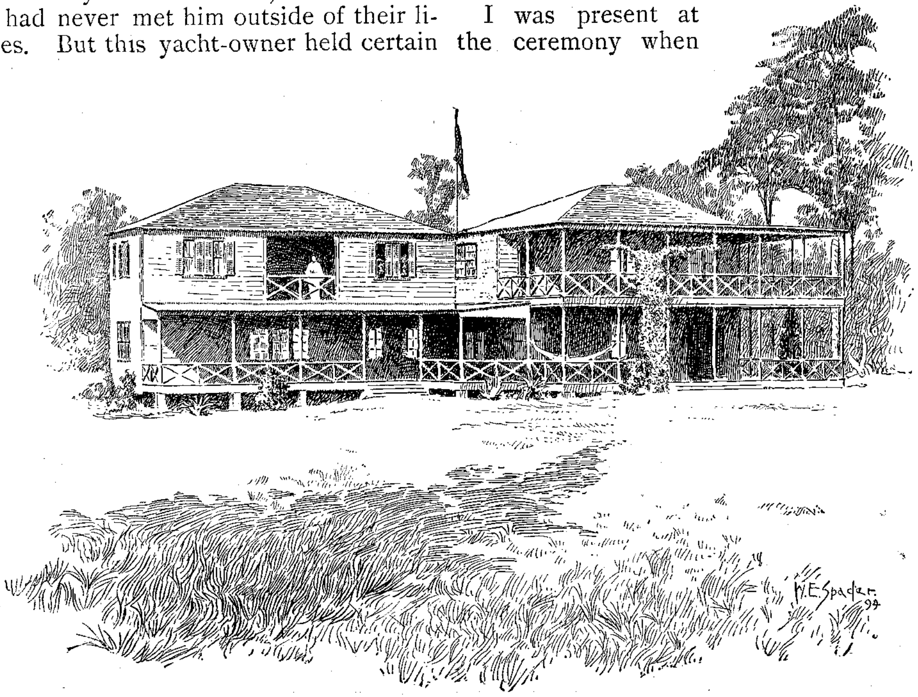
Lloyd Osbourne. Stevenson. Mrs. Stevenson.

THE STEVENSON PARTY ABOARD THE "CASCO" AT HONOLULU. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY I. WILLIAMS, HONOLULU.

MRS. R. L. STEVENSON.

yachts to Mr. Stevenson, not only men who knew him by word of mouth, but even men who had never met him outside of their libraries. But this yacht-owner held certain very definite views on the general subject of literature. He looked upon "Barriers Burned Away" as the highest mark in fiction, and he was oppressed with the idea that men who wrote books must be making a pretty poor living of it. Furthermore, he had never heard of Stevenson, and had never seen one of his books. He was one of the men whom you would like to drop into the middle of the "New Arabian Nights," and watch him try to make sense out of what he was reading. Anyway, he had the sense of his kind to drive a shrewd bargain when he was asked to give a charter-party of the "Casco." The hire must be all paid into bank beforehand, there must be no loop-hole for bottomry in foreign ports, all cost of repairs must rest on Stevenson, and Dr. Merritt's own sailing master must go as captain in order to see that all went well. Even with all these restrictions the charter was accomplished, and the Stevenson party began to put the "Casco" in readiness for a voyaging to nowhere in particular. The yacht was a roomy, two-masted schooner, cabin aft, galley and lockers amidships, and forecastle forward, all under a flush deck. She had been in the South Seas once before, and had proved herself not only a weatherly boat, but quite comfortable in a sea.

I was present at the ceremony when



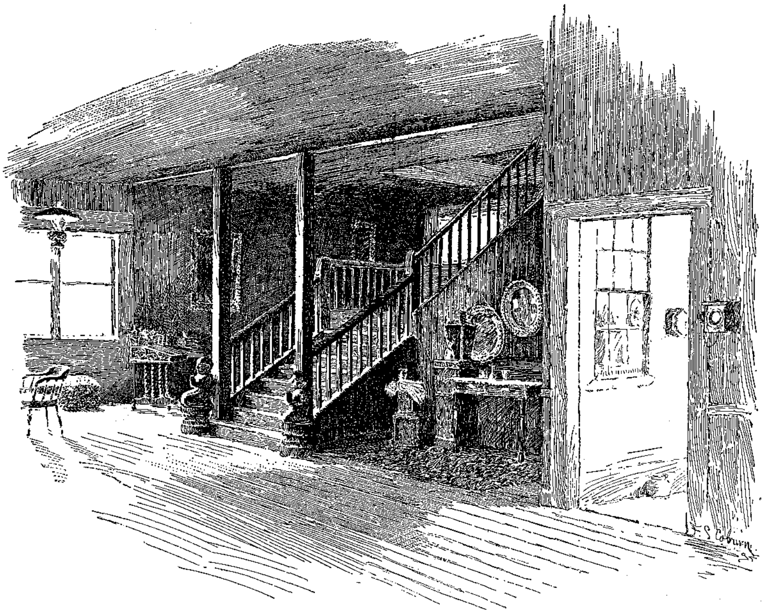
"VAILIMA," STEVENSON'S HOUSE NEAR APIA, SAMOA.

STEVENSON IN 1893. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN AUSTRALIA.

she went into commission. She was lying in Oakland Creek, at her usual berth, and the stores were being rattled aboard. I had brought down a bunch of much-marked charts, and several volumes of note-books of experiences in the South Sea, for the use of the voyagers. The cabin was a scene of disorder. Mattresses were heaped where it was not reasonable to suppose any one could sleep in a sea way; the places where the mattresses should have been were filled with a mixed assortment of clothing and cabin stores. To any but a seaman it would have seemed a hopeless task to attempt to restore order. The cabin hatch was darkened, and Stevenson came down the companion, assisted by his step-son Lloyd Osbourne. Stevenson managed to find an uneasy seat on a barrel of cabin flour, and began to yield up personal property from capacious pockets.

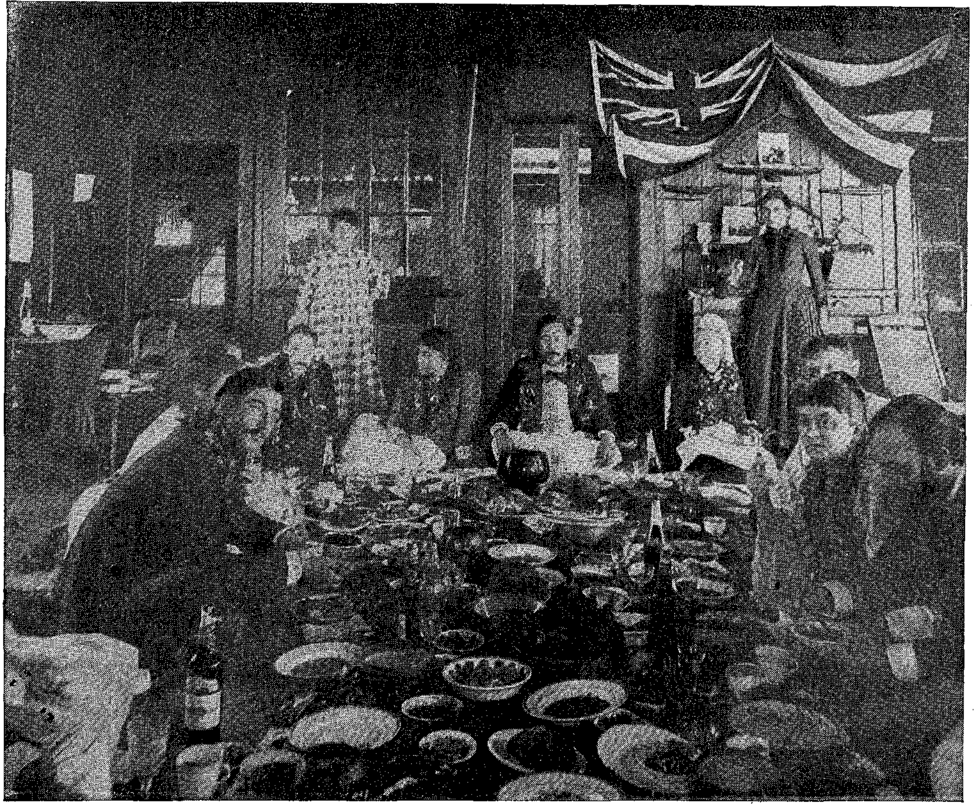
STEVENSON'S FIRST VOYAGE INTO THE SOUTH SEA.

This first voyage stretched away to the south and into the fine weather. The "Casco," with the Stevenson party aboard —Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne—touched at the Marquesas, and then bore away for Tahiti. The log—I had it afterward and published it—showed



RECEPTION-ROOM AND STAIRWAY IN STEVENSON'S SAMOA HOUSE.

uninterrupted sailing, with little incident by the way. Between the Marquesas and Tahiti there was some rough weather, and a topmast was sprung, which delayed them for repairs when they reached Papeete. Here the cook ran away, and it became necessary to replace him. The successor seems to have been a very poor cook in-



THE STEVENSON PARTY AT BANQUET AS GUESTS OF KING KALAKAUA, HAWAII.

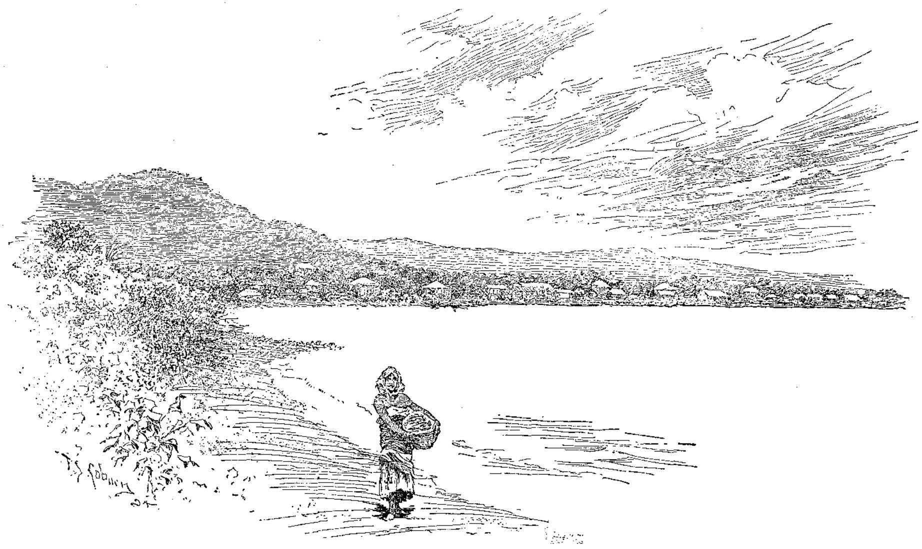
deed. Then they bore away northward to Honolulu, a voyage of nasty weather. At Honolulu the yacht was given up and sent back to San Francisco. Here, or at Waikiki, the party stayed with Mrs. Strong, Lloyd Osbourne's sister. There was for them, as for all who choose to stay at the watering-place of the Hawaiian capital, much of pleasure here, and the tarrying was prolonged.

But the dry weather came, and it is not a pleasant season in the Hawaiian Islands. Then, too, Stevenson had not yet seen all the South Sea, but only a little stretch of its eastern edge. He wanted more. Then it was he formed the scheme of taking a great moral show through the islands. This plan he essayed to carry out with the assistance of Osbourne and Strong. It centred around a stereopticon, which Strong was to manage; a lecture, based on the slides they were able to collect, a feature of the entertainment which Stevenson fancied came in his own line; and a general supervision of the whole affair, which was to be Osbourne's share in the enterprise. This plan was reluctantly laid aside, by reason of the incomprehensibility, to any South Sea audience of Stevenson's lectures. In place of this scheme they engaged a trading schooner to take them a trip through the Line Islands. Then, for the first time, Stevenson learned to look with respect upon a cockroach, for he met with experiences, as every one must who chooses a trading schooner for passage along the Line in the Pacific. If there is any objurgation of the cockroach in any of Stevenson's South Sea tales, as indeed there is, it is all founded on this experience in the island trader "Equator."

LANDING IN SAMOA TO ABIDE.

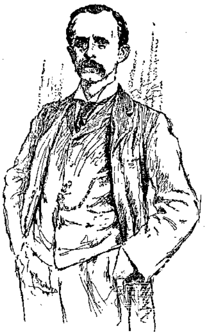
This cruise ended in Apia, and there in Samoa the Stevenson family have lived ever since. Once, in our talks about the South Sea, Mr. Stevenson asked if there was any place there where a man might live if the land suited him. It led me to a description of a small plateau on Upolu, in the rear of Apia, a narrow shelf upon the mountain side, where the paths ran much like ladders, where there were three springs of water, where the view over the ocean was ever restful, and stopped short of the North Pole only by reason of the earth's swelling round. His memory must have stored away the description, for the place in mind was Vailima, his home in Samoa.

What Stevenson thought of his discourse in San Francisco about the South Sea, toward which his inclination was set, may be found in the early chapters of his story of "The Wrecker." Others less under the charm of the islands perhaps preferred him as a Scot rather than as a Samoan. For an instance, I have a letter from Andrew Lang, who writes: "I prefer him on his native heather. I sent him materials for a Prince Charlie tale; he began it, I believe, but whether he will do it I don't know." It may be that this is one of the two which he has left behind him. At any rate, "Catriona" has shown that even under the sonorous cocoanuts a Scot may write a tale of moor and heather.

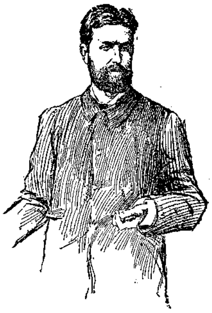


APIA. THE MOUNTAIN PEAK ON THE LEFT IS PRESUMABLY THE ONE ON WHICH STEVENSON WAS BURIED.

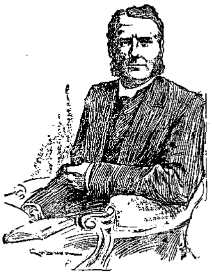
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: DIED DECEMBER 3D, 1894.


J. M. BARRIE.

The world might have been prepared for the announcement of Stevenson's death, for every one knew that he had long been an invalid, exiled by poor health to a distant Pacific island. But the abounding vitality of his books rendered it hard for us to think of him and death together. He had lived and wrought long enough to prove himself the master story-teller of his generation, and, perhaps, the greatest prose-writer of the century; but his actual accomplishment gave promise of yet greater things to come. Thus the first thought of many lovers of his books, upon hearing of his death, may have been of the great loss to literature. But we venture to believe that the final realization that he was gone brought a yet keener pang, as of personal bereavement, for Stevenson so saturated his books with his winning individuality as to establish a sort of companionship between himself and his readers.


S. R. CROCKETT.

This sense of personal loss is naturally most acute in Scotland, the land of his nativity. Scotland gave him to the world, and to the end he remained a faithful son, preserving the traditions, traits, and accents that have dominated all the literature produced across the border from the time of Blind Harry down to his own day. But the Scotch voice had fallen all but silent in literature when Stevenson began to speak, and for a season he stood almost alone. Following him, however, and perhaps stimulated by his genius and success, came other Scotchmen of talent, who formed a notable group of writers, all, like Stevenson, devoted to their native land, and embodying this devotion in stories or sketches of Scottish character or founded upon stirring events and periods in Scottish history. Earliest in this group came Mr. J. M. Barrie with "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister;" a few years later Mr. S. R. Crockett published "The Stickit Minister" and "The Raiders." These books were Scotch to the marrow, and, like all true Scottish things, sincere, wholesome, virile. Mr. Stevenson welcomed these writers with the enthusiasm of a Highlander for his clansmen, and sought out opportunities to offer them the testimony of his loving appreciation. Within a few months another has made himself one of the distinguished fraternity, Mr. Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." If Mr. Stevenson saw this book he must have discerned its Scottish traits, for they are as indisputable as the plaids and bagpipes.


IAN MACLAREN.

We count ourselves fortunate in that we are able to present to our readers this month the tributes which these three Scotchmen have paid to their dead chieftain.

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SCOTLAND'S LAMENT.

By J. M. Barrie,

Author of "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," etc.

Her hands about her brows are pressed,
She goes upon her knees to pray,
Her head is bowed upon her breast,
And oh, she's sairly failed the day!

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
  Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,
God put His finger on her eyes,
  And then it was her tears that spoke.

"I've ha'en o' brawer sons a flow,
  My Walter mair renown could win,
And he that followed at the plough,
  But Louis was my Benjamin!

"Ye sons wha do your little best,
  Ye writing Scots, put by the pen,
He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
  I winna look at write again!

"It's sune the leave their childhood drap,
  I've ill to ken them, gaen sae grey,
But aye he climbed intil my lap,
  Or pu'd my coats to mak me play.

"He egged me on wi' mirth and prank,
  We hangit gowans on a string,
We made the doakens walk the plank,
  We mairit snails withoot the ring.

"'I'm auld,' I pant, 'sic ploys to mak,
  To games your mither shouldna stoup.'
'You're gey an' auld,' he cries me back,
  'That's for I like to gar you loup!'

"O' thae bit ploys he made sic books,
  A' mithers cam to watch us playing;
I feigned no to heed their looks,
  But fine I kent what they was saying!

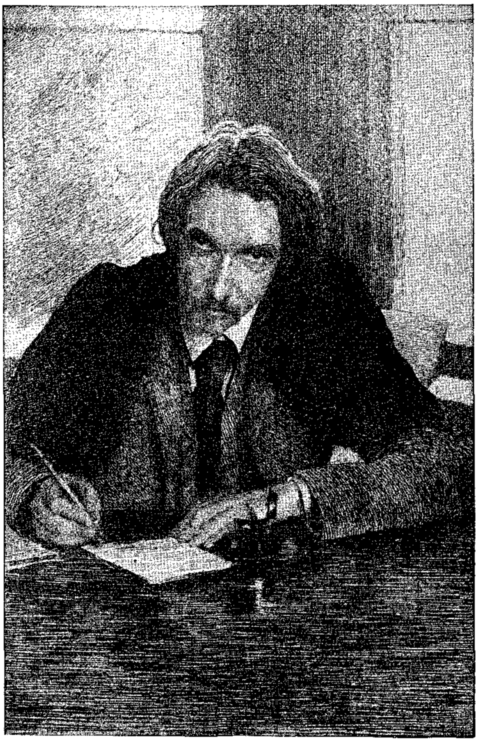
"At times I lent him for a game
  To north and south and east and west,
But no for lang, he sune cam hame,
  For here it was he played the best.

"And when he had to cross the sea,
  He wouldna lat his een grow dim,
He bravely dree'd his weird for me,
  I tried to do the same for him.

"Ahint his face his pain was sair,
  Ahint hers grat his waefu' mither;
We kent that we should meet nae mair,
  The ane saw easy thro' the ither.

"For lang I've watched wi' trem'ling lip,
  But Louis ne'er sin syne I've seen,
The greedy island keept its grip,
  The cauldriff oceans rolled atween.

"He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
  Oh, wae, the mither left alane!
He's deid, the ane I loo'ed the best,
  Oh, mayna I hae back my nain!"



From "Virginibus Puerisque."—Copyright, 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
  Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,
God put His finger on her eyes,
  It was her tears alone that spoke.

Now out the lights went stime by stime,
  The towns crept closer round the kirk,
Now all the firths were smoored in rime,
  Lost winds went wailing thro' the mirk.

A star that shot across the night
  Struck fire on Pala's mourning head,
And left for aye a steadfast light,
  By which the mother guards her dead.

"The lad was mine!" Erect she stands,
  No more by vain regrets oppress't,
Once more her eyes are clear; her hands
  Are proudly crossed upon her breast.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

By S. R. Crockett,

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc.

SITTING alone by the sea in the mid days of November, I wrote a little article on what I loved most in the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, and it was set in type for the January "Bookman." In itself a thing of no value, it pleased me to think that in his far island my friend would read it, and that it might amuse him. I have tried and failed to revise it in the gloom of the night that has come so swiftly to those who loved him. But it would not do.

How could one alter and amend the light sentences with the sense of loss in one's heart? How sit down to write a "tribute" when one has slept, and started, and awaked all night with the dull ache that lies below Sleep saying all the time, "Stevenson is dead! Stevenson is dead!"?

It is true also that I have small right to speak of him. I was little to him; but then he was very much to me. He alone of mankind saw what pleased him in a little book of boyish verses.

Seven years ago he wrote to tell me so. He had a habit of quoting stray lines from it in successive letters to let me see that he remembered what he had praised. Yet he was ever as modest and brotherly as if I had been the great author and he the lad writing love verses to his sweetheart.

Without reproach and without peer in friendship, our king-over-the-water stood first in our hearts because his own was full of graciousness and tolerance and chivalry.

I let my little article be just as I wrote it for his eye to see, before any of us guessed that the dread hour was so near the sounding which should call our well-beloved "home from the hill."

Bank House, Penicuit, Midlothian.
December 19, 1894.

MR. STEVENSON'S BOOKS.

In sunny Samoa, more thousands of miles away than the ungeographical can count, sits "The Scot Abroad." For thus Burton the historian, sane, sage, and wise, wrote of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson before his time. It is the wont of Scotland that her sons, for adventure or merchandise, should early expatriate themselves. The ships of the world in all seas are engineered from the Clyde, and a "doon-

[Note—This article was written apropos of the publication of the first volume of the complete Works of Robert Louis Stevenson: Edinburgh edition (limited to 1000 copies). Published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

the-watter" accent is considered as necessary as lubricating oil, in order that the plunging piston rods may really enjoy their rhythmic dance. If you step ashore anywhere "east of Suez and the Ten Commandments," ten to one the first man of your tongue who greets you will hail in the well-remembered accent of the Scotch gardener who chased you out of the strawberry plots of your unblessed youth.

But to us who "stop at home, on flowery beds of ease," made aware of ourselves only when the east wind blows and we think that we are back in St. Andrews, the typical "Scot Abroad" is neither Burton's Gentleman Companion at Arms nor the oily chief engineer, but Mr. Stevenson.

On high in a cool bowery room on the hillside, looking down on the league-long rollers forming themselves to be hurled on the shore, sits one with his heels on the coco-matting of Samoa, but his head over the Highland border. The chiefs gathered for palaver (or whatever they are pleased to call hunkering-and-blethering out there), and they tell the Tale-teller of heads taken and plantations raided. And he stays his pen and arbitrates, or he "leaves for the front," as though he were plenipotentiary of the Triple Alliance. But all the while it is James More Macgregor who is marching out arrayed in a breech-clout and a Winchester "to plunder and to ravish"—or carry off an heiress lass from the lowlands, as was good Macgregor use-and-wont.

They call the beautiful new complete "Stevenson" which Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Charles Baxter have contrived and organized, the "Edinburgh" edition, because, though the stars of the tropics glow like beacons, and in Apia the electric light winks a-nights like glowworms amid a wilderness of green leaves, yet to the lad who sits aloft there are still "no stars like the Edinburgh street lamps." But my own local enthusiasms are duller, for the last night I was in Edinburgh I saw a wind (Rajputana and Edinburgh are the only two places where you can see wind)—I saw a wind, with the bit between its teeth, run off with itself down that romantic wall of hotels, which in the night looks like the thunder-battered wall of the Dungeon of Buchan. I saw it snatch out a dozen gaps in the converging perspective of the gaslamps, and bring down the chimney-cans clashing on the pavement like forest leaves in a November blast. So Mr. Stevenson, who does not live there, "for love and euphony," names his collected edition (to which be all good luck and fostering breezes) "The Edinburgh Edition." I have just seen the first volume, which in its brightness and beauty seemed a summary of all the perfections, and whose print recalls that in which the early novels of Scott were set up. Mr. Hole's portrait suffers a little from the excessive size of the hands, but in spite of this is by far the most characteristic and Stevensonian portrait ever done, and represents him exactly as his friends remember him at the most productive period his genius has yet known.

To me the most interesting thing in Mr. Stevenson's books is always Mr. Stevenson himself. Some authors (perhaps the greatest) severely sit with the more ancient gods, and serenely keep themselves out of their books. Most of these authors are dead now. Others put their personalities in, indeed; but would do much better to keep them out. Their futilities and pomposities, pose as they may, are no more interesting than those of the chairman of a prosperous limited company. But there are a chosen few who cannot light a cigarette or part their hair in a new place without being interesting. Upon such in this life, interviewers bear down in shoals with pencils pointed like spears; and about them as soon as they are dead—lo! begins at once the "chatter about Harriet."

Mr. Stevenson is of this company. Rarest of all, his friends have loved and praised him so judiciously that he has no enemies. He might have been the spoiled child of letters. He is only "all the world's Louis." The one unforgivable thing in a checkered past is that at one time he wore a black shirt, to which we refuse to be reconciled on any terms.

But when he writes of himself, how supremely excellent is the reading. It is good even when he does it intentionally, as in "Portraits and Memories." It is better still when he sings it, as in his "Child's Garden." He is irresistible to every lonely child who reads and thrills, and reads again to find his past recovered for him with effortless ease. It is a book never long out of my hands, for only in it and in my dreams when I am touched with fever, do I grasp the long, long thoughts of a lonely child and a hill-wandering boy—thoughts I never told to any; yet which Mr. Stevenson tells over again to me as if he read them off a printed page.

I am writing at a distance from books and collections of Stevensoniana, so that

I cannot quote, but only vaguely follow the romancer through some of his incarnations. Of course every romancer, consciously or unconsciously, incarnates himself, especially if he writes his books in the first person. It is he who makes love to the heroine; he who fights with the Frenchman "who never can win"; he who climbs the Mountain Perilous with a dirk between his teeth.

But Mr. Stevenson writes the fascination of his personality into all his most attractive creations, and whenever I miss the incarnation, I miss most of the magic as well. Jim Hawkins is only "the Lantern Bearer" of North Berwick Links translated into the language of adventure on the high seas—the healthier also for the change. I love Jim Hawkins. On my soul I love him more even than Alan Breck. He is the boy we should all like to have been, though no doubt David Balfour is much more like the boys we were—without the piety and the adventures. I read Stevenson in every line of "Treasure Island." It is of course mixed of Erraid and the island discovered by Mr. Daniel Defoe. But we love anything of such excellent breed, and the crossing only improves it. Our hearts dance when Mr. Stevenson lands his cut-throats, with one part of himself as hero and the other as villain. John Silver is an admirable villain, for he is just the author genially cutting throats. Even when he pants three times as he sends the knife home, we do not entirely believe in his villany. We expect to see the murdered seaman about again and hearty at his meals in the course of a chapter or two. John is a villain at great expense and trouble to himself; but we like him personally, and are prepared to sit down and suck an apple with him, even when he threatens to stove in our "thundering old blockhouse and them as dies will be the lucky ones." In our hearts we think the captain was a little hard on him. We know that it is Mr. Stevenson all the time, and are terrified exactly like a three-year-old who sees his father take a rug over his head and "be a bear." The thrill is delicious, for there is just an off chance that after all the thing may turn out to be a bear; but still we are pretty easy that at the play's end the bearskin will be tossed aside, the villain repent, and John Silver get off with a comfortable tale of pieces of eight.

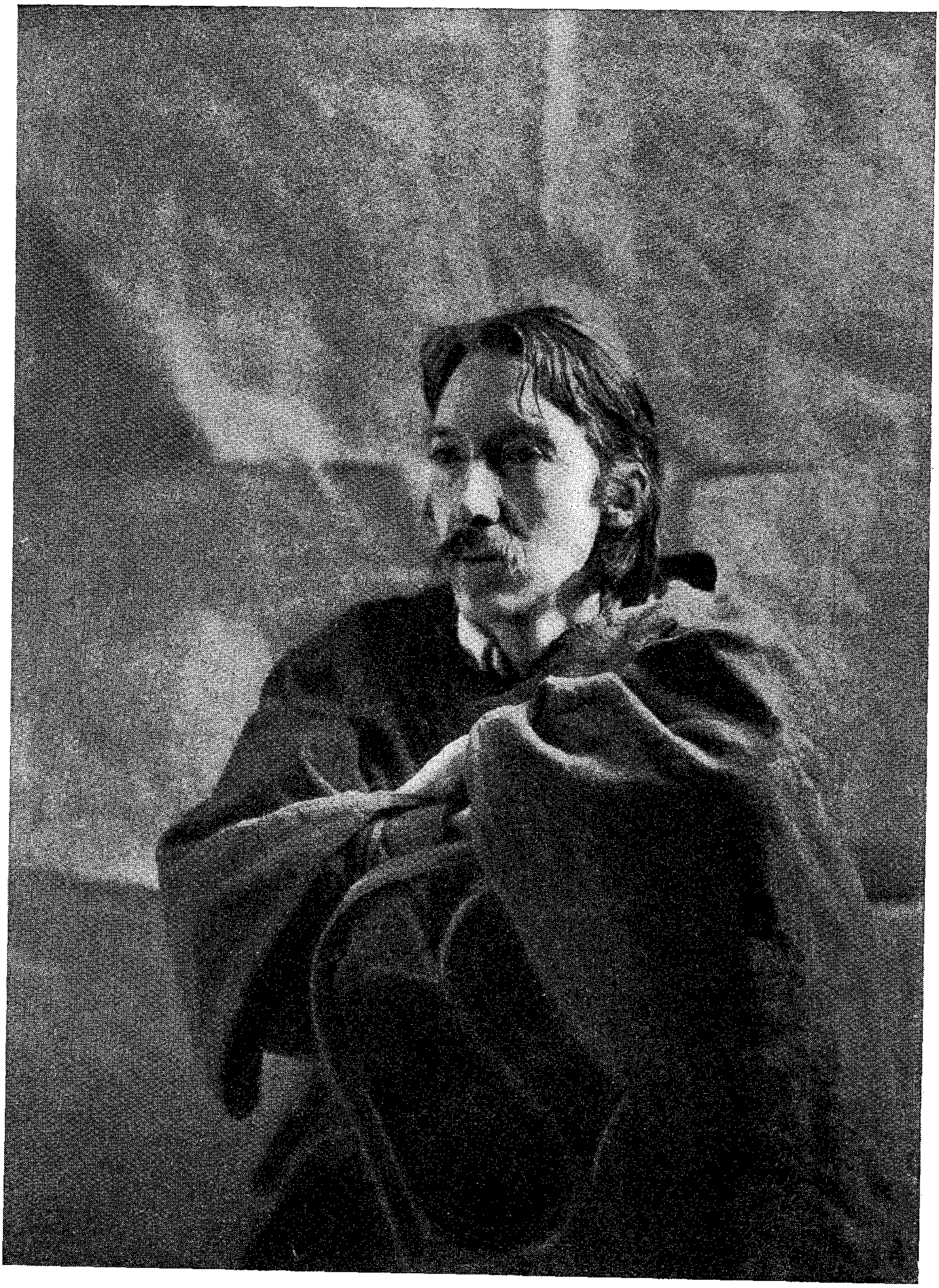
No book has charted more authentically the topographical features of the kingdom of Romance than "Treasure Island." Is that island in the South or in the North Atlantic? Is it in the "Spanish main"? What *is* the Spanish main? Is it in the Atlantic at all? Or is it a jewel somewhere in the wide Pacific, or strung on some fringe of the Indian Ocean? Who knows or cares? Jim Hawkins is there. His luck, it is true, is something remarkable. His chances are phenomenal. His imagination, like ours, is running free, and we could go on for ever hearing about Jim. We can trust Jim Hawkins, and void of care we follow his star.

Oh, for one hour of Jim in the "Wrecker" to clear up the mystery of the many captains, or honest and reputable John Silver to do for the poor Scot down below in a workmanlike manner when he came running to him, instead of firing as it were "into the brown" till that crying stopped—a touch for which we find it hard to forgive Mr. Stevenson—pardon, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

Again, Alan Breck is ever Alan, and bright shines his sword; but he is never quite Jim Hawkins to me. Nor does he seem even so point-device in "Catriona" as he was in the round house or with his foot on the heather. But wherever Alan Breck goes or David Balfour follows, thither I am ready to fare forth, unquestioning and all-believing.

But when I do not care very much for any one of Mr. Stevenson's books, it is chiefly the lack of Mr. James Hawkins that I regret. Jim in doublet and hose—how differently he would have sped "The Black Arrow!" Jim in trousers and top hat—he would never have been found in the "Black Box," never have gone out with Huish upon the "Ebb Tide." John Silver never threw vitriol, but did his deeds with a knife in a gentlemanly way, and that was because Jim Hawkins was there to see that he was worthy of himself. Jim would never have let things get to such a pass as to require Attwater's bullets splashing like hail in a pond over the last two pages to settle matters in any sort of way.

I often think of getting up a petition to Mr. Stevenson (it is easy to get a round Robin) beseeching "with sobs and tears" that he will sort out all his beach-combers and Yankee captains, charter a rakish saucy-sailing schooner, ship Jim Hawkins as ship's boy or captain (we are not particular), and then up anchor with a Yo-Ho, Cheerily for the Isle of our Heart's Desire, where they load Long Toms with pieces of eight, and, dead or alive, nobody minds Ben Gunn.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. FROM A *PHOTOGRAPH BY SIR* PERCY SHELLEY.

IN MEMORIAM: R. L. S.

By Ian Maclaren,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

WHEN one came in with omens of sadness on his face and told us that Stevenson was dead, each man had a sense of personal bereavement. None of us had ever seen him, save one—and that was long ago; none of us had ever read a letter of his writing, save one, and he ransacked his memory for the least word. We had no "eagle's feather" to show; there was nothing between this man and us save the mystical tie that binds a writer and his readers in the kingdom of letters. He had led us in through the ivory gate, and shown us things eye had not seen; and all his service had been given at a great cost of suffering. Filled with the enthusiasm of his art, he beat back death time after time, and only succumbed like J. R. Green and Symonds, his brethren in letters and affliction, after he had achieved imperishable fame, "*monumentum æve perennius.*"

Mr. Stevenson had not to complain, with Sir Thomas More, that readers of books were so "unkind and ungenial that though they take great pleasure and delectation in the work, yet, for all that, they cannot find in their hearts to love the author thereof;" for though he was exiled from his native land, yet he lived in the heart of every reading man, not only because he was a great writer, but also because he was a good man with faith in God and man.

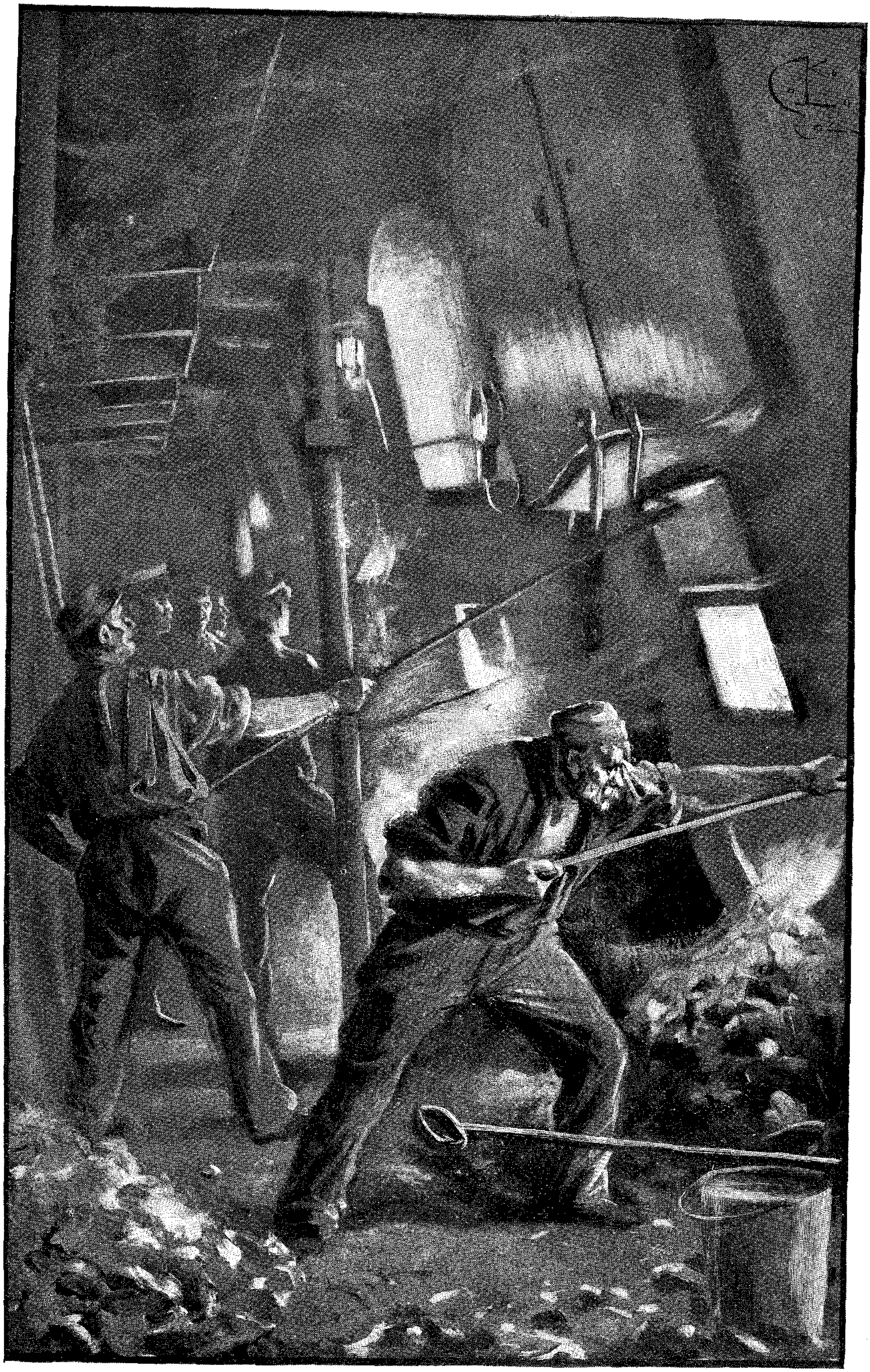
Fourteen years ago our author laid down in the "Fortnightly Review" the two duties incumbent on any man who enters on the business of writing—"truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment." One dares to say without rebate to-day, that he fulfilled his own conditions, for he saw life whole and he wrote of it with sympathy. He brought also to his task a singular genius, which gave him an almost solitary place. It was difficult to name a living artist in words that could be compared with him who reminded us at every turn of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt. There are certain who compel words to serve them and never travel without an imperial body guard; but words waited on Stevenson like "humble servitors," and he went where he pleased in his simplicity because every one flew to anticipate his wishes. His style had the thread of gold, and he was the perfect type of the man of letters—a humanist whose great joy in the beautiful was annealed to a fine purity by his Scottish faith; whose kinship was not with Boccaccio and Rabelais, but with Dante and Spenser. His was the magical touch that no man can explain or acquire; it belongs to those only who have drunk at the Pierian spring. There is a place at the marriage feast for every honest writer, but we judge that our master will go to the high table and sit down with Virgil and Shakespeare and Goethe and Scott.

The mists of his native land and its wild traditions passed into his blood so that he was at home in two worlds. In one book he would analyze human character with such weird power that the reader shudders because a stranger has been within his soul; in another he hurries you along a breathless story of adventure till your imagination fails for exhaustion. Never did he weary us with the pedantry of modern problems. Nor did he dally with foul vices to serve the ends of purity. Nor did he feed

> "A gibing spirit
> Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
> Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools."

One subject he approached late in his work, but we are thankful he has at least given Barbara Grant and Catriona. What he might have done one can only imagine, who expected another Portia from his hands. He was buried far from the land he loved, but they chose his grave well on the mountain top, and his funeral has been described already, save that his disciples were not there.

> "'This man decided not to live, but know;
> Bury this man there?'
> 'Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
> Lightnings are loosened,
> Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
> Peace let the dew send!
> Lofty designs must close in like effects;
> Loftily lying
> Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
> Living and dying.'"



IN THE STOKE-HOLE.

(*See page* 301.)